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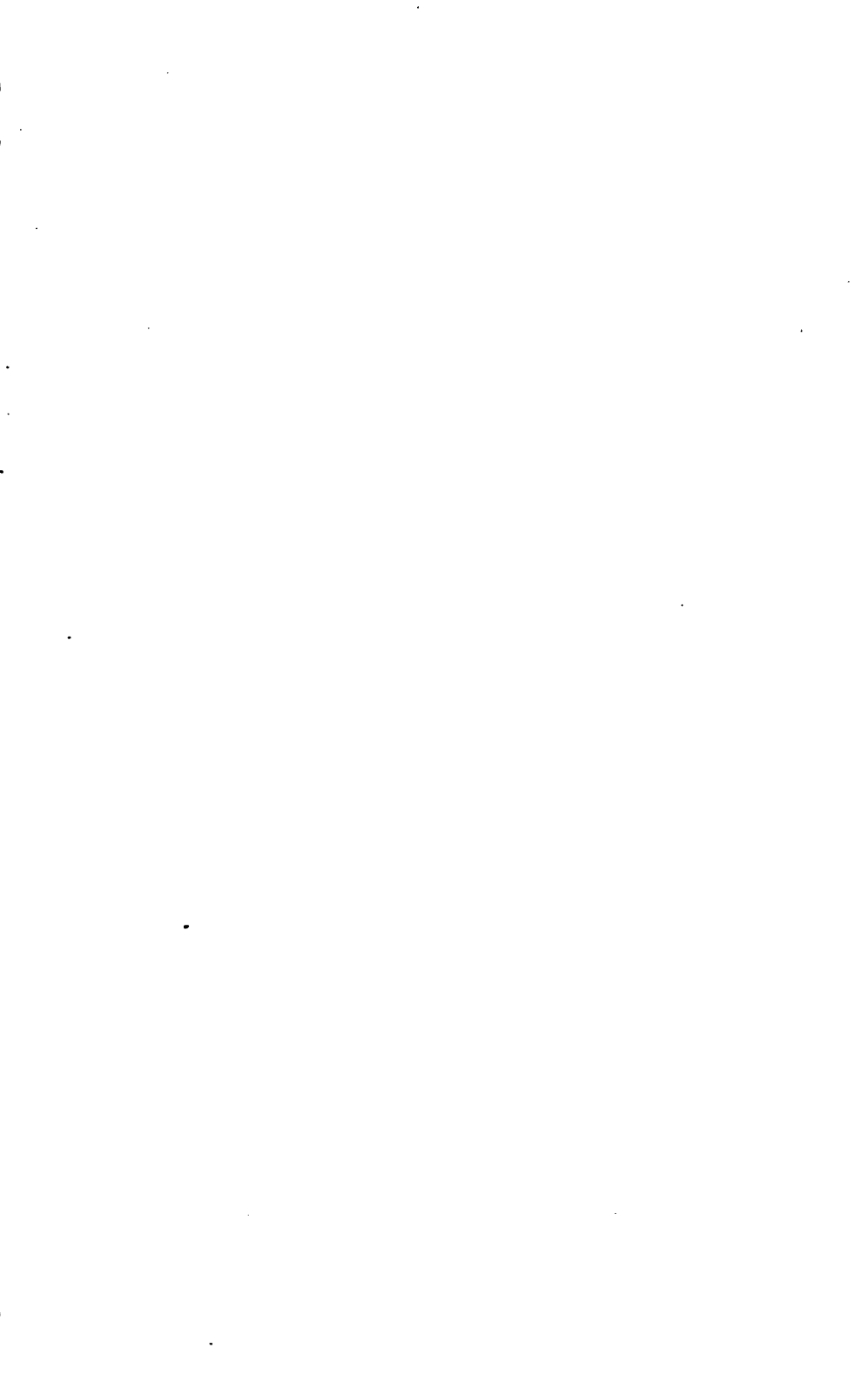


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THE DIAL:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR

LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

M. D. CONWAY,

EDITOR.

Horas non numero nisi serenas.

CINCINNATI:

OFFICE, NO. 76 WEST THIRD STREET.

1860.

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NOTICE.—The present number of *The Dial* is published as a specimen. The friends of the undertaking are reminded that the number of subscribers necessary to support it have not been obtained, and are earnestly requested to interest themselves at once. The price is placed at \$2.00 per annum, and is within the reach of most persons. If the response is adequate, we will make our next appearance in fresher form; if not, it may become necessary to return subscribers their money.

THE DIAL.

Vol. I.

JANUARY, 1860.

No. 1.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.

ONLY that which is alive can impart life. And the magazine which we now introduce to our countrymen can not live but by the life it can supply. Such reciprocal vitality, we believe, must depend on the degree in which it shall be representative of the Spirit of the Age—a phrase which we fear is too common-place to carry with it always its deep purport. What can the Spirit of an Age mean but that leading tendency, coördinating all interests, which gives to that age an individual character and a special strength? Why should not this individuality and specialty be as sacred in an age as in a man? Every faithful man has found God at the core of the special task assigned to his life; with no other friend than his work, he is upheld, inspired, empowered: there he is at home, there are the beacon-lights; there it matters not whether wind and tide be ahead or astern. So does God draw nigh to an age in the spirit of that age. Christ declared that out of his Word and Work should come a Spirit which should convince the world. The conviction of an age is its only possible Christianity: the deepest thing of its own time, Christianity must be the deepest thing of every time. To be alive and powerful, it must represent the conviction of the time that is, not of the time that was: it must not take a man whose every other sense and faculty is satisfied in the fulness of the Nineteenth Century, and set him, for the satisfaction of his religious sense, back in the Third; it must not place a man's holiest day of the week fifteen hundred years behind his other days. Heine, the German poet, was asked, by his friend Alphonso, as they stood before the great

Cathedral of Rheims, "Why can not the present age build such cathedrals as that?" "That structure," replied Heine, "was reared by an age of convictions; ours is an age of opinions." There was a period when the Roman Catholic church represented that which was deepest, most immortal in the masses of men. The mitre was not then the crown of a despot; the crosier had not sharpened into the bayonet or coiled into the thumbscrew; and the loyal human heart, once won, will suffer long ere it recall a plighted faith. But the awful day came; a higher conviction arrived embodying that Spirit at whose touch the Right and the Wrong stand together at the bar of judgment; and from that day the Church which would not abandon the unveiled wrong could build no more great cathedrals! "Shall we not rather find," says Ruskin, "that Romanism, instead of being a promoter of the arts, has never shown itself capable of a single great conception since the separation of Protestantism from its side? So long as, corrupt though it might be, no clear witness had been borne against it, so that it still included in its ranks a vast number of faithful Christians, so long its arts were noble. But the witness was borne, the error made apparent, and Rome, refusing to hear the testimony, or forsake the falsehood, has been struck from that instant with an intellectual palsy, which has not only incapacitated her from any further use of the arts which were once her ministers, but has made her worship the shame of its own shrines, and her worshippers their destroyers."

In course of time, Protestantism, in the forms which it assumed, became in turn a tradition rather than a conviction; a thing borne with sufferance, not with joy. As a conviction, it culminated in the planting of New England; then its spirit began a slow ebb. Then rose up the prophets of a new faith and hope; and Channing, Freeman, Hollis, the Wares, the Buckminsters, easily gained the throne of American Thought. After them came a period of theological empiricism, confusing a specific and temporary movement with the eternal and progressive spirit on which the Unitarian movement was but another bead strung. Again was the witness borne, and the command FORWARD heard. But the prophets were stoned, the Lord at his coming denied. With what result? He who looks for Boston Unitarianism will see a series of stranded churches—churches once alive, now disintegrated, sold at auction to other sects, here and there a fusion of two or three in one to

preserve even the "name that they live," pastors leaving them for the fleshpots of orthodoxy, vainly crying to heaven or beyond the sea for shepherds. The tide of the spirit of the age beating so full on other shores has ebbed away, leaving them high and dry. Old fashioned Unitarianism, says Dr. Bellows, has become a Boston notion ; and the faith of Christendom is in a state of suspense.

Has the spirit which convinces the world, which conquers human hearts, filling them with a courage and hope which have no "suspense," left the world ? Surely, it must take some conviction to build up on half a continent free schools and colleges grand as the old cathedrals. Surely, it must be a somewhat active spirit which in a few years has multiplied a few anti-slavery men, holding hated conferences in garrets, into two millions of open lovers of and voters for freedom. And must it not have been something else than a suspense of faith which, in less than fifteen years, has raised up twenty-seven ministers, and more than as many thousands of the laity, to stand boldly where in 1845 Theodore Parker and his congregation stood alone in the United States ? It is a law that nothing is ever superseded but by something better ; and our eyes have no tears for the old blossoms which are falling, because they are fixed on the swelling fruits for which they make way.

The soul which has had its new advent, and now has its star climbing the ecliptic, must needs organize itself into the members and features which worldly conditions have ever made necessary for a new-born spirit. It has built its Pulpit ; it has ruled in the Lyceum ; it has impressed as servants those who would not be its sons ; it has married Science ; it now calls for the Press.

THE DIAL stands before you, reader, a legitimization of the Spirit of the Age, which *ASPIRES TO BE FREE* : free in thought, doubt, utterance, love and knowledge. It is, in our minds, symbolized not so much by the sun-clock in the yard, as by the floral dial of Linnæus, which recorded the advancing day by the opening of some flowers and the closing of others : it would report the Day of God as recorded in the unfolding of higher life and thought, and the closing up of old superstitions and evils ; it would be a Dial measuring time by growth.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST.

[First Article.]

CHRISTIANITY NOT OF CHRIST.

THE Christianity of Christ: it should be needless to use this phrase; for what is Christianity but the Christianity of Christ? Platonism is the doctrine of Plato; Epicurism is the doctrine of Epicurus; Calvinism is the doctrine of Calvin; Socinianism is the doctrine of Socinus; Buddhism is the religion of Buddha; Mohammedanism is the religion of Mohammed. By the same rule of speech, Christianity is the religion of Christ: not any faith in him, or concerning him, but the faith that was his own, the faith which he held and taught. But the word *Christianity*, as commonly employed, bears no such meaning as this. In the widest sense, it denotes the prevailing opinions of all Christendom respecting Jesus; in a narrower sense, it defines the doctrines of particular sects in Christendom. It includes every form of religion that has Christ for its centre, whether as Godhead, Logos, Prophet, Teacher, or Exemplar. It is applied to a system of speculative theology, within which there is room for every possible definition, and every imaginable notion. There is no infallible judgment in philosophy; there are no final dogmas in metaphysics; every strong argument is valid, and none is conclusive; every honest opinion is legitimate, and none is authoritative. There is no end, therefore, to the views that may be taken of Christianity. Anybody may prove himself a Christian in the vulgar sense who thinks the name worth claiming, and he forfeits all title to ingenuity who can not frame a pretext for assuming it, whether he be Hegelian or Swedenborgian, a disciple of Neander or of Feurbach. In speculation, the name Christian comprehends all, from the Roman Catholic to the dissenter from all dissenters. In practice, it comprehends the two extremes of saintliness and decency. To give it significance, it must be defined anew; we must say that Christianity is not any system of belief whatever respecting Christ, but is the faith which Christ himself as a person held and communicated; and in order to learn what Christianity is, we must adopt the new method of historical criticism, instead of the old one of dogmatic theology.

There never was a time when Christianity was free from controversy. Disputes about its very essence arose among the Apostles themselves, and became bitter quarrel within a generation after the death of Jesus. The second and third centuries are marked deeply with the traces of theological strife within the church. In the fourth and fifth centuries, Christianity was all but torn in pieces by controversial rage. The party that was most respectable in number was least respectable in temper; and if for any brief period one of the contending sects might, from its momentary position, claim for itself the sole possession of orthodox Christianity, it instantly invalidated its own claim by a display of intolerant fury that would have disgraced a Jew. The Roman church, painfully and late, established an apparent uniformity of belief in western Europe; but its definition of Christianity was from the first powerfully disputed, and at no period deserved to be called the one faith, catholic and universal. Centuries of controversy preceded it; centuries of controversy disturbed its peace. It was, at best, but one interpretation of Christianity among many, and its prominence as an interpretation was due mainly to the political eminence of its seat, very little to its philosophical and religious character—not at all to its conformity with the teachings of Christ.

The Protestant movement made a ghastly rent in the seamless coat of infallible orthodoxy. Two Christianities glared at each other in western Europe—disputed in words, fought with bloody weapons of war; and while this great battle was waging, other smaller Christianities crept from their hiding places, and took sides. Then Protestantism split into fragments, and each fragment was a new Christianity, carefully distinguishing itself from all the rest. The printing and distributing of the translated Bible caused an immense increase in the number of sects. Old men learned the alphabet for the sake of spelling out the sacred text; young people, just past the age of childhood, crowded the churches to hear it read. It was a common thing for several to contribute for the purchase of a single copy of the precious volume, and to retire with it to an upper chamber, or to a forest solitude, there to study its word. In those days of costly books, every German Bible, and especially every English Bible, was the seed of a new doctrine, and it was not long ere Christianity became an unmeaning name. Definitions of Christianity are num-

bered now by hundreds : we have Trinitarians, Socinians, Arians, and Humanitarians ; Lutherans and Calvinists of several shades ; Romanists ; Episcopalians, high and low ; Presbyterians of all sorts ; Congregationalists of many colors ; Moravians, Mennonites, Campbellites ; Quakers, orthodox and heterodox ; Methodists under different names ; Baptists diverse in kind ; Shakers, Universalists, Unitarians, Swedenborgians ; two or three schools of so-called Orthodox ; Dorrelites, Millerites, Mormonites, and multitudes more. Christianity, as commonly understood, is not one thing, but many things. There are numerous Christianities ; there are several hostile and irreconcilable Christianities. How are we to find the true one ? We can not find it unless we have a new definition of the term Christianity, and seek for it as the faith, not of Christendom, but of Christ.

But none of these various, conflicting Christianities can claim to be called the Christianity of Christ. The oldest of them can not advance that claim ; nor can the most eminent. Neither Roman Catholic Christianity nor Protestant Christianity can assert that pretension with any plausibility. If we go down to the primitive dogmas which lie at the basis of every largely-professed system of Christian belief, to those central and root doctrines that are held in common by all the leading sects—which Protestantism, making in them mischievous alterations, borrowed from the elder church, and which that elder church traces back to apostolical traditions—these radical and “essential” doctrines, so-called, have but a nominal connection with Christ : they bear his name, and that is all.

The religion of Jesus is the peculiar form which the religious sentiment took in the soul of Jesus ; it is identified, therefore, with his person. But Christianity as commonly professed has its origin in forms of the religious sentiment that were antecedent to the birth of Christ, and as respects its elemental dogma might have grown up independently of him. Its connection with him is accidental, rather than substantial. Christianity is the legitimate offspring of intercourse between the Eastern and the Western thought, both passing through the medium of Judaism. During the long term of their Babylonish captivity, the Jews, as their apocryphal books declare, had become familiar with the religion of Persia, and had softened with the philosophy of oriental mysticism the hard features of their ancient Hebrew faith.

The space between man and God is filled up with angels and demi-gods; a belief in incarnation prevails; the two principles, Ormuzd and Ahriman, modestly take their place in Jewish theosophy; speculations upon the nature of God are common, and assume the Eastern cast of thought; and in several minor points, as we shall see presently, the character of Judaism was essentially modified. On the other side, through the Alexandrian Philo, the philosophic Jew, the Hebrew religion was brought in contact with the Western thought, and soon became blended inextricably with it. Thus, before Christ appeared, the three currents of speculation—the Persian, the Hebrew, and the Greek—had mingled in one stream, which was directing its course westward. This was the fountain-head of the Christian church. As it passed through Judea, it chanced that the name of Christ was bestowed upon it, giving it a human interest, and linking it with historical associations. The pure ideas of the East and West received from Christ a local and historical reality; the heavenly Logos of Philo wanted nothing but human personality, and this personality was furnished by Christ. It was due rather to accident, therefore, than to necessity, that the religious belief of the Western world was called Christian: that belief itself, as a system of theology, existed in embryo before Jesus was born, and might have come to its maturity without any forming agency of his.

It is no impossible or extremely difficult task, though it is a tedious and laborious one, to prove that Christianity is not of Christ. Its central doctrines are borrowed directly from the world's philosophy, which we loosely and reproachfully name Paganism. Take its doctrine of a threefold personality in the being of God—the doctrine of Trinity; this is demonstrably of Pagan extraction. The Roman Catholic church confesses that it is not taught in Scripture, and receives it on the authority of tradition purely. The dogma of Trinity is the offspring of Gentile philosophy; not that in its perfect statement it can be found in Gentile philosophy, either Platonic or Persian, but the seed and root of it is there. It is of Gentile parentage, and was nursed by Gentile influences. The Krept, Phtha and Reith, of Egypt; the Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, of India,—give us a dim foreshadowing of the Christian doctrine. When Plato teaches that God is distinct from the created world, and yet is one with it, because it is the reflection of his perfect mind; when he

teaches that God is absolute Goodness, and that Goodness has begotten a Son, he furnishes a hint to the same purpose. But we need go no further back than the Logos doctrine of Philo, itself a fair and inevitable deduction from the "Ideas" of Plato, to prove that the Christian Trinity has a Gentile origin; for its whole history is but a history of that Logos doctrine, as it was assumed and amplified by the debates of the Christian Fathers. The doctrine of Trinity was of gradual and slow formation. There was no Trinity in the time of Christ; none in the age of the Apostles; none in the first century; none in the second century; strictly speaking, none in the third century. Justin Martyr is no Trinitarian; no more is Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, or Origen. Tertullian does not teach the doctrine, neither does Lactantius or Cyprian. It was a development, through a long course of controversy, of the old Philonic theme, the Logos; and these controversies were conducted in accordance with the old philosophical methods. The issue made did not lie between the doctrine of Christ and other doctrines that were not of Christ, but between doctrines neither of which were at all identified or associated with Christ, but merely represented antagonistic schools of philosophy. Take the Arian controversy, for instance, which did so much to define the belief of the future church. The dispute here was between two distinct schools of speculative thought, the Western and the Eastern, the Alexandrian or Philonic, and the Persian and rabbinical, the orientalized Platonic and the occidentalized Zoroastrian. According to the former system, which was victorious in the name of Athanasius, the Son, as the divine Logos, existed eternally with God, having an absolute and necessary being independent of God's particular will; only as a distinct person did he have his birth, before the creation, but in time. According to the other system, which Arius supported, and which was defeated, the Son had no absolute, eternal being, and was wholly non-existent until created before the foundation of the world by a special act of the divine will. It is true that the condemned theory was unquestionably heathen, being no other than the ancient emanation theory of the Persians. But the conquering theory was heathen no less, borrowing its lineage directly from Plato; and as defeat does not make Arius a Pagan, victory does not make Athanasius a Christian. The dogma of Trinity is held by men who call themselves disciples of Christ, but it has no

more claim on that account to be considered a Christian dogma, than has the theory of Laplace respecting the genesis of the universe, or the theory of Reichenbach respecting odyllic forces, both of which are held by persons calling themselves Christians.

The philosophical origin of the Trinity is now conceded by multitudes. But the other fundamental doctrines of Christianity may be, even more easily than this one, traced to a Gentile source. The doctrine of the Fall, in passing over to Christianity, was hardly modified in its form, and in substance remained essentially unchanged. Plato teaches that the spirits which, through inability to maintain their pristine state of heavenly purity, were seized with confusion, oblivion, and sloth, fell from heaven, and assuming a mortal form, became men. The mythus is too long to be extracted in full here, but may be found in the "*Phædrus*." Its analogy with the Christian mythus is very striking. In fact, it is the same thing, only clothed in the historical shape which it borrowed from the Book of Genesis. Let it be granted that Plato ascribes the Fall to the want of spiritual power, to natural inability to rise, or to remain in the sphere of the Absolute, while Christianity ascribes the Fall to an act of wilfulness, by which man tore himself away from God, and exalted his will above the divine will; still, inasmuch as this particular act of wilfulness was due to a disposition, a power or a want of power lying back of each separate determination, the two views do not differ so much as at first they seemed to. Both agree in suggesting that the condition which is natural to man in his present state is not his primeval one; that the cause of the Fall, whatever notion of moral guilt may be attached to it, exists outside of man's temporal consciousness, and precedes the individual volition; that man himself, his true nature alone considered, is different from man as he appears in mortal existence, as different as an angelic being is from an imperfect and guilty one. Granting, too, that according to Plato the Fall is the descent of a pure spirit from heaven to earth, while according to Christianity it is the descent of a man from a state of moral perfection to a state of moral depravity, this circumstance does not in the least affect the similarity of the two ideas; for, not to urge the obvious thought that, in either case, the change is first an inward and then an outward one, a lapse from a higher to a lower state of spirituality, followed by a lapse from a higher to a lower state of existence,

it must be remembered that the erring Adam was expelled from paradise, where he had been dwelling in perfect innocence, and his paradise bears the same relation to the common earth he afterwards inhabited sorrowfully that Plato's heaven bore to man's mortal estate. It is doubtful whether Plato's philosophism would ever have been incorporated with Christianity, if his disciple Philo had not accepted it as a theory of man's good and evil, and applied it to the mythical narrative in the Book of Genesis, itself probably a fragment of the old Persian traditions. Philo, evidently possessed by Plato's thought—for he imputes the fall of Adam, not to any moral guilt, but solely to his weakness and imperfection—describes his condition before and after that catastrophe in almost the very words of Christian theologians. He speaks of the earth as a strange country, of mortal life as a pilgrimage through straits and necessities, of death as a return home. The doctrine of the fall is fundamental in Christian theology; without it the "scheme of redemption" would not have been at all what it is. But this doctrine owes its existence to Plato, and to a disciple of Plato who lived at Alexandria, who had never heard of Christ, who was a Jew, but tenfold more a philosopher, who endeavored to sublimate Judaism, and who earned his fame by mediating between the Eastern and Western thought.

The Christian doctrine of the Incarnation is as old as human thought and feeling, as human wonder and human aspiration. In all primeval religions we meet with precisely the same belief. The religion of India gives a prominent place to the ten avatars, descents or incorporations of Vishnu, which this guardian god of the world made for the purpose of delivering mankind from physical and moral destruction; from floods, monsters, giants and evil demons, the authors of wickedness and impiety. In the Persian religion we find the legend of Mithras, the creative deity and mediator, standing between the upper and the lower world, and bringing light and mercy to those dwelling in the darkness of the perishable earth. The Osiris of the Egyptian religion corresponds to the Mithras of the Persian: he is a god, beneficent and suffering, a redeemer, dying in his endeavor to redeem. The belief in incarnation penetrating the whole mind of the Orientals, and affording the noblest field for the play of the imagination, gave rise to all those beautiful myths and poems which tell us nearly all we know of the religion of the East.

In the West we find an analogous doctrine in the belief in heroes and hero worship which characterized the religious systems of Greece. The story of Perseus, the god-man, born of Jupiter and Danaë ; of Hercules, likewise the offspring of the highest god and a mortal mother, and uniting in himself the human attributes and the divine, gifted with supernatural power, and representing the ideal of virtue in that primeval time, laboring for the welfare and salvation of men, destroying monsters in human and in beastly shape, the enemy of evil, the foe of tyrants, the conqueror of death itself, descending at last into the underworld, and returning thence unharmed, thus breaking the might of the grave ; the variously told story of Dionysius derives its significance from the belief in incarnations. All these myths were of Oriental origin, and changed their character somewhat when adopted by the Grecian mind. There is a marked difference between the incarnation theory of the East and that of the West, a difference sufficiently well expressed by saying that in the East the gods became men, in the West the men became gods ; in the East the divine element predominated over the human, in the West the human predominated over the divine. The glories of the Oriental religion did not allow the mingling of the spiritual with the fleshly ; the immortal, therefore, only appeared in a human shape. They were not men, but they *seemed* to be men. They had no animal qualities, no earthly body, no passions, no infirmities. Djenschid was one of the most glorious of the lords of light who ever came to the globe ; but there was no blending of the celestial and the terrestrial in his person. Mithras was pure god with only the semblance of humanity. Vishnu is said to have been born of a virgin, and may be supposed therefore to have assumed in part the attributes of man ; but in his case the union of the two elements is indistinct, abnormal and grotesque, and the immortal part remains almost as much by itself as if the mortal was not attached. The Greek heroes, on the other hand, were solid men, made of flesh and blood. Their human part was no mere shadow of their divinity, did not vanish and become as nought in the overpowering splendor of the Godhead, but asserted itself as of kin with the Godhead. They rose to be gods not by meditation and longing, but by action, awakening and developing the deity that dwelt and wrought within them. They exhibited a self-sacrificing love for country and their kind, a patient and united courage in the performance of

duty, a holy obedience to the commands of the Eternal. They illustrated God. They were inspired, being so completely human; their mediation was the more perfect, for they could sympathize with men, bear their burdens, understand their temptations, exemplify righteousness to them so that they could imitate it, be to them, in one word, deities on earth.

At first view, the Christian doctrine of Incarnation seems to differ from both of these equally. The union of the two natures in Christ is not represented or paralleled either in Vishnu or in Hercules. The difference, however, is formal, not material, and an examination leads to the conviction that the Christian doctrine grew out of neither of these separately, but out of them both combined. Here, again, Christian theology has mediated between the Eastern and the Western thought. It is undeniable that the orthodox doctrine respecting the person of Jesus was the result of controversy between the Oriental and the Occidental systems; between those who laid stress upon the divinity and those who emphasized the humanity of Christ. One party contended that Jesus had a mortal body, in all respects like that of other men. Another party maintained that his body was not made of mortal stuff; that it was a "spiritual" body, insensible to pain, requiring no nourishment. This was the Persian theory, and was accepted by Clement of Alexandria, and Origen, authorities in the church. The doctors disputed about the soul of Jesus, as they did about his body. The Alexandrian Fathers were Orientals, contending that the Logos took the place of the rational and spiritual nature in Christ. Tertullian was an Occidental, holding that the soul of Christ was like that of other men. The semi-Arians again accepted the Persian view. All agreed that Christ was sinless. In the controversies respecting the mode in which this union of two natures in one person was effected, the influence of these two types of speculation is very clearly discernable. Were the two elements commingled, and how? Was the personality a human personality made divine by moral obedience, or was a divine one made human by condescension? It is useless to enter into these discussions here. Enough that at the bottom of them all lay this antagonism, if we may give it so harsh a name, between the religious theories of Greece and Persia, and that the church was satisfied when it had done its best to combine the two.

The belief in an Immaculate Conception is a necessary consequent

upon the doctrine of Incarnation, except when the Redeemer's body is a mere form, a shadow, an apparition-body visible only to the eye and made invisible at will, which was the opinion of the Doceta and of the writer of John's Gospel. In such a case as with Djenschid and Mithras, no birth at all is necessary. But the Grecian heroes were all born of virgins. To the mother of Hercules the seer Tiresias spoke, "Be of good cheer, thou mother of a glorious offspring: blessed art thou among Argive women,"—almost the very words addressed by the angel to the virgin mother of Jesus.

The doctrines of Atonement held by the Catholic and Protestant churches were absolute creations of the schoolmen, as late as the eleventh century, and can therefore with no plausibility claim to be called Christian, unless by Christ we mean Anselm of Canterbury, and Thomas Aquinas.

The Christian doctrines respecting heaven and hell, the condition and destiny of departed spirits, angels and devils, and Satan the prince of devils, existed in Persia from time immemorial, and were brought thence, as everybody knows, by the Jews.

The Christian doctrine respecting human nature and the human lot is as ancient as the fabled origin of Zoroastrism, being a natural inference from the belief in a fall from primeval state of heaven. Philo's writings are full of passages that might be literally rendered into the formularies of the popular theology.

Plato likewise teaches unequivocally the doctrine of eternal punishment, and in the "Republic" describes the place of judgment, the judges with the souls of men assembled before them, and the two ways: that to the right conducting the good to the seats of bliss, that to the left conducting the evil to the abode of misery.

"If any New Testament doctrine" says Gfrörer, in his "Urchristenthum," "is of Alexandrine extraction, it is the doctrine of saving and effectual grace."

The Christian doctrine of Faith has its parallel, point for point, in the Platonic doctrine of Love. As Faith is at once of divine and human birth, on one side a gift of the divine grace, on the other side a voluntary direction of the human soul towards the infinite, so Love, according to Plato, has this twofold nature, being at the same the result of inspiration and of longing.

The origin of the Christian Sacraments is involved in some obscurity, but that they were derived from the ancient mysteries

admits now of little doubt. The early Fathers of the church confessed the resemblance between the symbols employed in the Mithras mysteries and those used at the supper. Tertullian allows their significance to be the same. Justin Martyr ascribes their identity to the influence of evil spirits. Von Hammer notes that the bloodless offering with bread and the cup is purely Persian. But the Christian Sacraments bear a closer analogy to the mysteries than is suggested by the mere identity of symbols. There is a near resemblance of meaning. As the mysteries had reference to the suffering deities of nature, so the sacraments have reference to the suffering god-man; life and death, sin and atonement, giving significance to the doctrines and rites of both. Christianity perceives the necessity of expressing its abstract thought in material forms, and selects the very same emblems which the ancient naturalism had invented. Water, the element of purification in the latter, is in Christianity the symbol of consecration to the higher life. Bread and wine, the representations in all the old religions of high life, spiritual truth, hold the same place in the Christian rite of "communion," as the emblems of that heavenly bread which feeds the soul, and of that heavenly vine whose juice is the life-blood of each believer's heart. An additional proof that the sacraments of the church were suggested by the heathen mysteries, appears in the historical fact that, about the time of Constantine, a so-called "*disciplina arcani*," a secret or esoteric teaching, was formed, and intimately associated with the Supper, which received the character of the ancient mysteries!

Christianity's obligations to the elder religions for its symbols are extremely heavy, as any one, by reading Creuzer's "*Symbolik*," or Didron's "*Iconographie Chretienne*," may easily discover. Its cyphers and emblems and illustrations of Trinity, its representations of the virgin mother and child, are exactly copied from the Indian and Persian drawings. A painting at St. Reim in Rheims, of St. John the Evangelist, with a circular nimbus surrounded by two sun-flowers, is almost line for line like the numerous Egyptian figures, from the head of which two lotus flowers rise in a similar manner, with crossing stems. The cross which decorates the nimbus around the head of the Almighty, in some early paintings, corresponds curiously with the cross that decorates the halo surrounding the head of Buddhist and Hindu divinities, and is more likely to have been suggested by that than

by the cross of the Savior's crucifixion, which could not without impropriety be given to the Father. The Hindu goddess Maya wears a cruciform nimbus exactly resembling that worn by figures of God. The circumference of the nimbus, in the same way, is notched, and its field striated with luminous sparks, while parallel with the temples and forehead, stretching beyond the circumference, three clusters of rays shoot forth, corresponding precisely with the cross lines in the divine nimbus of Christian art. The nimbus upon the head of the Savior often resembles a terrestrial globe, and reminds us at once of numerous figures in Egyptian iconography, that bear the world on their heads. Such correspondences are not accidental, nor are they insignificant; for every symbol is a doctrine, and not only a doctrine, but a central and root doctrine.

With these facts before us—and a closer research would discover many more such—is it not a fair conclusion that Christianity is not of Christ? By what right is the name of Christ attached to doctrines which existed centuries before he was born, to which he contributed nothing, to which he did not so much as give his countenance, and which probably he never heard of? The doctrines may be true: that is not the question. They are not held as being true, but as being Christian. They are not recommended to the philosophical on grounds of reason, but are dogmatically asserted in spite of reason, on the authority of Christ. The popular Christianity, under every existing form thereof, may be supposed true without being supposed Christian. It may be supposed false, also, without the slightest disrespect to the religion of Jesus. It is a mixed system of mysticism and metaphysics, dependent for every one of its essential parts upon the human philosophy which it derides, and owing its very existence to the ancient religion which it claims to have overthrown.

Still, it may be contended that Christianity is Christian, inasmuch as it is the offspring of Christianized minds, which, drawing their material from the dogmas already existing in the world, were diligent in remoulding and reconstructing them in accordance with the faith of Jesus. But, even were this true, the dogmas themselves by such a process do not become Christian. Can a Christian man have none but Christian ideas? And are all the notions which professing Christians may entertain on religious matters to be ascribed to Jesus? But let this pass. How stands the fact

itself? Were they Christianized minds that constructed the creeds of the church? It is notorious that the Christian Fathers, early and late, were Gentile philosophers, who held fast to their philosophy, and prided themselves upon it to the end. Justin Martyr was a revering disciple of Plato before he became a Christian, and was no less one after his conversion. He regarded his new faith as a supplement to his old philosophy. "The doctrines of Plato," he says, "are not foreign to Christianity. When we Christians say that all things are created and ruled by God, we seem to utter a thought of Plato, and between our view of God's being and his, the article makes the sole distinction." Clement of Alexandria gloried in Grecian philosophy, and especially in Plato, with whose writings he delighted to enrich his own pages. He loved to draw comparisons between Platonic and Christian doctrines, held that true philosophy and true religion were one and the same thing, and looked upon Christianity as the perfect and effective Platonism. The learned and influential Origen was a true Platonist, both in letter and in spirit. The very genius of Plato rules and often creates his thought. "Origen," says Huetius, "did not so much accommodate the doctrine of Plato to the dictum of Christ, as reduce the dogmas of Christianity to the rules of Platonic thought." And again: "Origen seems to have transferred the entire academy into the church." Even the dogmatical Irenæus, in his ethical and psychological teaching, and in his doctrine of the Logos, shows his respect for Plato. Eusebius of Cesarea calls Plato the only Greek who pressed into the very porch of Christian truth. And Theodoret avows his belief that this prince of philosophers did much to prepare the way for the new faith. Especially did the famous Augustine acknowledge his own and the world's obligation to the Grecian sage. He too had been a zealous disciple of the academy, and never wholly repudiated his old leaders. His book, called "The City of God," contains some very strong passages; for example: "This very thing which is now called the Christian religion existed with the ancients, and was extant at the commencement of the human race: until Christ came in the flesh, when the true religion which already was known began to be called Christian." And again, in the "Confessions," he says: "If I had first been instructed in the holy books, and had afterwards fallen in with these volumes [the writings of Plato], they might either have torn me away from the foundations of faith, or,

if I had preserved in my heart the wisdom I had imbibed, might have persuaded me that the same could have been found in these books, by one who had been taught from them only." Jerome, the laborious scholar and the renowned saint, though born of Christian parents, received his education in the schools, and was an accomplished philosopher. He repented of his profane studies and abandoned them, but not until they had moulded his mind and established his methods of thought. He himself narrates with solemn asseverations, that, being ill with a fever, so that the heat of life failing his death was expected, he was suddenly caught up in the spirit before the judgment-seat of God, and being questioned as to his condition, and answering "A Christian," it was replied, "Thou liest! thou art a Ciceronian, for where thy treasure is, there thy heart is also." And Jerome was silent, and the Judge commanded him to be scourged severely. But entreating for mercy, and those standing near interceding for him, he was released on promising no more to read secular writings.

The Latin Fathers of the West did not share with the Greek Fathers their admiration of the philosophers. But their dread of philosophy is the strongest possible testimony to the power which it exerted upon Christian speculation, and betrays, like a similar fear in the cardinal Bellarmin, a secret belief in it. When the Pope Clement VIII. proposed introducing the Platonic philosophy as a higher branch of study in the universities, Bellarmin dissuaded him, because, he said, the philosophy of Plato so closely resembles the Christian theology, that those who are seeking for what is Christian will be drawn into it, and restrained from further inquiry. The mystical theology that prevailed in the fifth and sixth centuries was purely philosophical in its origin. The system of Dionysius the Areopagite, says Ackermann, was nothing but Neoplatonism translated into Christianity. Scotus Erigena, one of the most eminent names in speculative thought, was a Platonist. So was, later, the great Anselm of Canterbury, and even St. Bernard of Clairvaux, who found fault with Abelard for being so zealous to prove that Plato was a Christian.

Men like the early Fathers were much better qualified for interpreting the old religious systems, than for understanding the spirit of Jesus, and were more likely to borrow their ideas from Alexandria or Rome than from Nazareth. They were Greeks in native cast of mind, and in acquired culture. Their leading thoughts,

THE WORD.

[First Paper.]

Nothing can be regarded as more significant than the new interest which, in the present day, surrounds the study of words. If old Verstegan and Pegge and Horne Tooke could now wake up, they would find themselves famous! Every man of science or philosophy now regards his statement as incomplete without a careful treatment of the bearings of the word. The Humboldts, F. Schlegel, and all the students of races, have made it one cornerstone of their respective edifices. Men of talent, such as Mr. Trench, have arisen in every country to revive for young students old and scattered etymologies; and in America we have at last a young thinker and enthusiast, who has the brave tone of a philological explorer. Our allusion is, of course, to Mr. Swinton, the author of the modestly-named work, *Rambles among Words*, whose gold, although it is not thoroughly washed—bearing also marks of hasty mining—is yet of a purer quality than that which any other venturer has brought back from this El Dorado.

A theorem of the word has arisen out of these accumulated histories and analyses, and a Theory of the Word is now the desideratum. There may be found in one or two writers generalizations which will furnish the naturalist of words, when he shall come, the bone from which the whole structure shall be deduced and described—as when Emerson calls words “fossil poetry;” but as yet none of them have furnished a Philosophy of the Word. It is as a contribution in this special direction that this paper is intended.

The first hint of the vast range of this study meets us in the word word itself. It is through the Latin *verbum*, from *vir*, the word for MAN. We learn from the inscription over the temple we are entering, that language is a second and higher body which the soul puts forth for expression and self-realization. The word is the manifestation of man, and the true man was well called THE WORD. This explains well enough, also, that the newly-awakened interest in the investigation of words is the result of an age of consciousness. In no other way have we been able to draw so near to ourselves. I find that I was so altered in that dusky, oriental complexion, or that Greek and Roman costume—I was

so theatrical in France and savage among the aborigines, that I did not recognize myself; but having translated myself, ancient Judea and Greece, and other somewhat dim recollections of my past life, are made quite clear. Men have recorded of some barbarous nations that they have no history of their own origin and life; but this assertion only attests the infancy of our philological studies. Where there is speech, there is history; the record is as safely kept in the gibberish of Choctaw and Fejee as is the age of a tree in its rings. Our exacter histories are to theirs as a chronometer to the dial of Linnæus, which denoted the advancing and receding day by the opening and closing of flowers. In the day of life of these unconscious children, each high deed, or larger emotion, or more sacred conviction, when its moment came, flowered to its virtue in the heart and its word upon the tongue. Unlock the word, and you may not indeed find chronology, but you will inevitably find history.

There are, then, no "dead languages." As truly as the blood of every people which has existed still survives on earth, so truly do those noble thoughts, which Milton calls "the life-blood of noble spirits," live and throb in their words,—and the richest bloom of intellectual men comes of a transfusion from these full arteries. Thus, though Horne Tooke may call his investigations of quaint derivations *Diversions*, the study of language itself goes deeper than letters and speculation, and demands something beyond literary acumen. Assyria, Greece, Rome, are dead; but the God to whose thought Assyria, Greece, and Rome were but a pictured alphabet, is not dead! To the mind which can spell out that thought from the languages to which it was confided, each true spelling is a gospel or *God's-spell*. Thus we bear with us into our studies the spirit of that old Greek, who, having visited with his friends the temples of the gods, came with them to his own lowly door, and said, "*Let us enter, for here also are the gods.*" Not alone in the seemingly grander temples of science or theology are treasured the wondrous revelations of God to man, but the every-day speech of men, obscure or eminent, is the full garner of the joy that has descended, as the golden apricot is garner of the sunbeams and dew-drops and wind and rain that have descended upon it.

"One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost."

One of the oldest traditions concerning the origin of language is that verse of Genesis (ii. 19), where, in the figurative style of the Hebrew, we are told that Jehovah brought all his creatures to Adam, "and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof." This is no doubt true; but if the historian had been an ordinary profane Anglo-Saxon, he would have transmitted the fact far less grandly, and made the matter-of-fact statement that God brought all creatures to Adam to be named, by giving him eyes to see them, and ears to hear them; and that, by the coöperation of personal necessities, each thing signed its own distinctive autograph on his mind. That was its name or noun. This is certified by our knowledge that children first learn to utter names, and that the vocabularies of savage tribes consist mostly of names—i. e., nouns. Sensation, which is first, gives nouns in imitative accordance with the most salient impression of the object. Action, which succeeds sensation, and marks the entrance of will, gives verbs which are nouns in motion or action. Reflection gives adjectives and adverbs, which first assert that the man which distinguishes and chooses is born. The noun, verb, and adverb are distinct periods in the geology of words, and must have demanded for their formation ages proportionate to those which were occupied by primary, secondary, and tertiary in the earth.

Here rises the question, by its ability to answer which, of course, any theory of language must be judged: How came these words to express their special objects or emotions? The doctrine that words were given arbitrarily by any one man, or diffused by any generation of men and transmitted by their children, does not pretend to rest on a philosophical basis, and therefore may be left to sink or swim with the credit of the traditions which are supposed to establish it. The idea of a supernatural gift of words from the Creator must be excluded, by the frequent imperfections of words in expressing the true nature of their objects. For example, the word used for the heavens in the Old Testament, correctly rendered *firmament*, represents the belief of the writer that the sky was a solid arch: a conclusion sufficiently attested by other portions of the book in which it is declared that this wall separated the waters above from the waters beneath, and in which, when rain is spoken of, it is said that the windows of this firmament are opened. Of course, a miraculously-given language would be

scientifically correct. One question, then, arises back of these fancies; this question, namely, Why should firmament be the word to express that which is solid, or circle what is circular, or man man?

I think that our only recourse is to suppose a radical connection between the senses; that the sight, or touch, or associations of an object suggest the sound which most fitly represents that object, and the form, perhaps, of the letter which is, as it were, tap-root of the word. God geometrizes, said Plato; and since that note was sounded the beautiful coördination of all things—of mind and body, and their varied faculties: eye gathering seven colors of its spectrum, ear gathering seven notes of its gamut, and the like analogues—has been the theme of every poet who has followed. Things exist as poetry before they exist as science; and this identity of the senses, a sequence to the fundamental unity of all things, has long been familiar to poetry, whose office is to recognize unity under diversity. Wordsworth describes a shaking leaf as making “eye-music;” Madame de Staël a cathedral as “frozen music”—Coleridge having before called it a “petrified religion;” in which phrases one sense is made the complete symbol of another. We doubt not that it will one day be considered far from absurd that many have described the noise of thunder as black, and that a blind man said that he imagined *red* to be like the sound of a trumpet. We would suggest, then, that whatever prominent traits, or characteristics, or habits objects may have, furnished their nominative sounds. There is a hiss, in nearly all languages, in the word for a serpent—snake, anguis, schlange, sarf, sarpa, etc.; the *s* being the hissing letter, and of imitative serpentine shape; thence, by derivation, the words which include, by enlargement, the sneaking (snake) and creeping (serpens) habits of the animal. An illustration of a name derived from the eye may be gathered from the old Italian writers, who affirm that the Latin word for man, *omo*, is derived from the form of the human face—each eye being an O, and the sides of the face with the nose resembling an M.

But the imitative origin of words would be rendered probable by the imitative origin and shape of letters themselves. And it is quite certain that the nearer we get to the primitive alphabets, the more we observe their descriptive character. We will take,

for an example, the Hebrew, which includes the whole Syriac family, and also the Greek—the latter being but modifications of it:

1. א, *aleph*, Greek Α, *alpha*, signifies in the ancient Chaldaic tongue a ship, but in the Hebrew a bullock, which among the Hebrews bore burdens, as ships did with the Chaldees. It is probable that the letter was in shape originally intended to be a compromise between an ancient ship and an animal with a burden on its back.

2. ב, *beth*, Greek Β, *beta*, is a house, like which, though toppled over, it looks.

3. ג, *gimel*, Greek Γ, *gamma*, a small bridge in the ancient Arimaic language, and camel in Hebrew.

4. ד, *daleth*, Greek Δ, *delta*, from *deleth*, a door, and in shape an open door.

5. ה, *kai*, signifying *here it is*. This letter seems in its shape to refer to the house *beth* with the door open in one corner, when compared with the second letter.

These five letters present a related series of images: one starts from the *ship* to the *house*, he passes a small *bridge* in order to reach it, and having opened the *door*, *here he is* in it. In the next six the image is changed to the in-door habits of the people.

6. ו, *vov*, a nail, which it resembles.

7. ז, *sayin*, a club, to which the likeness is plain.

8. ח, *heth*, fire-tongs; so in shape.

9. ט, *teth*, Greek Ξ, *chi*, the fist; the resemblance to the closed hand is evident.

10. י, *yod*, Greek Ι, *iota*, the handle of a pan, evidently.

11. כ, *kaph*, Greek Κ, *kappa*, a plate.

After the man is in the house, he hangs his *arms* or *club* on the *nail*, takes the *fire-tongs* with his *fist*, and lays hold of the *handle of the pan*, then takes his meal from a *plate*.

12. ל, *lamad*, Greek Λ, *lambda*, the cane or switch.

13. מ, *mem*, Greek Μ, *mu*, the water—the resemblance being, however, rather to the mast and spread sail.

14. נ, *nun*, Greek Ν, *nu*, the fish.

15. ס, *sameck*, Greek Σ, *sigma*, thick.

16. ע, *agin*, the eye.

17. פ, *peh*, Greek Φ, *phi*, the mouth open, and catching something.

18. γ , *tsadi*, Greek α , *zeta*, the fish angle.

19. $\beth$, *kuf*, the hole of the ear.

20. $\aleph$, *resh*, Greek ρ , *rho*, the head.

21. $\daleth$, *shin*, the teeth.

22. θ , *thof*, Greek θ , *theta*, a mark.

The fisher takes his *swich* or *rod*, goes to the water to catch *fish*, he catches a *thick* or large one through the *eye*, *mouth*, or *ear-hole*, etc., etc.; telling plainly that the alphabet of the Hebrews originated on the banks of a river where fishing was the common employment. The alliance of the Greek alphabet with it is obvious, the ordinary tradition being that Cadmus carried it to Greece. The only ground for this is that Cadmus resembles *kedem*, the Hebrew word for *east*; but the hypothesis of the Arimaic and Hebraic origin of the Greek alphabet is not to be confused with that fancy. Pliny informs us that the letters were brought from Assyria; Diodorus mentions Syria as the fatherland of the alphabet, and Manetho declares that the second Hermes found in the Syriadic land the antediluvian pillars with the inscriptions of the first Hermes, which he had buried under ground. We are of the opinion of Dr. Wise, the learned author of the "History of the Israelitish Nation," that these three lands are used synonymously by these writers, for the region along the Euphrates in the south-west of Asia. Thus their alphabet preserves a record of the original locality, and the employments of a great people, where all other trustworthy records fail, and history becomes mythical.

The principle of the imitative character of letters and sounds, as giving the key-notes of words, although its actual proof, *a posteriori*, is rendered impossible by our remoteness from the simple forms of language, which grow complex as life grows complex, is nevertheless rendered antecedently probable by the well known sympathies of sound and sense, which are continually arresting our attention in literature. The finest words and sentences call forth pictures and sonatas. Shakspeare's

"Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,"

is Haydn's *Kinder-sinfonie* in a line. Shudderingly do we read,

"Grinned horribly a ghastly smile."

So the very beat and metre of Virgil's famous line causes a horse

to gallop along a frozen plain, even to the eye of one ignorant of the language in which it is described :

“Quadrupedante putrem sonitu, quatit ungula campum.”

Or, take the mere mechanical effect of certain words : What a shiver is in *cold*—what a mystery in *geist*, *ghost*. How properly does the word *form*, implying limitation, end with a letter which closes the lips firmly together ! The rolling along of the voice necessary for sounding the letter *r*, associates by imitation with the objects or actions it best expresses—*roar* (Sax. *varien*), *roll* (*rollen*, *rouler*, *ruilha*, etc.), *reel*, *river*. An evil-minded philologist might derive the word *baby* from Babel, “signifying confusion ;” and, though we have always deprecated Lamb’s toast “to the memory of the much maligned but really good King Herod,” we must, nevertheless, confess to the relationship between Babel and *baby*, which, with such words as *babble*, *blab* (Latin, *balbus*, *fabula* ; German, *plappern*), are imitative of a child’s first lip-noises, and when used concerning adults, indicate childish practices and propensities.

The doubt which here arises may be stated thus : If this be the true theory of the word, how is it to be explained, that various races of men should have adopted such entirely different words for the same objects ? Why is it, that what one calls a *woman*, another calls *femina*, another *gune*, another *frau* ? These differences do not affect the theory that each object has its name written in its nature, but are to be attributed—1st, to the many different aspects in which any one thing may be viewed ; 2d, to the different temperaments and conditions of the various races and nations which tend to place them at different points of view. Thus, in the first regard, a tree, for example, may be thought of as wood, or vegetable, or a particular one, or as hard, or round, or tall, or beautiful, or medicinal. A utilitarian nation, whose living came hard, might think of its fruit or useful timber ; a scientific nation might think of it botanically ; an imaginative people might think of its beauty or symbolism ; and, of course, each name would be as distinct as if the tree were not only thought of in different associations, but were intrinsically different. We have but to apply this principle to primitive and figurative speech, to see its action, as a matter of fact. And it is at once seen to be an inevitable one when we take into consideration our second reason ; namely, the

varieties of national temperament and condition which tend to place races at different points of view. If, as Jean Paul Richter has said, "Providence has given to the French the empire of the land; to the English that of the sea; to the Germans that of the —air!" it must follow, that whatsoever these would describe, they must describe from their several stand-points. There are many familiar words which illustrate the permanent operation of this law in word-formation. The English, for instance, used the word *consider*, literally to *sit down with* a subject; the Germans express the analogous act of the mind by *überlegen*, *to be down over* a subject; the Greeks said *σεντρομαι*, *I shade my eyes in order to look steadily* at a subject. Now, any one will find the more he ponders these three forms of expression for the same thing that they are faithful representatives of the respective national temperaments. So the use of the English *occur* to express mental reception (*οδ* and *curro*), in which it is implied that an idea *runs against*, or *to meet* the mind, may be compared with the German *einfallen*, in which the superior introversion of the Teuton finds that the idea *falls into* him. Compare also the English *imagination* with *einbildungskraft*, a word not only metaphysically perfect, but replete with poetry.

To see this fully, we have only to remember that these distinctions must have been equally operative in the infancy of language. It is frequently the case, however, that two totally distinct races, which could never be traced to any common origin or temporary intercourse, have been arrested by the same aspect of an object, in which cases their words are radically identical; a notable instance of which is found in the name given to one of the finest American rivers by the Indians, *Potomac*; which is almost literally the Greek word for river, *ποταμος* (comp. Latin, *potare*). These identities would doubtless be much more numerous, if it were not for the arbitrary and immethodical innovations made upon the natural form of words by those vandals, Ignorance, Affectation and Slang. The very roots of words are often irretrievably lost. To take one from a mass—who would imagine that the common word *wig* is derived from the Greek *πικρος*, *hair*? What two words could be more unlike? Yet this *πικρος*—hair, wool, or felt—became in Rome the *pileus*, a hair-cap given to slaves when freed. The Spanish got thence *piluca*; by the natural change of liquids, it became in

France *peruke*; it crossed the channel and became *periwig*; afterwards the vandalism aforesaid cut off for convenience all except *wig*,—losing the root, and leaving in the word only one letter in common with its original!

In this connection may be mentioned two words found on our continent, which have puzzled our transatlantic friends, and which Mr. Trench has called on us to explain. These are the words *Canada* and *caucus*. The history of the first of these illustrates well how easily the real origin of a word may be obscured through a slight variation caused by ignorance. The Indian name for *Canada*, was *Huachalaga*.* When the country was invaded by the early Spanish gold-hunters, the Indians heard them repeat the words *vaca nada*—*nothing here*. When these, finding no gold, had gone, and others, permanent settlers, appeared, the Indians thinking they could speak to the whites, to that extent at least, cried out '*canada*—unfortunately leaving off the first syllable. The whites imagined this to be the name of the land. The other word, *caucus*, which is purely American, arose from the meetings held by the caulkers or disguised revolutionists, in the Massachusetts ship-yards; the name became generic for all such private meetings where the interests of one party are represented, and was afterwards spelt phonetically instead of rightly. The origin of this word has such peculiar associations that we can easily pardon the limited research of our English brethren in its direction.

* How melancholy that these Indian names were lost! It would almost seem to be a sufficient reason for the existence of these Indians to have furnished a rich and poetical nomenclature to this country. Their names, wherever they are preserved, are the very autographs of the lakes, rivers, and landscapes. And, is it not too bad, that we should have bedizened our cities, and the grand phenomena of a New World, in the threadbare names of other lands and ages! Compare, as names for cities, New York, Syracuse, Boston, Cincinnati (THE CINCINNATUSES!), with Ticonderoga, Ontario, Niagara and Potomac; or the names of the rivers Charles, James, Whetstone or St. Johns, etc., with Roanoke, Altamaha, Rappahannock, Olentangie (to which name we are glad to find the Whetstone has returned), or Merrimac. It is too evident that "the eternal fitness of things" has been violated, first, in baptizing America to the name of a pirate; and afterwards inflicting on our cities and places worn-out names which in no respect represent them.

THE SACRED DANCE.

[From the Persian.]

[THE Dervish supposes that the inspired dance describes curves which exactly correspond with the orbits of the heavenly bodies. The Persians suppose that a magic gem was lost by Solomon on their coasts, and that some pearl-diver will one day find it : this will explain the allusion in the ninth line of the verses.]

Spin the ball ! I reel, I burn,
Nor head from foot can I discern,
Nor my heart from love of mine,
Nor the wine-cup from the wine !
All my doing, all my leaving
Reaches not to my perceiving ;
Lost in whirl of spheres I rove,
And know only that I love.

I am seeker of the stone,
Living gem of Solomon ;
From the shore of souls arrived,
In the sea of sense I dived :
But what is land, or what is wave
To me, who only jewels crave ?

Love is the air-fed fire intense,
My heart is the frankincense :
Ah, I flame as aloes do,
But the censer can not know !
I'm all-knowing, yet unknowing ;
Stand not, pause not in my going ;
Ask not me, as Muftis can,
To recite the Alcoran :
Well I love the meaning sweet—
I tread the Book beneath my feet !

Lo, the God's love blazes higher,
Till all differences expire ;
What are Moslems ? What are Giaours ?
All are love's, and all are ours ;
I embrace the true believers,
But I reckon not of deceivers.
Firm to Heaven my bosom clings,
Heedless of inferior things :
Down on earth, there, under-foot,
What men chatter know I not.

EXCALIBUR.

A STORY FOR ANGLO-AMERICAN BOYS.

CHAPTER I.

"Paradise is under a canopy of swords."—MAHOMET.

It was Christmas-eve at Kenmore. The last of its gleaming fruit had been stripped from the Wonderful Tree which blossoms but once a year; the last wax-candle was flashing up with flickering light upon the arch bending over it, on which, shaped in moss, were the words—

LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS.

The little palates had feasted on sugar-plums, and the little eyes on toys, to satiety; the yawn was becoming frequent, though the evening was scarcely begun. At this moment, when the children were, like the ancient monarch, ready to give the largest reward to one who could invent a new pleasure, the genial face of Uncle Paul came like a sun-burst through the door. In an instant he was fastened on by three young parasites clamorous for "a story." There is no more lineal descendant of the daughter of the horse-leech than your story-loving youngsters of nine, eleven and fourteen; of which ages we speak with confidence, because they are the respective ages of little Edith, Arthur and Alfred Edgarton, who now bound Uncle Paul a victim on their altar.

Uncle Paul.—What shall I tell you a story about?

Arthur (eagerly).—Tell us about kings and queens.

Alfred (hesitatingly).—Yes, do; and about Christian in Pilgrim's Progress.

Edith (drowsily).—Uncle Paul, *do* tell us about Cinderilla.

Our avuncular Gulliver gave a glance of despair at the pinions with which the Lilliputians had bound him, looked up at the parents, who, with a heartlessness quite common to parents, smiled on his immolation with a complacency which forbade hope in that quarter, then made a desperate effort at escape by asking to see the Christmas gifts. The boys straightway charged upon him with trumpets, fifes, drums, guns and swords, as if he had been a Malakoff over which their banners must float; but little Edith,

who had the *coigne d'avantage*, being in his lap, foreclosed all other views by thrusting up two immense wax dolls, which he saw eye to eye and nose to nose. But Arthur, almost at the cost of a quarrel with this monopolist, would have his sword looked at; and, indeed, Uncle Paul seemed to think it worthy his determination, for he looked at it long and carefully. Arthur looked on in proud and the others in jealous silence, as the old man looked over the bit of painted wood from hilt to point again and again. He said, presently, "There was once another Arthur who had a very famous sword: how would you like to hear a story about that?" An eager assent from the children meeting this proposition, Uncle Paul began:

"The sword of which I am going to tell a story belonged to an ancient king who lived more than 1800 years ago, and whose name was Arthur. The name of the sword was EXCALIBUR."

The Three.—What does Excalibur mean?

Uncle Paul.—It is not quite certain; for in the old books it is spelt in different ways, sometimes Escalibore, then Scalibur, Calibur and Esclabure. It is likely that it means a sword of *Calibre*.

The boys were too proud to manifest any ignorance of this last word, which was uttered with an air of simplicity, but Edith, with whose sex curiosity overrules pride, gave signs at once of not being at all satisfied. So in answer to her question Uncle Paul said, "*Calibre* means the sort or kind; EXCALIBUR, as the name of a sword, would mean a sword of excellent quality. The sword of King Arthur was a sword that never struck but for justice and honor. It was said that its blow never failed of its aim: perhaps that means that no blow struck for honor and justice ever fails.

This King Arthur was a noble and virtuous prince in the midst of a barbarous age and land. He was justly called *flos regum*—the "flower of kings." In that early age, when there were scarcely any laws, and very little chance of trying people for crimes in courts, the protection of innocent people, the defence of women and children, depended upon the swords of men brave enough to stand or fall for the right against the wrong, and hold their shields between the oppressor and the oppressed. This was not a good state of society, but in the end it made some strong men—men worthy to be called, as they afterwards were, Saxon, or

men of rock.* The laws and court-houses take a good deal of the bravest and truest work off of our shoulders, and the strength that it begets out of our hearts. King Arthur, in order that this should be well done throughout his kingdom, called about him the bravest and truest knights; they lived with him in his palace; and they were called The Knights of the Round Table. They still show in England a large, round, black table, about which, they say, sat these knights. They each and all took a solemn oath that every drop of blood in their hearts should be ready to fall in the defence of the weak against the strong! And many were the glorious deeds they did, many the stirring adventures with which they met. Perhaps, some day, I shall tell you more of them. I must now tell you about the sword. The story runs that it was not wrought by human hands. A nymph down under the sea spent nine years in making it; and when she had made it silver-bright, and made it of edge invisible for fineness, she searched all through the sea for rarest pearls and gems to ornament its hilt. It partook of the strength of the strong sea, and the freedom of the winds and waves was in its temper. Then the nymph kept it to herself until a man should arise on the earth brave and true and strong enough to wield that sword.

When King Uther died, it was believed that he had no son to sit on his throne, and so a great many knights came forward presenting their claims on the throne. Now it was really the case that Uther's wife, Igerna, had borne him a son before they were married, and because of the shame the child, whose name was Arthur, was given to the wife of a nobleman named Antour to bring up as her own; and the king died without disclosing that he had a son living, whilst his wife Igerna knew not where the child had been taken, or whether it was alive or dead. Great then was the strife and discussion as to who should be king. So high did the strife run that, on Christmas-eve, the good bishop came amongst them, and said that, as no decision was likely to be reached by human means, it would be well for them all to put up their prayers that Providence might send down some sign which should point out the one who should be their king. The holy father's advice was adopted—they all began to pray; and,

* Uncle Paul could only have meant a pun: Saxon is doubtless a corruption of Saracen, and not from Latin *saxum*, a rock.

strange to say, when they went out from the service they found at the church door a miraculous stone; and in this stone was fixed, as in a vice, a gleaming sword, on the hilt of which were engraved the following words:

"I am called Excalibur,
To a King a fair treasure;
In the hand of my true King—
Carbè iron, steel, or anything!"

It was at once agreed that this was the token from Heaven for which they had been praying, and decreed that whoever should be able to draw the sword out of the stone should be proclaimed king at once. Many were the hands which labored to draw it out; but the sword resisted the efforts of each one who had been contending for the throne. So there remained at the church door the stone holding its sword.

Now the young Arthur had grown and prospered under the care of Sir Antour. He was a child of great nobility, fair, courteous and strong, but had been kept in perfect ignorance of his high birth. Arthur being of a noble presence and ability, was taken as squire by his foster-father's son, who was named Sir Kay. This knight, on one occasion being in a battle, broke his sword, and was forced to send young Arthur to his mother for a new one. Arthur hastened home, but did not find the lady; he had, however, observed near the church a sword sticking in a stone, and on his return galloped to the place, drew it out with ease, and perfectly unconscious of having performed a mighty feat, delivered it to his master. Sir Kay, who knew the sword and its value at once, made Arthur swear to be secret as to what he had done, and then showing the weapon to his father, declared that he would claim the throne as if he had drawn out the sword. Sir Antour insisted that his son should repeat the feat; and Kay, who supposed he could draw it out easily again, readily replaced the sword in the stone—but, lo! it stuck there as immovably as ever. Poor Kay was very much ashamed, and had to confess to his father that he had received the sword from his squire, Arthur. Sir Antour informed Arthur that his drawing out the sword made him King of England! He also told the Bishop what Arthur had done, and the ghostly Father summoned an assembly before which the feat was several times repeated. So an early day was proclaimed for the coronation of Arthur as king.

But the knights and princes were jealous of the young king, and resolved to make a resistance ; so on the day of the festival they tried with their retainers to seize Arthur's person. Then they found that the trusty Excalibur was not only able to make a king, but to defend one ; for the rebels were utterly routed. And of all the knights who remained true Arthur formed his famous Round Table. From this time he reigned over a happy kingdom, and his good Excalibur was not idle : it never helped the cause of wrong or oppression, and it never failed to win the day. But I can not tell you all the fair deeds of this righteous king, who with the blessing of God lived a long time to plant the seeds of Christianity and civilization in Britain.

It came to pass that in one of his engagements Arthur was fatally wounded. He looked around when he knew he must die, to see if there was one of his knights worthy to wield his faithful Excalibur when he was gone. He feared that some baser hand should one day soil its pure temper in striving for low ambition or dishonorable purpose ; for he had, alas, found out by experience that many of his knights who had seemed fair to him were corrupt. So he resolved that Excalibur should be cast into the sea where it was wrought. He requested Sir Bedivere, who was supporting him, to give him a seat ; which being done, he gave him his sword and adjured him to throw it into the sea. Sir Bedivere took the sword, but on his way, tempted by its beauty and the jewels set in it, concealed it under a tree. On his return, the king asked him what he observed when he threw it in. Bedivere replied, "Nothing but the waters deep and the waves wan." "Thou art untrue to me," said the king, with flashing eye ; "thou hast not fulfilled thy trust as a knight should do." Then Bedivere ran in haste and took the sword ; but when he had reached the sea-shore, again overcome by temptation, he threw only the scabbard into the sea, and concealed the sword. On his return, the king again asked him what he had observed. "Nothing," replied Sir Bedivere, "but the splashing of the water on the reeds." Then Arthur arose, and with wrath cried, "Unknightly traitor ! how canst thou deal thus wrongfully by thy dying king !" Then Bedivere rushed to the sea-side and hurled through the air the sword, which sped like a lightning streak. And, lo ! as he did so, a fair, shining hand and arm clothed in white emerged from the waves and caught Excalibur, and bore it down into the deep.

When Bedivere returned to the king, he found there two women of angelic guise who bore Arthur away and placed him in a barge, and together they floated away over the sea; and long was it prophesied in Britain, that when the land was worthy of such a king Arthur should again float over the sea to its shore.

—As Uncle Paul closed this marvellous story, Alfred insisted on his continuing, but little Edith was asleep, and he bore her up stairs to bed; when he came down he peeped over Arthur's shoulder, and saw him holding a pen over his sword, on which could be already read EXC—

CHAPTER II.

“Let the lost sword be for God.”—ANCIENT PROVERB.

The next evening Uncle Paul was under an engagement made just eleven months and twenty-nine days before, to play Santa Claus for the children. If folks only knew it, greater love hath no man for children than that he enact Saint Nicholas for them. How little do the delighted, fluttering little hearts know of the heated, melting form of Uncle Paul under his great buffalo robes, or of the Pauline nostril smothered and scratched under an impenetrable vizor with great woolen whiskers! In this case our victim bore his martyrdom pretty well for a while; but at last the white feather was visible over his mask; for he stooped down and whispered to his nephews and his niece, who at once paused in their mad career, whilst the little neighbors who had been invited grew instantly apprehensive of an impending catastrophe. What was it that the faint-hearted Santa Claus whispered? Why, these words: *Wouldn't you like to hear something more about that sword?*

Emotions were for a while in conflict; pros and cons beat violently against each other; but Santa Claus decided the question by vanishing through a key-hole and sending down presently, in his stead, Uncle Paul. The children were doubtful of him; they thought they had certainly seen the end of that sword when it disappeared under the waves, and they put the proposition to him in that form. Uncle Paul informed them that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in their philosophy; and having now a large audience gathered about him he proceeded as follows:

Have you not seen in your Atlas, on the map of Europe, a great

red country in the South-east, called Austria? Well, this country with the hard names for its towns and rivers, has been, and perhaps is now, the worst on the face of the earth. I suppose the country itself was good enough, and the people had hearts, but they were under the rule, from 1200 years ago down, of the most wicked of families, called the House of Hapsburgh. Each descendant of this house seemed only trying to outstrip the evil which his predecessor had done. It was like that great Dragon of which you read in the story-books, which polluted the air with its breath and which demanded that a virgin should be given it every day for breakfast. The virgin in this case was a nation: the other great powers—Russia, England and France—through fear, agreed to give it a young nation a day, and in this way Austria devoured Bavaria, Poland, Hungary, Silesia and Italy. The measure of its iniquity seemed full when Maria Theresa, by her blandishments and promises, gained the confidence of the Hungarians, only to fasten the evils of the Hapsburgh Dragon more fully about them.

Alfred.—Where was St. George then?

Uncle Paul.—Well asked! St. George came to fight the Dragon—only this time he was named Frederick the Great. His mission on earth was to punish the crimes of Austria; and after the most tremendous series of battles ever known, lasting about forty years, he humbled the House of Hapsburgh, which, in the person of Maria Theresa, knelt at his feet and sued for peace. Austria, the old Dragon, lives yet, but its fangs have been all drawn out, and it gets weaker and weaker.

Arthur.—But about Excalibur?

Ah, yes, I'm coming to that. When it was known that Frederick the Prussian monarch had resolved to set himself front to front against Austria, the day before he marched into Bohemia at the head of a hundred thousand men to take Prague, a Bavarian peasant came to his door and earnestly desired to see the monarch. The courtiers and porters refused to admit so plainly dressed a boor, who had also a formidable, rusty old sword in his hand; but the man took his seat on the door and would not leave. Frederick, hearing some altercation, came to the door and found the peasant suffering indignities from his servants; sternly reproving the latter, he asked the peasant what he wished. The man held out the sword, and said, "Sire, I am a poor man, and make a scanty living by fishing. One day, as we were drawing in our

nets, we found therein this old sword, which, though it be rusty, has some rich jewels in its hilt. And when I heard that a Savior had risen up to shield us from our oppressor, I traveled day and night to lay this sword at his feet." The king took the sword and proffered a reward to the peasant, but he would not receive it. He took the sword into his palace and examined it closely. On it he could only make out the letters EXCAL— What that meant, I leave you to guess. The king had the sword brightened up and made new, and placed it at his side. With him also it never failed! With it he conquered an immense kingdom; and though there are many things that may be said against Frederick the Great, it can never be denied that he built up the best and happiest kingdom which the world had ever seen. He had a noble idea of royalty: it was he that said, "A king is only the first of subjects;" that is, he should feel himself as much under a Higher Law, as his subjects are under his Law. When Peace came, he gave the corn which had been provided for the next campaign to feed the destitute; he abolished burthensome taxes on the people; he lived as plainly as a peasant, stripped his palace of rich ornaments, and even wore threadbare garments, that the agriculture and industry of his nation might be advanced, and that there should be work and bread for all! He encouraged literature, and was an able writer himself; he allowed religious freedom throughout his dominions: a man could think what he pleased, and speak or print what he pleased, even though he spoke or wrote against the king himself. No need that such a king should ever fear his people's liberty!

What was done with Excalibur? Why, I will tell you. Frederick, having now established the nations on a basis of freer nationality, having conquered a European peace, looked over the Ocean and saw some brave colonies fighting against their oppressor as the nations which he had relieved had fought against Austria. He watched with interest, and then in various ways helped George Washington and his army to carry forward to a successful issue the American Revolution. And when our Revolution was over, and Washington, with the blessings of a free and happy people crowning his head with a coronet brighter than king ever knew, retired to Mount Vernon, Frederick the Great sent across the Atlantic his sword, and when it was placed in the hands of Washington it bore these words: *From the oldest general in the*

world to the greatest. So Excalibur, the sword which in the hand of its true king could carve iron, steel, and even despotism, was hung up in Washington's cabinet in Virginia.

CHAPTER III.

"That sword he [John Brown] held in his own hand during the whole of Monday."—COL. WASHINGTON'S TESTIMONY.

It was just one year after the above story or stories were told, that Uncle Paul again returned to Kenmore to spend the Christmas holidays—these last holidays. And scarcely were the greetings over, scarcely was the old man comfortably seated in his chair ere he began to ache for the children to ask him for another story! Now was this not strange in Uncle Paul? Were all his former evasions affectations, or was he getting garrulous, as old men sometimes will? However this might be, Uncle Paul was certainly fishing for a story-proposition, whilst the children looked askance at their parents, and steeled their tongues against asking for one.

N. B.—Mamma had said in the morning, "Children, remember, now, you are to let Uncle Paul have some peace, and must not climb over him and make him tell you a story as soon as he comes. Mind, now, the first that disobeys goes to bed!"

But, ah, what proud triumph lighted up each little eye when the old gentleman, having thrown out hints in vain, at length burst out plainly with, "Arthur, wouldn't you like to hear more about EXCALIBUR?"

A yell, a rush, and Uncle Paul's arms were folded about the youngsters, though now they were large enough to be consigned to ottomans, etc., about his feet, rather than to his somewhat failing knees. The paternal Edgarton was conservative, and suspected that Uncle Paul's story this time would not be altogether what he could desire. Uncle Paul glanced at him with a malicious artlessness, which sheathed a cunning twinkle, and proceeded.

"Let's see, where did we leave Excalibur?"

Arthur and Alfred (in chorus).—Hung up at Mount Vernon.

Uncle Paul.—Ah, yes: well, it didn't stay there! Wouldn't you say, boys, that a sword which was sent into this world to fight for the weak against the strong, for the right against the wrong, a sword which could only be worthily wielded by such men as King Arthur, and Frederick the Great, and George Washington,

a sword which had twice come forth from the bottom of the sea to strike for freedom—would you not think, boys, that such a sword was a dangerous one to have in a neighborhood where innocent men and women were held in chains, their children taken from their hearts and sold, and where there were no knights to stand for them ?

Yes ? Well, so it turned out in this case. Washington, the Father of his country, could look with pride on that trusty Excalibur, for he loved freedom, and whilst living, treated the Africans which he had inherited with kindness ; when dying, he set them all free ! He thought he was leaving a nation which would follow his example ; but, instead of that, they found that slaves could work well and sell well, and they stole more of them from their own land, and gave to the masters the control of our whole country. Then Excalibur began to get uneasy, and went a little way up, where it could be near and watch the meaner swords made to fasten chains, not to “ carve ” them asunder. The old Austrian Dragon seemed to have reappeared in American Slavery—

Arthur (interrupting).—Uncle Paul, is there no Saint George in America ?

Uncle Paul.—I’m not so sure that there *was* not, my boy. Let me tell you. There was an old man named John Brown, whose parents had brought him up amidst the free airs and the bountiful sunlight of nature, and taught him the simple faith of love to God and man. This old man studied the Holy Bible day and night, and resolved to live up to the best law of life that he could find in it. But one can not read such great sayings as are in that Book with their eyes or lips ; the very light of the sun is not clear enough to read it by ; it takes a *life* to read it. So old John Brown lived what he knew : he fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and ministered to the afflicted ; and as he so lived by one rule, a light shone upon the next. One day he came to ponder deeply these two sentences in that Book :

“ Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.”

“ Remember those who are in bonds as bound with them.”

Then he called together his household, and said : “ My wife, my daughters, and my sons, suppose that we were all this day held in bonds by a master who could tear us apart at any moment, who could make of us the victims of his own or others’ lust, or make us servile instruments of his basest deeds : would we no

strike for freedom, and would we not long for some helping hand to free us?" Then he read them the Laws which he had been weighing; and as in the darkest night a lantern's light is turned full upon the chasm that yawns at a traveler's feet, so did he turn their brightness upon the great crime against Humanity which cries to Heaven against this Nation. Then this old man and his sons left their guardian women to pray for them; and taking their lives in their hands, they went forth, these modern Knights of the Round Table, to strike from human hands every fetter they could reach; and many a living and immortal heart did they rescue from the Dragon's coils! When the ear heard them, then it blessed them, and when the eye saw them, it gave witness to them; because they delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

At last the old man went down into the same neighborhood where Excalibur had gone. A divine madness seized upon him; as it is written, "Oppression maketh a wise man mad"—but whether such madness be not the wisdom of God, which is foolishness with men, we are not all calm enough to judge now. Soon John Brown bore in his hand the never-failing sword Excalibur! In his hand it conquered a whole nation. Presently twenty-nine other nations came to help the one, and this old man and his sons were taken prisoners, but not till then; such is the power of the sword which strikes for Justice and Liberty.

On the second day of December, 1859, they hung that old man by the neck until he was dead,—for loving his neighbor as himself, for stooping to heal the wounded Jew, for remembering those who are in bonds as bound with them. But as he died he was more victorious than he had ever dreamed of being; he melted a million hearts and poured them into the moulds of Freedom.

EXCALIBUR still waits the hand of its next true King, who will be he that can conquer without it. It has made its wound, piercing beneath the scales of the Dragon; and that wound can never be healed. His fierce writhings and threatenings only tell us how the blow touched the seat of life.

Let us trust that it need never strike again! Let us pray that about it may grow up a people who know the power of the Sword of the Spirit, the Love which never faileth; and who may wield the weapon which is not carnal so truly that the strongholds of Evil shall fall, and the kingdom of Purity and Peace be established.

AMOR RESPICIT CÆLUM.

My God, why should I love thee for reward?
 Why should I pray thee come in golden shower?
 Doth not Love tower o'er Faith and Hope by this,
 That her free-giving eyes look to no end?

Through Heaven I press, for that thou art beyond:
 Only sustaining, can I be sustained;
 In Heaven I missed the cross which, when I bore,
 Bore me. Another and another Fall
 Before fresh mandates need I—uplifting
 Falls; the faithful, friendly wounds which heal me;
 The fatal edge which slays to make alive.

Oh, leave me not in any Paradise,
 But lead me forth to bleak and blessed paths;
 And set thine angel with his Sword of Flame—
 A curse divine—to hinder when I turn!

THE CATHOLIC CHAPTER.

RELIGION.

It is pleasant to die, if there be gods; sad to live, if there be none.
Marcus Antoninus.

To which religion do I belong? To none that thou might'st name. And why to none? For religion's own sake. *Schiller.*

It is not lawful in Heaven to think three and say one; because every one in Heaven speaks from thought: in Heaven there is thinking speech or speaking thought.

In Heaven, the more angels the more room.

Because the angels believe this (that all Life is from the Lord), they refuse thanks on account of the good they do.

The life of every one is such as his love is.

What any man loves is to him good.

In Heaven, by loving the Lord is not meant to love him *as to person*, but to love the good that is from him. *Suedenborg.*

Nothing which is celestial passes over; but that which is earthly passes over by the celestial. *Battina.*

Immortality must be proved, if at all, by our activity and designs, which imply an interminable future for their play.

R. W. Emerson.

Thou, O God, hast made me for Thyself ; I can not rest but in Thee !

St. Augustine.

Intellect is a god, through a light which is more ancient than intellectual light and intellect itself.

Proclus.

All virtues, even justice itself, are merely different forms of benevolence.

Benevolence produces and constitutes the heaven or beatitude of God himself. He is no other than an infinite and eternal Good-WILL. Benevolence must, therefore, constitute the beatitude or heaven of all dependent beings.

Henry Brooke.

Man must eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil ; otherwise he is no man, but a mere animal.

Hegel.

Let us not veil our bonnets to circumstance. If we act so because we are so ; if we sin from strong bias of constitution and temper, at least we have in ourselves the measure and the curb of our aberration. But if they who are around us sway us ; if we think ourselves incapable of resisting the cords by which fathers and mothers, and a host of unsuitable expectations, and duties falsely so called, seek to bind us—into what helpless discord shall we not fall ! Do you remember, in the Arabian Nights, the princes who climbed the hill to bring away the singing tree—how the black pebbles clamored, and the princes looked around and became black pebbles like themselves ?

Charles Emerson.

Firmian merely replied : “ More than one Savior has already died for the earth and for man ; and I am convinced that Christ will one day take many pious human beings by the hand, and say to them : *Ye, too, have suffered under Pilates.* ”

Jean Paul Richter.

Every Prophet whom I send, goeth forth to establish religion, not to root it up.

Thou wilt be asked : By what dost thou know God ? Say : By what descendeth on the heart. For, could that be proved false, souls would be utterly helpless. There is in thy soul a certain knowledge, before which, if thou display it to mankind, they will tremble like a branch agitated by the strong wind.

The first time I was called to the world above, the Heavens and Stars said unto me, O Sasan ! we have bound up our loins in the service of Yezdan and never withdrawn from it, because he is worthy of praise ; and we are filled with astonishment how mankind can wander so far from the commands of God.

Whatever is on earth is the resemblance or shadow of something that is in the sphere. While that resplendent thing remaineth in good condition, it is well also with its shadow. When that resplendent thing removeth far from its shadow, life removeth to a distance. Again, that Light is the shadow of something more resplendent than itself. And so on up to Me, who am the Light of Lights. Look, therefore, to Yezdan, who causeth the shadow to fall.

Purity is of two kinds, real and formal. The real consisteth in not bending the heart to evil ; and the formal in cleansing away what appears evil to the view.

True self-knowledge is knowledge of God.

Life is affected by two evils, Lust and Anger. Restrain them within the proper mean : till man can attain this self-control he can not become a celestial.

The perfect seeth unity in multiplicity, and multiplicity in unity.

The roads tending to God are more in number than the breathings of created beings.

Sasan,

(a Persian prophet contemporary with the Emperor Heraclius.)

Truth is congenial to man. Moral Truth is then most consummate when, like Beauty, it commends itself without argument.

Man is apt to gravitate when he does not aspire.

Whatever each man worships inwardly is his god, whether he know it or not.

He who has a Ruling Passion worships one God, good or evil. He who is carried at random by many impulses has many Gods ; perhaps as shifting, as shapeless, as unworthy as any heathen divinities.

Fully to know the Right demands the culture of all our powers.

The righteous not only does right, but loves to do right.

F. W. Newman.

The frequency with which we hear profane discourse, intemperance, or devotedness to frivolous amusements, characterized as "unbecoming a clergyman," in a sort of tone which implies

the speaker's feelings to be that they are unbecoming merely to a *clergyman*, is a proof of the general tendency to vicarious religion, which makes men, who take little care to keep their own lights burning, desirous to have one to whom they may apply in their extremity, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are going out."

Archbishop Whately.

He who begins by loving Christianity better than Truth, will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all.

Coleridge.

When every man is his own end, all things will come to a bad end. We want public souls: we want them.

Hacket.

THE TWO SERVANTS:

CALIBAN AND ARIEL.

SHAKESPEARE, in "The Tempest," represents the lordly Prospero as served by two strangely diverse beings. The one is a monster with signs of the lower orders of creation about him; he thinks himself rightful sovereign of the island, and Prospero a powerful usurper. He obeys, but only because he must; obeys mutteringly, and is willing to conspire against his master; he serves as a slave. The other servant is an ethereal spirit: where Caliban has a claw, Ariel has a wing. The witch Sycorax, who had brought forth the monster, had by her infernal power confined Ariel in the cloven pine, because he was

"A spirit too delicate

To act her earthy and abhorred commands."

Prospero had liberated Ariel, who then served him from gratitude, though longing for greater and greater freedom; and whenever the sprite would grow weary of his high tasks, Prospero had only to recall to his mind the liberation his power had wrought. His service is inspired by Love and Hope, and is performed with delightful activity and joyousness.

These two servants the IDEAL, which waves its wand over the human soul, also has: served it is by both; but the one is a groaning and the other a joyful service. The Law and the Gospel do not divide epochs of history so much as classes of men.

CALIBAN represents the *religious* man. We believe that critics are well-nigh agreed that Paul, standing on Mars' Hill, reproved the Athenians for being "too religious," not "too superstitious;" the entire force of which charge rests on the fact that, as the word indicates (Lat., *re* and *ligere*), religion is a *binding back* of the spiritual nature. The essential idea of religion is a bond; it is an exaction, a chain, a yoke. It is not too much to say that in this, its real significance, Religion had been carried to its utmost extent by the nations before the coming of Christ; our model of strictness (Lat., *stringere*, to bind) being an ancient Stoic or Pharisee. The old commandments are *prohibitory*, beginning "Thou shalt not:" they are given as if to a being whose hands, being adapted only to be "pickers and stealers," were also excellently shaped for manacles. It is not recognized that Duty could be to any a joy. Paul complained that the Athenians were too religious, because, when life and reality had ebbed away from their altar, on which they could inscribe only their ignorance, they were still *bound back* by it; they were not free to follow the new form.

Let us not disparage Religion as such: even as a bond and an exaction it is to be valued. If men prepare a feast for the senses, and invite not Piety as a heavenly guest thereto, she must come to suspend over them the hair-hung sword, ready to fall on any excess. We can not trust man to the fiery steeds of Passion, unless he have in his chariot either Divine Love as charioteer, or Divine Law as one to whisper *Memento mori!* So long as it is the form which the spiritual sentiment really takes in any mind, it is full to its purpose; the mole burrowing the ground is sustaining the harmonious bass to the tenor of the highest angel; Caliban need not abase himself before Ariel. Yet the winged sprite must be taken to represent the *spiritual* man, in whose mind *Thou shalt* is changed to *Thou mayest*, who has passed from Mount Sinai to the Mount of the Beatitudes. Where the religious man heard, "I the Lord, your God, am a jealous God," the spiritual man hears, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God."

Is it not just at this point that Christianity may be most sharply contrasted with all antecedent religions—to wit.: that it is not a Religion, but a Gospel?

Along with the allegory from Shakspeare may be read that quoted from Hebrew mythology by the writer to the Galatians: "Thou art no more a servant, but a son. For it is written that

Abraham had two sons, the one by a bond-maid, the other by a free-woman. But he who was of the bond-woman was born after the flesh; but he of the free-woman was by promise. Which things are an allegory. For these are the two covenants: the one from Mount Sinai, which gendereth unto bondage, which is Agar; for this Agar is Mount Sinai in Arabia, and answereth to Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children. But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all. Now, we, brethren, as Isaac was, are the children of promise. But as then he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so it is now. Nevertheless, what saith the Scripture? Cast out the bond-woman and her son; for the son of the bond-woman shall not be heir with the son of the free-woman!"

All around us are the Calibans; all around us are the children of the bond-woman, with hands uplifted against the children of the free. How many are adhering to religious beliefs and services which they do not, can not love! How many are sustaining doctrines from a sense of duty, in which they do not rejoice, and which, if their minds were unbound, they would never believe? Is it anything but religion, the soul-ligature, which causes a man to hold to a creed which represents his children and friends as corrupt to their hearts' core, the earth as resting under an angry curse, or which binds on the heart a terrible belief in a hell where immortal beings are consigned to unending torture? Is not this Caliban-service?

We are making no arbitrary statements. The intelligent believer in such a creed will admit, as it is his only title to respect to admit, that he accepts these things by moral obligation: no sane mind or sound heart can rejoice in them; they stifle the heart's outcry with, Who art thou that repliest against God? Jonathan Edwards had to wrestle with the angel through many weary years, ere, lame and faint, he could bring his eloquent tongue to say, "God will hold them [non-elect infants] over hell in the tongs of his wrath until they turn and spit venom in his face;" but it went out to his congregation with writhing, and was responded to by a shriek from every mother present. John Calvin honestly added to his conclusion, *Decretum quidem horribile fateor*.—(Ins., b. iii., ch. 23.) It has been maintained that Coleridge, who was at one time a Unitarian, abandoned that faith

for the Trinitarian simply by mental attraction. Those who have studied closely Coleridge's development will recognize that underneath the external change to Trinitarianism he was entering a more philosophical faith than the Unitarianism of his day allowed. The Platonic Trinitarianism which has furnished a refuge for such thinkers as Tholuck, Coleridge, Bushnell, and others, is really an arrow's-flight beyond Parkerism: it is disguised transcendentalism. Ralph Waldo Emerson has given us an account of his interview with Coleridge; during which Coleridge said, "If you and I were taken to the same stake for heresy, my side of it would be the hottest!" I do not deny that the creeds which bind have found some monks in deserts and caves who have had ecstasies; but it is no credit to their joyfulness that men who have crushed the healthy life out of them, animated mummies, should rejoice in them. Only as eyes upon which a dreadful amaurosis is coming see beautiful flashes and circles of light, can human hearts take pleasure in God's wrath or sing hallelujahs over human damnation. Coleridge's opium-eating, which began not long before his Trinitarianism, doubtless had much to do with the unhealthy *form* in which his essentially higher faith was born. But the great representatives of the popular creed have admitted themselves children of the bond-woman; have acknowledged that the human heart, sense and reason are prone to abandon their rules of life and thought. Orthodoxy is a war to take Human Nature captive; and its principle is expressed in the strong language of a modern Father, who said, "The very heart and marrow of this wretched human-nature is saturated with heresy."

This, then, is not the service of peace and love and joy in the spirit: it is as far from these as Caliban's claw from Ariel's wing. We do not forget that claw answers to hand and to wing; we place no impassable barriers. Caliban dreams high dreams amid his hard labors—one day, doubtless, to be realized.

"The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again."

We know that Duration tells the whole difference between lampblack and diamond, gun-flint and opal. The tower which would rise high must begin deep down. Our question is only one of classification, and asks, Which is higher, which lower ?

Ishmael is not so easy to answer as he seems to be. He claims that there is some merit in believing where belief is hard, none where it is easy. Jesus said, "If ye love them that love you, what reward have ye ?" If you accept only the doctrines which suit you, if you adopt the burthens which are easy to the shoulders, do not even the publicans the same ? So Ishmael labels his own belief, *Credo quia impossibile*, and Isaac's, *Salvation made easy*.*

Now, when we come to examine this satire of the religion which binds upon that which makes free, we find in it a radical error. We do not question that religion is a good thing ; we do not doubt that, humanly speaking, it is a more meritorious thing to fulfil a disagreeable duty than an agreeable one, there being no heroism where there is no difficulty. But, thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might : let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me. To bear a burthen, feeling it to be a burthen, is noble ; but to bear a burthen as real, and utterly forget yourself and your suffering under it, is nobler. To be wise and strong is much, but they are not the spirit's glory : this is reserved for that Love which finds in its service such joy that the yoke is easy and the burthen light. As for that sarcasm, "Salvation made easy," it sounds almost like the curse of Caliban, which Ariel might answer with a tear welling up from the memory of his frightful servitude and imprisonment, ere Prospero led him forth to the freedom of the air. Ere a man can find his *delight* in the Law of the Lord, ere he can cry, "Oh, how I love thy Law," how many a hard battle must he have fought ! So strong is self-love, so overbearing the will, that Christian must surmount the Hill Difficulty before he can climb the Hills of Delight. It need not be feared that the human spirit will not have encounters enough ; there is no royal road to renunciation ; he will know well the drill of the Law : but when the time has come for religion to blossom

* These words were written on a bundle of Unitarian Tracts in Coleridge's study : "Salvation made easy ; or, Every man his own Redeemer."

into love, to bind the green sheath over the bud, is to be, in Paul's phrase, *too religious*. Religion is not Christianity: it is the chrysolid of Christianity. Ah! what if the beautiful wings instead of coming forth to pass freely from flower to flower, should fold, and the fly say, "No, this shell in which I was born I will not break nor leave,"—lo, it is not even a caterpillar, it is a sepulchred butterfly! Even so it is when the soul clings to that which yields no thrill of ineffable bliss at every point of contact. That is but a thorny sheath of good which must look outside of itself for its joy, which must comfort sacrifice with hope, which must mitigate sufferance with contrast of a fearful alternative, and eke out a present barrenness with promise of future blessedness. Madam Guion rose higher when she wished that she had a fountain to quench Hell, and a furnace to burn up Paradise, that God might be loved in and for Himself without fear or hope.

The fatal defect of Religion, which must make it forever only the scaffolding around the forming shrine within where God shall be met, is that it excludes the idea of Love. It is an old saying, "Whoso loveth, knoweth God;" but the very nature of Religion implies obligations, bonds, demands, which Love most of all hates. Love has no tie but its own attractions; and can not be purchased at any price. The old legends say that Satan makes contracts with the Soul; but Love must be a free-gift. The heart is that Cordelia whose filial love can not come forth by threats or rewards, but, knowing its sacred laws, responds, as she to Lear,

"I can not heave
My heart into my mouth."

A Court may order that a man and wife shall live together as wedded, but it can not make them love each other; or it may give the parent a right to the service of a child, but it can not create, by any enactment, the filial heart. And thus, though the human spirit may go on, bearing its cross, doing its duty, from a sense of duty, and be thus religious, yet can it never be really satisfied thereby: it will yearn for the Love which changes the cross to a prop, and touches the thorns in its crown to roses of joy. Swedenborg saw that the angels held in their hands twigs, and that whenever any one of them announced a truth, the twig which he held blossomed; if the angel uttered an error, the twig did not blossom. The test is perfect. Each truth must be one under which the heart blossoms: the spirit cowers at the foot of Sinai,

it leaps to leaf and flower on Olivet. We have no hope that any one will gain a true perception of Christianity as a development of the moral nature of man, until he sees that it is Religion bursting out into poetry and song. Religion walks, Christianity is rather the sacred dance to a divine strain; Religion talks, Christianity sings; Religion is prose, Christianity is poetry. The one finds its oracle in the Conscience, the other knows no such lash: it lives only in its Love. How well has it been named the Gospel! It is *God's-spell*. Socrates said that the Soul could only be healed of its maladies by certain magic charms; and these were beautiful reasons: lo, the spell of God, the divine fascination thrown on man, till he plight his troth to the Perfect Truth and Beauty; the Orphic strain has bound the powers of Hell; he sings at the stake; he can look down upon Paradise.

THE LECTURERS AT THE MERCANTILE ON STATISTICS.

WHEN Aristotle declared that Virtue was exact equilibrium, and that our qualities deviating from the mean produced vices only, he gave the embryo-statement of all the moral and political bearings of Statistical Science. Since then, the human mind has been feeling in this direction for the continent of knowledge needed to balance that which it had attained, until, at last, at a gaming table was invented the Theory of Probabilities. The Chevalier de Méré, a great gambler, proposed to Pascal two problems: first, to find in how many throws of dice it might be expected to obtain two sixes with two dice; second, to determine the lot of two players after a certain number of throws,—that is to say, to fix the proportion in which they should divide the stake, supposing they consented to separate without finishing the game. Pascal soon solved these questions. But when the Chevalier de Méré was satisfied, his own mind was not; he began a series of curious analyses, which he communicated to Fermât, and furnished a basis for the subsequent speculations of Leibnitz, Huygens, Buffon, Condorcet, Laplace, and Fourier.

With Fourier the speculative view was carried as far as it was needed: the Theory stood a Soul awaiting its body. As the Soul had been maturing in these great brains, the body had been maturing in the unconscious and official routine of Governments. It

had been the habit of the European Governments to preserve, without reference to the use which was to be made of them, the statistics of their nations and cities: the number of murders, thefts and other crimes; the number of prostitutes and houses of prostitution; of suicides, and the methods of suicide; of the insane: these were all carefully recorded. For a long time such statistics remained raw material, because the man had not come who knew how to use them. But as the old geometer cried, "Geometry is the praise of God," so did there come a statist who read off the dry rows of figures as the score of a divine music; one who should marry the Soul of Theory to the Body of Fact.

This man was M. A. Quetelet, who, under the patronage of Prince Albert and the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, has published several important works, chief of which are those entitled, *Man and the Development of his Faculties, or an Essay on Social Physics*, and *Letters on the Theory of Probabilities as applied to the Moral and Political Sciences*. The latter is a really great work, and at once began its revolution of all the Moral and Social Sciences. It was the embryo in which were folded the Positive Philosophy of Comté, and the Philosophy of Civilization taught by Buckle. Its translation into English by Olinthus Gregory Downes was the first great impulse given to the Life-Assurance Societies, which were found to rest on no accidents, but on unvarying laws.

But it may be asked, what was there in this innocent-sounding Theory of Probabilities to work such revolutions? Simply this: that in it was proved, by those proverbially stubborn things, Facts, that all the events and actions of Human Society, hitherto regarded as mere chance-work, or the result of human will, were strung on a thread of immutable Law. There were found to be relentless averages governing social deeds and misdeeds; each year and each nation bearing their crop of crimes of all descriptions, and their deaths and births, with a precision equal, in the long run, to the regularity of seasons and tides. We need only make a few extracts from M. Quetelet's various writings to give the reader a distinct impression of his meaning and the extent of its bearing.

"The word *chance* serves conveniently to veil our ignorance; we employ it to explain effects of whose causes we are ignorant. To one who knew how to foresee all things there would be no

chance ; and the events which now appear to us most extraordinary would have their natural and necessary causes in the same manner as do the events which seem most common with us."

"In everything which concerns crime, the same numbers recur with a constancy which can not be mistaken ; and this is the case even with the crimes which seem independent of human foresight—such, for instance, as murders, which are generally committed after quarrels arising from circumstances apparently casual. Nevertheless we know from experience that every year there not only take place nearly the same number of murders, but that even the instruments by which they are committed are employed in the same proportion."

We need only say here, that the statistics of all nations bore out these statements, without exception. It was shown that not only were there immutable averages governing crimes, and great social events, but that the number of marriages were predictable, and that there was a definite number of persons who forgot to prepay letters, or who misdirected them. These became universally known and admitted facts.

M. Quetelet verified his principle of the pervading presence of fixed laws, by discovering them in the very regions which symbolized chance. The games of chance were shown to be games of certainty. For instance, in throwing dice it was proved that in 5000 throws the various sides of the die had come uppermost in about equal numbers ; an average was kept up : and as more and more throws were made, it was shown that at last unity itself would be reached. So also in the drawing of white and black balls from a bag, they came out at first in irregular proportions,—i. e., a black ball might be drawn out six times to a white ; but Quetelet caused 4096 drawings to be made, and the mean appeared.

Had he lived in the days of Faust, he would have been inevitably burnt as one familiar with the black art ; for, starting out with his principle, he made several predictions which were verified. One example will suffice. When, in 1827, the statistics of the tribunals of France and Belgium appeared, this great statist wrote as follows : "In 1826 our (Belgium) tribunals condemned 84 individuals out of 100 accused ; and the French tribunals 65 ; the English tribunals have also condemned 65 per cent. during the last twenty years. Thus, out of 100 accused, 16 only have been acquitted with us, and 35 in France, as in England. These

two latter countries, so different in manners and in laws, pronounced, however, in the same manner on the fate of the unfortunate submitted to their judgments; whilst our kingdom, so similar to France by its institutions, acquits a half less of the accused. Should the cause of this difference be sought in the fact that we have not the institution of the jury which our neighbors have? We think it is so." "The preceding, then, will lead us to the conclusion, *that when 100 accused come before the tribunals, whether criminal or correctional, or simple police, 16 will be acquitted if they have to be dealt with by judges, and 35 if they have to be dealt with by a jury.*"

The very next year after Quetelet had announced this, the revolution came which detached Belgium from the kingdom of the Netherlands, and gave it the institution of trial by jury. Immediately the acquittals coincided with the averages of France and England!

The tremendous bearing of such facts as these on the Problem of Evil, and the moral ability of man, are perfectly obvious. The general fact that each year inexorably claimed and received its *quantum* of sinners, seemed to place the individuals whose crimes made up the average in a condition of helplessness before the Law. They seemed *impressed* to the behest of an irresistible average. The *Parcæ* seemed about to revive, and again, with distaff, twist and shears, to preside over the destinies of man.

We must turn now to another part of the subject indicated in the heading of this article. The Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati is like similar associations throughout the country, only better: it has a Library quite large and useful, if not very select; it has the very best reading-room in the States (we speak advisedly); it has pretty fair lecturers during the winter season, perhaps above the average, who give the usual amount of interesting and spicy matter to the public. During the present season the association aforesaid has been the means of giving us one lecture from the Rev. T. S. King, of Boston, and three from the Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York.

The Rev. Mr. King is a man prone to the *funny* side of things. He is a very Lutheran for laughter. When his interesting facts and stories are about to launch on the great deep of philosophical conclusion, *presto!* instead of a head-splitting theorem, you have a side-splitting joke. In the lecture referred to, Mr. King brought

before us, under the fine title of the "Laws of Disorder," the striking statistics to which we have alluded, as arranged by Quetelet, Buckle and the Life-Assurance Magazines. He had the good sense not to evade the results of his statements: he did not try and show us that when one was said, it meant three; neither did he affirm. However, if the doctrine began to look perilous, he relieved it with a joke; telling us that a lady of his acquaintance interpreted the proportion of 106 males to 100 females to mean that a hundred women were as good as a hundred and six men,—and so forth. But Mr. King's statements made their mark: when the laugh died away, the people began to think; and articles appeared in two of our daily journals, indicating that the public mind had labeled these facts, *Whatever is, is right*.

The Rev. Dr. Bellows is not a funny man: he is a talker, a very fine talker. He is the Don Quixote of Theorists; the Rufus Choate of theologic pleading. He knows very well that any fool may prove black black, and white white; but that it takes a clever fellow "to show that black is white, and that sea-green is yellow." Give him opportunity, and he will equally deny or affirm you any proposition whatever. We do not mean that he will affirm anything that he does not believe; but that he will convince himself of it, and then plead for it eloquently and strongly.

In the second of his three Lectures on Social Diseases, this gentleman repeated the statistics which Mr. King gave us; and which, because our readers are not likely to be ignorant of them, we will not repeat here. He referred to the conclusions which had been drawn from these statistics in our vicinity, which he was pleased to call misinterpretations. "These facts (said Dr. Bellows) do not at all implicate the free-will of man; they only show the direction which man's free-will has taken, and attest the uniformity of its results! No individual will is bound by these results."

Of course, not. Neither did Galileo's "results" make the Earth go round the Sun.

The argument of the Necessarian is this: If it is shown and admitted that human free-action produces such and such uniform results from year to year, only varied by ascertainable causes; if this is so regular that not only the averages of birth and death, but of the projects of love and the impulses of passion, *may be predicted*—can free-agency in any philosophical sense be predicated of men?

Dr. Bellows evades the question with a trick of words as Mr. King does with a jest. We are reminded of Göthe's lines—

“For just where ideas fail us
A word enters in the nick o' time :
With words we can glibly fence,
With words build up a system :
In words we can have all trust,
From a word no iota can be robbed.”

No one was more interested in the project of Asylums for the Inebriate, than Dr. Bellows. An Asylum, in its essential idea, supposes external evils, or evils outside the moral ability. Criminals, we put in jails and penitentiaries; the *diseased* in mind or body, we place in Asylums: the former are punitive, the latter curative. Now if it be decided that the passion for strong drink is a disease, and is to be cured as insanity, why may the same rule not apply to any overpowering passion? How many crimes are made as necessary as the physical complexion or stature of men, when the parent of vices, Drunkenness, is decided to be hereditary or beyond volition? We name this feature of the times because it is significant of the progress of intelligence among the people: it marks where the tide of popular knowledge (which is simply a perception of Law) has reached. The Indian who was accused of murder, pleaded *Not Guilty*, “for,” he said, “the whiskey did it.” The people have come up to his thought and set there the Asylum for the Inebriate. And from the vantage-ground so attained, they will see that there are other kinds of whiskey than the alcoholic; they will see that deadly intoxications are distilled out of past generations into men who know not what they do in their crimes, but who are really casting off their blood's infection in the only possible way. For eruption is the health of a disease, and not the disease itself. The plea of insanity is so often made, and so successfully, that it has become a subject of ridicule with the superficial. But man walks by the laws of equilibrium long before he discovers them; and so our juries have an instinct that frequently guides to the place where physiology, and the study of temperaments and nerves, will inevitably set the normal precedent in the future.

To this it is replied that our consciousness contradicts it. Dr. Johnson to Boswell is quoted: “Sir, we *know* that our will is free, and that's an end on't.” We know no such thing; we

know only that we *think* we know it. Consciousness is only *what we think we know*. But the consciousness of Saul the persecutor gives way to the subsequent consciousness of Paul the apostle. There are wise reasons why the earth should *seem* flat when it is round; or why a stick thrust into the water should *seem* broken at the point of contact. Nature teaches laws by illusions. Nothing but the *quasi*-freedom of the human will could have begun the work which a realization of God working within could perfect. But, it is said, this makes man irresponsible, taking away guilt and remorse. As well talk of taking away the pain of a gash in the flesh. Evil is a disease, and guilt is its attendant pain.

As for the effect of this on the moral character and purity, or on human activity, the charge that it is hostile to these only shows that the blind men are still given to judging colors. They are deciding *what effect they imagine it would have on themselves if they believed it*; they do not believe it nor see it. With such no *a priori* reasoning can be had. But we can point to the facts of experience which set aside their superficial conclusions. The Greeks were fatalists, and did the most enduring work. Did the doctrine of Decrees paralyze the moral sense and power of the Puritans? Or, to come to individuals, did it make Mohammed less active that he made Destiny his central idea? Was Calvin less energetic than Wesley? Is Carlyle, an earnest believer in Necessity, less of a reformer than Dr. Bellows with his free-will fancies?

Experience has shown exactly the opposite of all the results which Arminianism had so eagerly prophesied as to come of the emasculating tendencies of believing in Destiny. It has shown that the great actors in history have felt themselves to be Scourges of God—Men of Destiny. They say, with Luther, "Here I stand; I can not otherwise." In the moment of greatest power they cry, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory." The men to whom, taught by history, we look for revolutions and new influxes of life, are those who feel their heart-throbbings to be of the pulses of God, who feel the eternal dignity of their inspirations. These rise to be more than mere men; they become the hand of God shaping the world to his thought. Of such it is said in the ancient proverb, *Equally tremble before God, and a man dear to God.*

MY SCULPTURED PALACE WALLS.

"I love my Love,
And my Love loves me."

THIS iterative phrase sums up as well, perhaps, as any other that which is at once the great mystery and the great simplicity of Life. For if there be anything which baffles philosophic analysis and mental research, it is Love. As well might the chemist attempt to analyze the odor of musk—persistent, intangible, pervading. And yet there is nothing so simple as Love. It is to the soul what Light is to the world: so common that we do not regard it as strange; so vivifying that he has not lived who has not loved, any more than the plant has lived which has vegetated into a white, fibreless stem in a dark cellar. So fructifying is it, that they only bear fruit who have been steeped in Love. So universal and patent is it, that there is no action, be it never so common and menial and mechanical, which is not prompted, directly or indirectly, by Love: as some philosophers tell us that the sun is the cause of all material life and motion. One day, Stephenson, the elder, saw a locomotive whisking over the iron road a heavily loaded train; he declared that sun-light moved that train—sun-light shed down in the geologic ages on tree and plant, gradually becoming incorporated with them, to change in time into the coal which Stephenson had made the world's Common Carrier. And so Love is gathered up and garnered into our very being. Are we not all the children of Love? Love was at our generation, our conception, and our birth. Love fed us from the breast in infancy; Love guarded us in childhood, and guided us in youth. When the dear mother went to her home, and the aged father soon joined her, was there not Love for us still? Brothers, sisters, friends—all shed Love upon us, some more, some less. As one star shines with a greater or lesser brilliancy than another, so with all who have preceded us. They were the children of Love.

Love made the Greek strong, the Roman brave, the Mediæval man gallant. Whatever, therefore, there is in our civilization—the coal that supplies the motive power to most of us,—of bravery and chivalry, aye, and of learning, too,—is the result of Love.

Love is subtle: it has as many forms as Proteus; as many hands as Briareus; as many eyes as Argos — and each eye constantly seeks some new work for each hand to do.

“I love my Love,
And my Love loves me.”

These are very simple words, though they have haunted me with a strange fascination. I do not recall the name of their author, nor the place of their occurrence. A friend has just told me that they are what one little bird sings to another in some verses for children. It matters not.

“To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

And these words, homely as the homeliest flower a weed wears for its crown, have driven me in upon myself far away from all contact with the material — into the hidden galleries of the memory where are sculptured all the events of my Past.

Layard found in Nineveh that the kings built their records into their palace-walls, the inscriptions serving as an ornament, like the patterns on our paper-hangings.

There are such sculptured palace-walls in my memory. To visit these; to recall the emotions that once stirred me; to look at the inscriptions, here angular and sharp and jagged with recent pain, there smoothed and polished by consoling Time; to forget others and study myself; to let my Now-Life (as the Greeks would say) sleep and waken my Then-Life; to be young and hopeful, whereas I am now so no longer — how imperative at times; how delightful and improving always!

What though she whom I call my Goddess be another's? In these halls it is again the luxuriant summer-eve when she walked with her hand upon my arm, as I told her of my hopes and fears. Once more the tenderness of heart which then made my tones mellow and round, suffuses me. Once more the great joy which choked my utterance and made my words few, swells within me. Once more the little shell of present good which the ocean of the Future threw at my feet, is an earnest of the good the Happy Isles have in store for Us. Once more her slightest word is great with a hidden sense. Once more her speech, which has but an ordinary meaning to others, comes to my ears fraught with the sweet perfume of Love — as the sailor scents land in a breeze which the

passengers do not remark as different from those they have had all through the voyage. Once more her "Thank you" means "I love my Love," and her smile says, "And my Love loves me." Once more her self-reliant spirit seems to distrust itself in my presence. Once more her quickness, her sharp words, her keen retorts, are but the shaking of charms that my eye may single out my Love from all who surround her. Once more I am weak before her. Once more the dam of my prudence is swept away by the torrent that gushes from my heart. Once more I forget my resolve never to speak to any woman of Love till I am worthy. And once more I tell my story. 'Tis the same old story—

"What safe my heart holds, though no word
Could I repeat now, if I tasked
My powers forever, to a third."

"Pass the rest." I have that tablet draped. Perhaps when I am gone the veil may be removed, and others look on what I have kept sacred.

Had I been deceived?

They say that an Ideal Lady walks ever in our Fancy who is all to us that woman can be. They say that she sits on the croup of every knight's saddle, and nerves him to battle. They say that it is her hand that confers the laurel—her kerchief that staunches the blood. Can it be that we gaze into the depths of this Ideal Lady's eyes until some real Lady's eyes have the same meaning? When our Ideal Lady speaks, her tones are hushed, and her words tremble with Love. Can it be, then, that we attribute the tremulousness of the real Lady's tones to Love, when Love is not the cause, but some other emotion, or even some accident of surrounding circumstances?

Had I done so?

Dante loved a Beatrice, immortal and angelic, while the actual Beatrice laughed at him. Can it be that, joined to him in fate, though not in name, I loved a Beatrice and worshipped her, while she laughed at me? Can it be she had no thought of me in all those graces wherewith she robed herself? Was the garment worn for all, and not for me?

They told me afterwards that she played with me and drew a cruel pleasure from my pain. But surely they belied her!

"Pass the rest!"

Another calls her his Love. And by-and-bye in his nest she will sweetly sing this song :

" I love my Love
And my Love loves me."

He is worthy any woman's love. Yet as I sit in my sculptured palace, here—and here only, mark you—do I pronounce him unworthy her Love. For he can not, he can not love her as I did. Nor can she ever be with him the woman she would have been with me.

Do you think this boastful and vain ? Remember, I may say in my private room what I would not in my parlor. There I should hide the deformed neck. Here I may cast off my cravat, if I will. No, she will never be with him what she might have been with me. I should have treasured the Cremona, and drawn from it such grand wierd tones as the common viol never sounds. He does not know that she is a Cremona. And I ? Yes, that makes me sad. Oh, she would have made me so much wiser, so much better, so much more all that is desirable than I can now be.

Once in a life-time the golden chain of possibility is let down before us. If we seize it, we attain ; if we fail to grasp it — if it elude us, it never comes again !

What grieves me chiefly is, that if she had been mine, and I had attained to pluck the golden fruits, they should have been all poured into her lap ! She can never know the tenderness of desire there was in me to make her happy.

Well, I staked all. I lost ! I have since done something. But, oh, how unlike my attainment has been to what it would have been had she blessed me !

The sun shines upon all the world. It makes the broad meadow glad, fertilizes the glebe, ripens the flowers, and goes even into the caverns and deep holes in the rocks and beautifies them. But there are spots where the sun seems to shine all the year round, and with tender affection. And on these spots there grow such life and beauty that only poets may describe them.

The moon bathes everything in silver. But she kisses Endymion.

She, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, makes fertile all minds that her light falls on, and betters all hearts. Even the dark and bad lose their darkness and grow good in her presence.

But I should have been Endymion, and the Sun should always have shone upon me.

When the sun has withdrawn, the forces of Cold and Death do yet something notable. There are mountains and fields and castled battlements, and the aurora flashes with all its beauty above them. But they are all icy and cold—a ghastly counterfeit of Life.

Possibly I may do something; but it shall have only the strength of ice, and be lighted only by the cold phantasm of shifting Popular Favor—while my mind might have been tropical, and its fruits luxuriant, and the moon might have ever kissed her Endymion!

Do you wonder, then, that, when I see what I am and what I might have been, what I was and what I shall be, I come often to my secret chamber and look at these sculptured walls?

Here I can sit and dream my dreams over, till, dreaming the sweetest of them all, I fall asleep to the lullaby of—

“I love my Love,
And my Love loves me.”

AWAY, haunt thou not me,
Thou vain Philosophy!
Little hast thou bestead,
Save to perplex the head
And leave the spirit dead.
Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,
While from the secret treasure-depths below,
Fed by the skiey shower,
And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,
Wisdom at once and Power,
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly?
Why labor at the dull mechanic oar,
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
And the strong current flowing,
Right onward to the Eternal shore?

CRITICAL NOTICES.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO LABOR ; OR, LOW WAGES AND HARD WORK : In Three Lectures, delivered in Boston, November, 1859. By CAROLINE H. DALL. Boston : Walker, Wise & Co. 1860.

Whilst her husband is battling with the religion and the caste of India, Mrs. Dall seems to find India at her door in Boston. The Professor opens his story in the Atlantic with a chapter on "The Brahmin Caste of New England ;" and when we read the Laws affecting Women throughout the country—Laws pretty generally given by New England—we feel as if the Professor had hit the nail on the head a little harder than he meant to.

The work before us goes straight to the point ; and reading certain eloquent passages we feel that Margaret Fuller's mantle did not pass into heaven with her. Mrs. Dall does not occupy her time or ours with discussing the millennial privilege of voting and going to Congress. She deals with pressing evils, and affirms necessary claims. In these days, when Woman is passing the bridge *Al Sirat*—fine as a hair, sharp as a scimitar's edge—which leads to her Paradise of Development, it is encouraging to have a Voice to call men to their manhood, and show them that it is bound up with the health and safety of their imperiled sisters. We place her final appeal on record : "In the ballads of Northern Europe, a loving sister trod out with her bare feet the nettles whose fibre, woven into clothing, might one day restore her brothers to human form. Your feet are shod, your nettles are gathered : will you tread them out courageously, and so restore to your sisters the nature and the privileges of a blessed humanity ?"

EVENINGS AT THE MICROSCOPE ; OR, RESEARCHES AMONG THE MINUTER FORMS AND ORGANS OF ANIMAL LIFE. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F.R.S. New York : D Appleton & Co. 1860. Cincinnati : Rickey, Mallory & Co.

It is verily true, then, as George Herbert announces, "Man is one world and hath another to attend him." But how little do we know of our attendant ! How many heedless travelers had passed over those old fields of Mesopotamia, and seen nothing : yet here comes one who knows how to look at pebbles as keenly as stars,—a brick with some human carving on it arrests his attention; he picks it up and scrutinizes it, then begins to dig: then forth shines the ancient and long-buried splendor of Nineveh ! But we need not go East for the exploration of buried palaces and marvels; there is no Layard like your microscope. Under it your hair waves, a palm-grove ; your skin shows your relation to the ancestral Saurus ; and looking at your blood, which is strangely like that of a Kangaroo, you no more wonder that Swedenborg saw the whole Animal Kingdom in a globule of blood. We intend to present our readers with a paper on this subject in some future number of the Dial, and so content

ourselves for the present with advising all who can, to go to Dr. King of this city, obtain his help in getting a good microscope, buy his "Microscopist's Companion" and get Gease,—then you need not travel to "see the world"; it will come to see you, every atom of it.

NEW MISCELLANIES. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Rector of Eversley; Chaplain in ordinary to the Queen. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

Those words, "Chaplain in ordinary to the Queen," read to us as the epitaph of a Soul. This, then, is the price paid for a MAN in England. Mr. Kingsley began his career by a noble word for the poor and the wronged: as towers may be measured by the shadows they cast, so may a man's work in these sad days be measured by the persecution which follows it. And when Charles Kingsley preached his discourse, "He hath sent me to preach the Gospel to the poor," this same Queen's Laws which he had arraigned, arraigned him. At the same time was published Alton Locke, in which an earnest heart seemed to pour out its protest. The "Times" and the Bishop leveled their shafts at him: alas, he began to evade his task! The fused ores of his hot heart, an between the moulds prepared for them; spurted here and there, into ancient Alexandria, ancient England, ancient Spain,—anywhere but in the England of to-day, where the comfortable Rectory of Eversley loomed up, and a little beyond it the Chaplaincy to the Queen! How much more tragical, sometimes, Life is than Death! Another Lost Leader:

"Just for a handful of silver he left us—
Just for a riband to stick in his coat;
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote."

Yet we thank the publishers for promptly producing these Miscellanies. It is a high mead of praise which we can still award Kingsley, that he has never written one dull line. Therefore, O bored reader of books, you can safely undertake this, which is full of lively description and racy, though not always healthy, criticism.

VIEWS AND EXPERIENCES OF RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1859.

THE CONCORD OF AGES: OR, THE INDIVIDUAL AND ORGANIC HARMONY OF GOD AND MAN. By EDWARD BEECHER, D.D., New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

These books, taken together, form a curious study, not only of the idiosyncrasies of the Beechers, but of the phases which Orthodoxy must assume in two classes of minds. Perhaps there was never so much individuality and free-thought endured in the orthodox ranks since Calvin burned Servetus, as now; and this is chiefly due to the Beechers. We have lived to see Calvin's progressive ideas of independent Church government checkmating his dogmatism; and the Beechers have been the first to see how safe they were from the Synods, etc., under their Congregationalism. Despite the howlings of the Observer and the Recorder, and of the Assemblies, Mr. H. W. Beecher "brothers," Parker and

Furness and Chapin ; avows his disbelief of Total Depravity, and his indifference as to what Moses thought of Slavery.

It is curious to see Mr. Beecher's remoteness from all clear perception of Theological differences. The recent ideas which he has put forth of the Trinity and the nature of Christ, are the Comedies of the Theological Stage. More than his lecture on Hearts and Heads they show us how completely his religion is a matter of feeling. Here is his brother Edward struggling till the blood-sweat starts on his brow with the terrible problems of Theology ; conjuring up a preëxistent state to relieve him, by the drug Mystery, of the intolerable pains of Doubt. But H. W. B. sits looking on in infantine wonder. In these two books, the brothers seem to sit together as Hamlet with the Queen. Enter Phantom problem.

Edward B. Look you how pale he glares !

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. * *

H. W. B. To whom do you speak this ?

E. B. Do you see nothing there ?

H. W. B. Nothing at all ; yet all that is I see.

E. B. Nor did you nothing hear ?

H. W. B. No, nothing, but ourselves.

The Concord of Ages, like the Conflict of Ages, of which it is the counterpart, is valuable as showing one of the many shifts to which clear and active intellects are driven to avoid the stultifications of Calvinism. An honest Thinker here testifies that the doctrine of millions and ages can only be retained by supposing that we are in a Purgatorial World for sins committed in a pre-existent state, and that Christ's mission is to put down a rebellion of Spirits against God ; and when that is accomplished, the Universe will be reorganized and start on afresh !

A HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD. By P. FLOURENS, Secretary of the Academy of Science (Institute of France), &c., &c. Translated from the French, by J. C. REEVE, M.D. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 1859.

This is a very valuable work, and well translated. It is interesting to the most casual reader, and performs much more than its title-page promises. It not only gives an account of the discovery of the Circulation of the Blood,—tracing it beyond Harvey to Servetus, in a copy of whose work, saved from the fire which burnt him and his writings, he (Flourens) read it himself,—but also of the development through Servetus, Galen, Descartes and Malebranche, of a right view of the Vital Spirits, the Temperaments and the Seat of Life.

THE GREAT TRIBULATION ; OR, THINGS COMING ON THE EARTH. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E., &c. &c. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1860. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

Of this theologic ghost-seeing, the less said the better. Dr. Cumming reminds us of Montaigne's neighbor, who never heard a chorus of cackling from the barn-yard, but he rushed out to see if the conflagration of the world had not begun.

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THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST.

[Second Article.]

JESUS AND CHRIST.

As we open the Gospel, we seem to enter into the presence of Christ himself. We meet his biographers, and communicate with his disciples. We hear words from living lips, and are touched by the influence of a living soul. The biographers of Jesus place him before us under every variety of circumstance. We sympathize with the popular heart, as the form of Jesus moves from village to village in Galilee, and draws after it multitudes of people, eager to hear his word, and excited with a newly awakened hope of national deliverance. In the crowded streets of Jerusalem we watch the same figure, now lost among the throng of disciples and foes, now alone in some private porch, or garden, or chamber, with a single adversary or friend; we behold him confronting the priests, answering the questions of Scribe and Sadducee, or hurling his massy invective at the Pharisee's head. In the country districts we mingle with the simple folk that collect on the hill-side, or line the lake shore, and listen to words natural and simple as air or light; in the metropolis we join the little knot of the curious and learned, who have stayed the steps of the great Teacher, and are drawing from his lips a nobler wisdom than their schools could teach. In all these positions Christ appears perfectly like himself, probably because in them all our natural sympathies are with him, and our feelings are carried along with the movement and purpose of his life.

But we must remember that this wonderful history is not the production of a single hand, or of an individual mind. There are

four gospels, and as we peruse them carelessly, we can not but see that in many respects they are unlike one another. According to the first three historians, Jesus confines his ministry to Galilee, journeying hither and thither in the neighborhood of the Galilean sea, and throughout the region lying west of the upper Jordan, just skirting Samaria, and never entering Judea, save for baptism and for crucifixion. According to the fourth Evangelist, the public teaching of Jesus is almost confined to Judea; an indefinite number of feasts summon him continually to Jerusalem; his visits to Galilee are brief, infrequent, uneventful, and are made apparently for retirement rather than for service. The several narrators put different interpretations upon the same incident and language; they insert or omit sayings and doings of an important character; they give different impressions of Christ's mind and spirit. At first these diversities are interesting, as showing how the same person may be regarded in several aspects. We are satisfied and pleased with thinking that each biographer selected from copious materials such incidents and discourses as others had not brought forward, perhaps had not been acquainted with, or such as had left the deepest mark upon his own mind. We know how a remarkable person is variously estimated by several different unlike minds, all equally clear and honest. The same head wears a different look and expression as conceived and drawn by several artists. With even more diversity is a great soul portrayed by historians, according to their mental structure, their natural insight, or their accidental education. Socrates is a well known example of this kind, being presented in almost opposite lights in the writings of Xenophon and Plato; and in forming our estimate of that illustrious philosopher, we commonly have recourse to the matter of fact biographer, and to the ideal sage. Perhaps Matthew could not see into Christ so far as John could, being less in sympathy with his finer nature, and less able to appreciate his diviner qualities; and John, we may suppose, was uninterested in the bare incidents and the simple traits that had a charm for Luke. The superficial reader of the Evangelists, therefore, delights in the diversities which mark the Gospels. Instead of confusing, they rather amplify and enrich his conception of Jesus. They are evidences of honest and independent testimony, free from art and collusion, tending in no degree to shatter the historical form of the master, and having a marvelous effect as unfolding his spiritual personality.

But as we read the Gospels more attentively this pleasing impression is effaced. The disagreements that appeared at first so slight and evanescent, are found to be grave and permanent. Differences become discrepancies ; variations become inconsistencies and even contradictions. What we took to be but reflected images of one and the same person, prove to be in reality separate persons. The portraitures are not portraitures of one individual. The elements of which our historic Christ was composed fall asunder ; the members refuse to unite in the same form. We discover that Jesus has been a subject for speculation as well as an object of history, an idea as well as a fact ; and we are compelled to choose between the man who lived and breathed in Judea, and the Savior who had only an ideal, speculative being in the realm of imagination.

The wide dissimilarity between the first Gospel and the fourth has always been acknowledged. In very early times it was the custom loosely to describe the former as the historical, the latter as the spiritual gospel, hereby vaguely indicating the general characteristic of each. More suggestive of their difference is the fact that they who wish to prove the divinity of Christ quote passages from John, while they who would establish his humanity refer exclusively to Matthew. Again, we know that moralists and reformers, the men of natural piety and active beneficence, simple worshippers of the Heavenly Father, and practical believers in human brotherhood, delight in the first gospel, and ask no more. The mystic, on the other hand, and the religious sentimentalist, the lover of an impersonal excellence, the sublimated saint and devotee, cleaves to the fourth Gospel as the only living word. More significant still is the plain affirmation of orthodox theologians, that John presents to us Christ as God, while Matthew presents to us Christ as man. It is true, that the gulf thus opened between the Gospels is forthwith closed by the doctrine that Christ was both God and man ; and therefore the writings are in strict accord, and merely complete each other. But for those who can not accept this doctrine the gulf remains broad and fixed as ever.

Facts like these plainly indicate that the unlikeness of the Gospels has been generally recognized. But it is only when we study these books more profoundly in connection with contemporaneous literature and thought, that their differences are fully appreciated, and their place in the history of opinions definitely assigned. Such

writings, we begin to see, are not to be judged as if they stood alone, strange and miraculous productions amid the rubbish of uninspired documents. They must submit like any other compositions to the laws of historical criticism. Let us, then, examine a little closer these seeming biographies, and show by a sharper analysis their relation to each other. For the sake of convenience and clearness, we shall contrast the first Gospel, which fairly represents the synoptics, with the fourth, which stands by itself.

According to the Gospel of Matthew, Christ is a man, a mere man; an inspired man, especially endowed by the Holy Spirit with power, wisdom and righteousness, but still a man; not an angel, not a heavenly being of any rank whatever, but strictly and in all respects human. This is the prevailing and the only doctrine. A single passage is inconsistent with it—that which gives an account of the immaculate conception; but this is of little weight, as it was doubtless an addition to the earliest narratives of the life of Jesus; it is, moreover, incompatible with the genealogies which directly assert his natural origin, and with the record of his baptism, which affirms that the Holy Spirit was not imparted to Christ until he was thirty years of age. With this single and unimportant exception, Jesus is represented as a human being. He is named “Jesus,” and among his neighbors and townsmen passes for the son of Joseph and Mary. His titles,—“Son of David,” “Son of man,”—denote the human Messiah of the Jews. He is called a Prophet, which means a divinely commissioned Teacher. His childhood is passed quietly at home with his parents, to whom he was subject like any other child. He increases in wisdom and in stature; he grows in favor with God and men; he is consecrated to his work by John’s baptism; he is tempted in the wilderness, and throughout life is submitted to natural necessities; he comes “eating and drinking;” he has perplexities of mind, sadness of heart, sinking of spirit; he goes into the deserts to meditate and pray. He is full of tender natural emotion, has misgivings and fears which are genuine though transient; he clings often like a woman to his friends and disciples, and gains the victory over himself by terrific struggles of soul. Contemplate that scene of anguish in Gethsemane: is it not a mortal man who suffers there? That sorrowful and heavy heart; that soul “exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;” that trembling form, bowing the face to the

dust in an agony of supplication ; that lonely spirit, fleeing from man to God, from God back again to man, seeking the refuge of human sympathy in its hour of deepest distress, and only when that is refused finding repose on the Father's breast ; the touching complaint, " Could ye not watch with me one hour ? " the heart-rending cry, " O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me ; " the second return to the slumbering disciples, and the final imploring prayer offered in trust, and answered with peace : can anything be more completely human than these ? In the absence of any indications of a higher nature, such marks are decisive, and were such indications given, they would be neutralized by these human traits.

Open we now the fourth Gospel : what an entire change do we behold ! Instead of the humble Nazarene, the Carpenter's Son, with his heart full of natural tenderness, and his soul full of natural piety, we are introduced in the very first sentence to the divine Logos, the personified Reason of God, the highest of all heavenly beings—angel of the archangels—with no humanity whatever, with no human intellect, or heart, or soul ; simply the conscious intelligence of the Infinite. This Logos, we read, was in the beginning with God, and was divine ; all things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men ; He was ever in the world, but the darkened world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. Only a few received Him, and to them He imparted the new birth.

In the course of time the divine Logos assumed a human form, and becomes a visible apparition upon the earth. This incarnate Deity is Christ, who walks among men clothed with godlike attributes, the " only begotten Son," full of grace and truth,—who came from heaven—who is in heaven. He has life in Himself, and is the giver of eternal life to all who believe in Him.

Everything in the Gospel accords with this view of Christ's angelic nature. There is no immaculate birth ; for the Supreme and preëxistent Logos needs not to be born at all, even of one parent. No element of mortality is allowed to enter into his composition. He incarnates himself and becomes manifest.

There is no infancy, no childhood, no submission to father and mother, no growth in wisdom and goodness, no increase in favor with God and men. The divine Logos comes into the world fully

developed, replete already with celestial gifts, perfect in supernatural knowledge, refulgent in celestial glory.

There is no Baptism: and why? Because the divine Logos, seeing that from the very beginning he was the appointed author of all inspiration to mankind, being himself the fulness of the Holy Spirit, could not stand as a recipient of its occasional influx.

The account of the Temptation is omitted, of course. The divine Logos, before whose face evil flies like shadows before the sun, could not be tempted. Temptation implies a struggle with unholy powers—a struggle which in this case would be not so much impossible as inconceivable.

There is no Gethsemane in the fourth Gospel; that scene of agony is passed over altogether. A faint reminiscence of it seems to lurk in chap. xii. verse 27, "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour; but for this cause came I unto this hour;" but these words do not break from the heart like the exclamation in Matthew. The divine Logos could not suffer like the mortal Christ; could not, even for an instant, be subject to anguish and fear. Throughout the Gospel the Savior is described as exempt from physical and mental weakness. His virtues are superhuman; his affections are impersonal. Great stress is commonly laid upon the declaration that "Jesus wept" at the grave of Lazarus. But are those genuine human tears, which are shed over a friend whom one is certain of restoring to life? Would he who did not grieve when the disconsolate Mary flung herself at his feet, feel touched with natural sorrow for her brother at the moment he was about to raise him from the dead? The whole narrative of the resurrection of Lazarus would be thought artificial, if we met with it in any ordinary book. But, granting the rest to be as natural as it is claimed to be, Christ's trouble of soul is wholly unaccountable, seeing that he deliberately allows his friend to die, in order that he may exhibit the glory of God by calling him from the grave, and meets Martha with the positive assurance that he shall rise again.

Even on the cross the voice that says, "I thirst,"—"It is finished,"—has no human feeling in it. Indeed, there is no better illustration of the difference between John's Gospel and the rest, than is furnished by their several accounts of the crucifixion. According to Matthew, Jesus, faint from watching and pallid with grief, is arrested in the garden, whither he had gone with his dis-

ciples to pray. He is seized by stealth, and hurried before Caiaphas, who sat in council with the elders and scribes. To the accusation brought against him he makes no reply; the insults he endures in silence. Brought before Pilate, he maintains the same reserve, making no answer to the inquiries put to him, whereat the governor marvels greatly. Patiently he bears the soldiers' mockery and cruel smiting; worn with sleeplessness and suffering, he staggers under the cross, the burden of which is laid upon another; he speaks tender and piteous words to the pious women who lament as he passes; the executioners nail him to the cross, and as the spikes of iron are driven by the hammer into his flesh he murmurs, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." He is lifted up between the two thieves, amid the ribaldry of the rulers and the jests of the people. We can almost feel the pangs of his sensitive frame. Then comes from him that piteous human cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" And after an interval of silent struggle, during which some of those present endeavor to force the moistened sponge between his lips, the last exclamation breaks forth, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit,"—and all is over.

Compare, now, this spectacle of mortal torture with the parallel scene in John. Instead of the short, sharp ejaculations in the solitude of the garden, uttered a stone's throw from the sleeping disciples, we have the long, calm, elaborate prayer of intercession delivered before his followers, in some place unknown, as recorded in chap. xvii.; immediately after which Christ passes over the brook Kedron, into the garden, and in a perfectly composed and even stately manner, as if by concerted arrangement, surrenders himself to the armed band of stout Roman soldiers, who, overawed by his presence, start back and fall to the ground. With lofty impenetrability he confronts Annas and Caiaphas. In the judgment hall of Pilate he stands unmoved, but not now is he speechless; for to the ruler's questions he makes calm and full reply in the same tone of grandeur that he ever assumed. He exhibits no sign of quailing or of weakness; his air towards the governor is even defiant; no sinking or falling is there beneath the weight of his cross, nor does any utterance of pain escape from those nerveless lips. With utmost calmness while suspended on the cross he commends his mother to the care of the beloved disciples; then, "knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scripture might

be fulfilled," says, "I thirst." The vinegar is put to his mouth ; he receives it, as if to do so were a part of the dismal drama ; speaks the words, "It is finished," and gives up the ghost. This is passing away, not dying. It is the withdrawal of a disembodied spirit, not the crucifixion of a mortal frame. It is the vanishing of a God, not the violent death of a man.

But for this painless departure we have been prepared by the preceding chapters of the Gospel ; for throughout the book we are forced to see that Jesus has, properly, no mortal body. In Matthew and Luke he is a creature of flesh and blood ; in John he only seems to be so. He is an apparition, not a man. He makes himself invisible at his pleasure. He disappears mysteriously, and is not to be found. In chap. viii. 59, we are told that the people took up stones to cast at him, "but Jesus hid himself, and went out of the temple, going through the midst of them, and so passed by,"—or, more exactly rendered, "made himself secret and went out of the temple." How is this to be explained ? Jesus could not have hidden himself in the midst of a crowd thirsting for his blood ; he could not have passed visibly through their mass unnoticed or unharmed. But he was concealed, and he did pass through the throng. He must, then, have made himself invisible. And this is just what the text tells us he did, when it says that he "made himself secret." Similar hidings are mentioned in chap. x. 39, and chap. xii. 36. But a more remarkable instance than either of these occurs in chap. vii. 10, seq. The brethren of Jesus urge him to go up to Jerusalem on occasion of the feast of tabernacles. He replies to them, "My time is not yet come, but your time is always at hand. Go ye up to the feast : I go not up yet to this feast, for my time is not come." But no sooner had his brethren departed than he followed them, "not openly, but as it were in secret." By this we are not to understand that Jesus repaired to Jerusalem in a private conveyance, or by an unfrequented way, but that he went in a guise which could not be recognized,—he went *incognito*. It is not so much in time as in manner that his journey differs from that of his brethren. They want him to go up openly, in his own person : he goes up in the semblance of another person, and remains some time in Jerusalem without being recognized either by his brethren or by the people. About the midst of the feast Jesus goes up into the temple and teaches ; but the Jews, who must have known him very well from

his previous visits, and who had been expecting him eagerly on this very occasion, do not know him as he stands before their eyes, but mistake him for some stranger. "How knoweth this man letters," they say, "having never learned?" Christ, after further discourse, charges them with seeking his life. They only laugh at him, and call him crazy; they could not, therefore, have recognized him, for it was notorious that a large party in the city were anxious to apprehend Jesus, and put him to death. Could they have forgotten this? or did they suppose that the person addressing them was not the man they sought? Everything is explained, if we suppose Jesus to have assumed a strange form which concealed instead of manifested his person. In this way, too, we escape the contradiction between the words of Christ to his brethren, in verse 8, and his conduct, in verse 10.

This Doketism, which ascribes to Christ an immaterial body, that could be put off and on, or altered in appearance at will, furnishes the only plausible explanation of what ensued after the resurrection. As Mary turned away from the empty sepulchre, she sees Jesus standing close by, and fails to recognize him. He speaks to her; but still she takes him to be the gardener, and begs him to tell her where her lord was. He then calls her familiarly by name and is revealed to her. Why did Mary fail to recognize him instantly? Because she did not observe him carefully? That could not have been, for the angels had just told her that he had risen, and she might reasonably expect to see him, and would be naturally inclined to mistake another for him. Was she blinded by her tears? That is fancy.

Mary is about to throw herself at his feet—Matthew says that the disciples came and held him by the feet and worshiped him—but he prevents her, and says, "Do not touch me, for I am not yet ascended to my Father." The ascension to the place from whence he came, as Jesus had intimated before, was to precede the coming of the Holy Spirit, and was to be the condition of that coming. "The Holy Ghost was not yet given, because Jesus was not yet glorified."—vii. 39. "It is expedient for you that I go away; for, if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but, if I depart, I will send him unto you."—xvi. 7. "When the Comforter is come, *whom I will send unto you from the Father*, even the Spirit of Truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me."—xv. 26. Now, on the evening of

the same day on which Mary and Jesus spoke together, when the disciples were assembled, and had shut the doors for fear of the Jews, Jesus appeared among them in his own form, pronounced the benediction of peace, breathed upon them, and communicated the Holy Ghost. He must, therefore, have ascended to the Father between this day's morning and evening ; hence his unwillingness that Mary should touch him, and so delay, by so much as an instant, his return to the heavenly mansions. Since his work was not completed till the Paraclete's coming, he must send him at once.

In this narrative, Christ is at first unknown to Mary, and afterwards, by his disclosure, known. He rises to the bosom of the Father ; he reappears on the earth, passes mysteriously and invisibly into a closed chamber, reveals himself to the disciples, and vanishes. Once more the phantom appears, in order to overcome the incredulity of Thomas, invested with a body that is palpable, and which must have become palpable for the sole purpose of being touched, after his entrance into the chamber ; for how could such a body as Thomas handled have come into the room unperceived, through a fastened door ? The corporal part of Christ is described as being quite as tangible after the crucifixion as it was before ; and yet it is a body that can dwell equally on the earth and in the skies, is visible or invisible at will, can pass through solid walls as easily as light passes through air or glass. No wonder that such a being did not suffer in being crucified.

The first Gospel represents Jesus as having a body of flesh and blood, at all times, both after his resurrection and before. The third Gospel gives him a mortal frame until the time of his death, and afterwards an apparition form, which disguised him to the disciples through the course of a long walk, and only allowed his person to shine through for a moment. But the fourth Gospel is alone in allowing him none but a phantom shape from the beginning.

Let us now turn to some other contrasts. The Jesus of Matthew and Luke is a human teacher, a prophet, distinguished mainly by the purity of his doctrine, and the power of his word. He delivers moral precepts or religious truths in the picturesque style of his nation, and endeavors to instruct men by appeals to their rational and spiritual nature. The Christ of the fourth Gospel is a manifestation of divine glory and supernal-wisdom. He has come a Light into the world. He does not show the way ; he *is* the way.

He does not communicate truth; he *is* the truth. He does not point men to the life; he *is* the life. He stands up and shines, and the power of darkness is overcome. He is not an interpreter of the Word, but the Word itself; he therefore never argues or expounds—he only presents himself, makes his announcement, appears.

The fourth Gospel teaches that mankind are saved by Faith in the Logos. "This is the work of God, that we believe on him whom He hath sent." "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins." "He that believeth is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." "The Father himself loveth you because ye have believed that I came out from God." Such are a few passages, out of many, to the effect that men are saved by Faith.

In strong contrast with such declarations, the other Evangelists make Jesus assert emphatically, over and over again, that men are saved not by Faith, but by natural goodness. One passage of this import is as good as many: "Not every one that saith unto me 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, 'Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name have cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works? [Observe, not believed miracles only, but wrought them.] And then I will profess unto them 'I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity.' " What language can be plainer than this? Nay, Jesus expressly declares that, though men reject him, and speak against him, they shall be forgiven.—Matt. xii. 32. According to the great Teacher, doing is ever the test of believing. "The tree is known by its fruit." "He that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, is like a man who builds his house upon a rock." "He that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, is like a man who builds his house on the sand." Men are saved by a good heart and a good life. Faith in the person and mission of Christ is nothing. Faith in God and the spiritual laws is all. It is a slight thing to believe that Jesus is the Messiah: it is a great thing to know that God is a Father.

In making this comparison, it is not forgotten that the Logos Redeemer of John commands his disciples to love one another.

But even in doing this he widens instead of closing the gulf between himself and the Jesus of Matthew. We read such texts as these: "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit: so shall ye be my disciples." "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another: as I have loved you, that ye also love one another; by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one towards another." But with such passages open before us, we feel that the "Love" of the fourth Gospel is not the Beneficence of the first. It differs in its character, and it differs in its objects. It is rather a spiritual grace than a moral virtue, a transcendental state of sentiment spending itself in contemplation, rather than a lowly, practical kindness of heart spending itself in action. In one word, it is not *humane*. Nor does it embrace in its influence mankind at large, man as man, like the Mercy of Matthew's Gospel. It is confined to the brotherhood. It is ever, "love ye one another"—"wash ye one another's feet:" an injunction that refers to the disciples only, as appears from the fact that it, like all similar language, is addressed to them in private, as a community of believers, cut off from the "world," and enjoying a peculiar life by virtue of their faith in the Redeemer.

It is worth while to note, as interesting in this connection, the character assigned to Christ himself by the different Evangelists. How little does the mystic Savior of John, laying down his phantom form for his "friends," resemble the humane benefactor of Matthew, who came to seek and to save the lost! Compare their deeds. The first three Gospels are full of merciful works. Jesus ministers daily to the infirmities and griefs of men. He pities their weaknesses, cures their diseases, forgives their sins. Lepers feel his kindness; the lame, the blind, the dumb are brought to him. He heals the lunatic and the possessed. The pity of Jesus is as natural as his breath. He is brother and sister and mother to all earth's afflicted ones. Mark now the contrast. In the whole fourth Gospel, Christ heals but one sick man, cures but one blind man, and raises one from the dead. Of one class of marvelous cures most common in Matthew and Luke—namely, the casting out of demons—not a single example occurs in the book.

According to Matthew, Jesus uses his miraculous powers for the benefit of his fellow men, seeking not his own glory, but their

welfare. According to John, the Logos works wonders for the explicit purpose of manifesting himself, apparently indifferent to the suffering he alleviates. The miracles are "signs," serving to show forth or illustrate the divine Christ to the world. At the wedding feast in Cana, Jesus declines, at first, to provide more wine, "because his hour was not yet come." The object of the miracle was, therefore, not to give pleasure to the guests, but to announce himself. When the ruler of Capernaum implores him to come and heal his son, who lay at the point of death, his thoughts, instead of dwelling upon the father's misery, revert at once to his own position. He welcomes an opportunity of displaying his heaven-born gifts, at the same time that he is impatient with the bystanders for demanding such evidence of his character. "Unless ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." That they may believe is, then, we infer, the end of the miracle; the cure of the nobleman's dying son is incidental. As Christ was passing through the streets of Jerusalem with his disciples, they met a man who had been blind from his birth. His disciples asked him for whose sin, his own or his parents', this person had been afflicted with blindness. "For no one's sin," answered the Master; "he was born blind that the works of God should be made manifest in him;" as if to say he was born blind in order that Jesus might exhibit himself as the Light of the world. He then opened the man's eyes, evidently less anxious that the lost vision should be restored, than that the eyes of others should be opened to behold himself. When Jesus hears of the sickness of his friend Lazarus, he remarks at once, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby;" explicitly asserting that Lazarus is made sick for the sake of offering to the life-giving Redeemer an occasion for exhibiting his divine attributes. Nay, that the display may be more satisfactory, he waits three days before going to Bethany; waits for Lazarus to die, in order that his own glory may be manifested in full lustre in raising his friend from the dead. These wonderful works of mercy are not wrought for the purpose of blessing mankind, but for the purpose of displaying the Logos. The alleviation of human misery is incidental to the manifestation of his personal dignity.

Nor is this all: each more conspicuous miracle is followed by a long speech, in which Christ expatiates upon his character and mis-

sion, vindicates himself against defamers, and rebukes those who refuse to believe on him. Thus the healing of the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda introduces some high discourse upon the relations of Christ to the Father, and his offices as quickener and judge. The miraculous multiplication of the loaves, set forth with so much circumstance at the opening of chap. vi., is the theme of the whole chapter, throughout which Christ speaks of himself as "the Bread of Life"—"the bread that came down from heaven, that men might eat thereof and not die"—the bread, of which if any man eat, he shall live forever—"As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me shall live by me." The entire significance of the miracle is exhausted upon the person of Christ himself—the lesson being that men must desire the Bread which cometh from heaven, that by receiving him in faith they may obtain eternal life.

The treatment of the woman taken in adultery (chap. viii.), the only touching act of humanity recorded of Christ in the Gospel, seems to be inserted merely as an occasion for the bitter controversy which is continued to the close of the chapter, in which Christ vindicates himself against the unbelieving Jews. The ninth chapter is wholly devoted to the story of the man born blind, the public investigation of whose case brings out in strong relief the obstinacy of the Jewish unbelief. The point of the chapter is expressed in verse 39: "For judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not might see, and they which see might be made blind." The blind man believes and worships; the self-conceited Pharisees are declared blind, and condemned. The miracle is this declaration expressed in symbolical act; the declaration is the miracle in its spiritual significance. The glory of Christ is the end of both. Each of these miracles is a new manifestation of the greatness and majesty of the Redeemer, wrought for the purpose of setting forth his divinity and drawing people towards him. How entirely unlike the unostentatious Jesus of Matthew and Luke!

Once more: the Jesus of Matthew appeals to the moral nature of man; throws him back upon himself; endeavors to arouse him to a sense of his spiritual capacities, and make him strong in holy self-reliance. He tells the poorest and the feeblest to perform the divine commandment, never doubting that they can perform it if they will. Men are to judge for themselves what is right, and to do the best they know. A young ruler, rich and noble, comes to

inquire the way to the eternal life. "Keep the commandments," says Jesus. "I have always kept them," replies the young man. "Then do something harder: sell your goods, and distribute the money to the poor." And when the exemplary youth sadly turns away, Jesus looks after him, and says, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." But he offers to him no vicarious aid; he does not tell him that if he will but believe he shall be saved; he has no sovereign specific to recommend in the place of hardly-won excellence. He bids men trust in themselves for virtue, not in him.

But hear what the Logos of John says: "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch can not bear fruit except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in me." "Without me ye can do nothing." "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Is this the same person who elsewhere bids men conquer the world by the force of their own endeavor?

The difference between the fourth Gospel and the first, in what they teach respecting the person of Jesus, is strikingly exhibited by their totally dissimilar doctrines respecting prayer. Perhaps no single point shows their radical disagreement more forcibly than this; for prayer mediates between the human and the divine. None but mortals pray; none but deities are addressed with prayer. It is characteristic of the man Jesus of Matthew, that, like any other mortal, he prays for *himself*. Alone, or with his disciples, in the chamber of mourning, or in the desert solitude, he is perpetually lifting up his eyes in supplication. He retires into the mountains to pray apart. He spends whole nights in supplication. He prays naturally and earnestly, as one who felt his need of strength from above. He was praying in the Jordan when the Spirit descended upon him; he was praying on the Mount of Transfiguration when the glory overshadowed him. He prayed in Gethsemane with a heart almost rent with holy passion, until the drops of agony rolled down his face. Passages alluding to Jesus as praying for himself are sprinkled all over the synoptical Gospels.

It is a peculiarity of the fourth Gospel, and is characteristic of its view of Christ as the Logos, that in the whole book no one instance of the Savior's praying for himself occurs—not one from the beginning to the end.

The Logos of John is an Intercessor. When he prays he prays for others. At the grave of Lazarus he offers a prayer; not, however, for himself, but "because of the people that stood by, that they might know that the Father had sent him." The seventeenth chapter is one long prayer of intercession for the disciples who are with him, and for those who in future shall become disciples through their word; for the actual and possible members of the Church. Single passages might be quoted almost without end. In Matthew we find none—not a single one of similar purport. The divine Logos may intercede, the human Jesus never.

Again, according to Matthew, men are directed to pray in their own name, meeting the Heavenly Father face to face: "After this manner pray ye, 'Our Father who art in heaven.'" "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." "Whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you; for every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened." "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father in heaven give good things to them that ask Him." On the other hand, according to John, men are directed to pray in the name of Christ, without whose mediation prayer does not avail. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it." "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." "In that day [after his ascension to the Father] ye shall ask me nothing;" implying that when on earth he was himself the object of prayer: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name" (because the disciples had prayed to him and not to the Father directly). "At that day ye shall ask in my name, and I say not that I will pray the Father *for* you, for the Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved me, and have believed that I came out from God." More positive declarations than these, declarations more positively affirming a difference of nature in the Jesus of Matthew, and the Christ of John, it would be impossible to frame. And when we consider that each Gospel is characterized by its own view, neither containing aught of the other's doctrine, while both are consistent

with their own, it is certainly difficult to escape the conviction that we have here delineated two entirely distinct personages, one of whom is a suppliant, the other a hearer of supplication; one of whom might be the disciple of the other, saved through faith in him, worshipping him, drawing nigh to God by his intercession, related to him as one of the redeemed to the Redeemer.

Something has already been said in illustration of the difference between the great Teacher of Matthew's Gospel, and the divine Oracle of John's. A word or two more upon this point may not be amiss. Let the reader peruse carefully, and in connection, chapters v., vi., vii., of Matthew, and chapters v., vi., vii., of John. Let him study any individual discourse of Jesus as recorded by John, and he will acknowledge the impossibility that the same person should have pronounced it who spoke any of the words put by the first Evangelist into the mouth of Christ. The Jesus of Matthew utters parables,—brief picturesque fables, suggested by some local circumstance or passing event, unstudied, fresh, full of natural beauty and rich with homely wisdom, at the same time appealing to the imagination and touching the heart. The Logos of John delivers long and stately disquisitions, barren of fancy, devoid of feeling, empty of allusion to the world without, and to surrounding events, purely dialectical in motive, arrangement and purpose, wanting in adaptation to time, place and people, addressed as it were to an imaginary audience, uttered like oracles to the air, or spoken to an impersonal reason as calm and unfeeling as the atmosphere itself.

The Jesus of Matthew teaches in a perfectly unostentatious way the principles of natural piety and practical goodness. He speaks to the men about him, gives them rules for right conduct, and shows their application to life's every-day concerns. He inculcates personal excellence, deals with vice and sin sharply and without reserve, praises virtue wherever he sees it. He urges the doctrine of Brotherhood, enunciates the law of common kindness and humanity, declares that the kingdom of Heaven is a kingdom to be established on earth, through Love. He treats the current questions of the day, never argues without an immediate practical purpose, never discourses except to convict the conscience or kindle the soul. He is a living preacher, and a living reformer in the best sense, never allowing himself to be lost in the mazes of metaphysics or enervated by dreams of Truth. The Logos of John, in strong contrast

to this, rarely announces a moral law, or applies a moral principle. With practical piety and virtue he has little or nothing to do. The topics of the time do not concern him ; the problems of the religious and social life of his generation have no interest for him. He discourses upon his own nature and mission, his descent from above, his intimacy with the Father, the power of his word, the sufficiency of his life, the dependence of all men upon himself, the efficacy of faith in him, the necessity and significance of his death, and the mystical union which he has effected between the believer and God. He speaks as to those who should come after him, for the wisest of his contemporaries must have failed to apprehend the point of his allusions, the meaning of his dark sayings, or the drift of those vague prophesyings, which no Jew could have unraveled. His strain is theological. When he reasons, which is not often, his reasoning is abstruse. He controverts perpetually—in fact, he does little else ; and always by overwhelming asseveration. It is impossible to believe that Jesus of Nazareth talked in a style of such grand abstractions ; the very language of which abounds in the phraseology of the schools, the technical terms of the Asiatic sects, the phrases of an Alexandrian mystic or a disciple of Philo. Ever and anon, the peculiar formulas of the Eastern Sages drop from his lips aptly and consciously, and with such neatness of statement that no philosopher could surpass it. Dissimilarity like this is not accidental : it is substantial. It runs through the manner, matter and mind of the Teacher. It is caused by no mere change of place or of audience. Jesus of Nazareth could not have uttered in Jerusalem, or any where else, the discourse reported in the sixth chapter of John. The Logos could under no imaginable circumstances have delivered the sermon on the Mount.

An exhaustive comparison of the first three Gospels with the fourth would reveal other points of dissimilarity as marked perhaps as any of those that have been mentioned. But these are sufficient for the present purpose. And upon the strength of these must it not be granted that we have in these writings two distinct Christs, two distinct persons, standing each apart in his own individuality ? Matthew declares, both explicitly and by implication, that Jesus of Nazareth is strictly human ; all he makes him say, and all he makes him do, is in exact accordance with that supposition. John declares, both explicitly and by implication, that Jesus, not of Nazareth, is the divine Logos, and all he makes

him say and do is in closest accord with this theory. Which now of these is the true and living historical Christ? Both can not be: we must decide for one or the other. If Jesus were the incarnate Reason of God, he could not have been a simple man. If he were a simple man, he could not have been the incarnate Reason of God. If his soul were human, it could not have been angelic. And if the Logos supplied the place of a soul, we can not say that his soul was that of a man. One only of these delineations of Christ is historically true. Whichever it be, the other is a fancy picture, portraying an ideal person, and not a real one. If John's Christ be authentic, Matthew's is imaginary. If Matthew's be authentic, John's is imaginary. We are not to try to confound them together, or to blend them in one. That has been attempted long and persistently, and without success. We must take the representations as they are, make them as sharp in outline as possible, and then decide which we will accept; or rather, which we *must* accept, for we are not at liberty to choose the one we may chance to prefer. There are rules of criticism established and binding, rules which are disobeyed and annulled whenever private taste is substituted for the decree of history.

THE WORD.

[Second Paper.]

WE are now ready to consider the bearings of our theory upon the well-attested fact of which the etymologists have given us accumulations of evidence, viz.: the poetical and symbolical character of words in ordinary use. The industrious researches of our word-analysts have culminated in the affirmation, that words are the symbols of things, *but only symbols*. Apart from their correspondent facts and realities, they are as the contemptible chatter of the raven. The word *love* can not do instead, of loving; *truth* and *mercy* can mean nothing, save to the merciful and true. What are our letters, indeed, in the largest sense, but the show of things? A book about gardening, or metaphysics, or what not, is merely finger-post to the fact, not the fact itself. You can not get an electric shock from a treatise by Dr. Carpenter. The best library is to real thought and life only what the index is to the book. What men have thought, felt or perceived, they have ex-

pressed in gesture and articulation ; thinking, feeling, and perceiving the same or corresponding things, in all time, men become parties to the words which express them. The circulating medium of words, then, strictly accords with that of money, in that neither have other than a representative value ; as one can not eat and wear gold, nor inhale the word *atmosphere*, but only what these stand for. Speech thus becomes Nature translated. Not only is this so in names, where persons are named from personal peculiarities or occupations, or where *hawk* is *havoc*, *raven* is *ravenous*, *owl* is *howl*, but the higher words which mark the abysses fathomed, or heights scaled by man, as a spiritual being, bear upon them this bloom of nature. The word *right* is simply *straight*, and reveals man's interpretation of the directness and simplicity of nature. The tree growing, or the stone let fall, go straight—i. e., right ; all things tend to go straight, unless disturbed or *wrung* from that course—hence *wrong*, which is simply *wrung*. The French have the same word for wrong, *tort*, twisted. The word brings before us, almost visibly, some simple and earnest prophet of the early dawn, rebuking some wrong-doer, by twisting and beating down some young sapling, showing by an image which afterward became a word, *whoso sinneth wrongeth his own soul*. So also the word *transgression*, or *crossing a line*, carries us back to the time when boys became for the first time fully sensible of the value of orchards, by seeing a line or furrow marked around them, indicating possession. This line being frequently transgressed, swells in course of time into a fence, or, worse, a wall with ugly spikes on top ; and as these fruits were descendants of the original forbidden fruit, and these boys descendants of Eve, the perpetually recurring tragedy of the first garden formed the sad word *transgression*, primarily, jumping over your neighbor's fence. Mr. Walker, and those who are casting fond glances at Cuba, will please take notice !

But far beyond the maxims even of morality, up into the realm which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard," this faithful earth-woven vesture becomes man's snow-white raiment of transfiguration. "Man is one world, and hath another to attend him," said Herbert ; it may be added, that the attendant never leaves him, even in the presence of his God. His *Heaven* is simply *heav-en*, a figure drawn from the up-heaven appearance of the sky ; *holiness* is *wholeness*, soundness (from verb *to heal*) ; *purity* is something refined by fire, (Gk. *πῦρ*). One of the most striking forms of

symbolical expression is embodied in the word SPIRIT, literally the *breath* or the *wind*. When man first hears the voice of the majestic soul, it is written, "They heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden, in the wind." Anaximenes taught that the air was the Deity; and that the symbol had passed into the popular speech is evident from the fact that Horace, poet of the people, speaks of the huntsman's remaining out *sub frigido Jove*,—literally "under the cold Jupiter,"—meaning under the cold air. And what symbol of that Power which sweeps past us in human life, in war and peace, in all history, forever moulding that which is to that which is to be, is truer than the atmosphere embosoming all, sustaining all,

The All-upholder,
The All-enfolder;

the fluid wind, invisible but bending, overwhelming the visible; now tenderly fanning the fevered brow, now holding in his hand the uplifted ocean or desert as bolts wherewith he would smite the earth in wrath! He who spake as never man spake went back to the very fountain of the word, and its meaning in all languages, when he said, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the SPIRIT."

Now, the bearing of our theory on these facts is, that, if this is found to be the law operative in the word-formations of the later and more complex states of society, the same principle may be supposed to have always operated; and that principle by which the perception of one sense slides in to define that of another (since "born of the spirit (*wind*)" fuses the senses as much as Wordsworth's "eye-music") could only and legitimately appear in the rudiments of language as the translation into sound, and oftener into form, of all impressions made on all the senses.

The historian Herodotus (ii. 2) relates that Psammittichus, desirous of settling the question of priority between the Egyptians and Phrygians, contrived as follows: He entrusted two infants to a shepherd to be brought up with his flock, commanding that no word of any kind, or sound of human voice, should be uttered in their hearing, but that they should stay by themselves in a solitary hut, and that goats should be brought to them at certain times to feed them with milk. The object of this was to know what word they would utter first, whether Phrygian or Egyptian. After two

years of this treatment, at the entrance of the shepherd on one occasion, both boys, fondling at his feet, and stretching out their arms, cried, *Bekos! bekos!* It was found that this word meant *bread* among the ancient Phrygians. "Since then the Egyptians allowed that the Phrygians were anterior to themselves." The Greeks add to this fanciful story—which Herodotus went all the way from Memphis to Heliopolis to investigate—that Psammittichus had the infants fed on women's tongues, villainously insinuating that such diet would hasten the faculty of speech; which shows that few in his own age looked upon the story in the grave light of our historian. We have quoted it here only as a text for speculation as to the normal development of speech under such conditions, if we could imagine them. *One* child, reared in this utter solitude and silence, would, of course, never speak so long as such conditions were continued. Two or more, it might be supposed, would form a kind of noisy animal communication; but they could never form a word for anything until it had been presented. Ideas must invariably precede words. This has been sufficiently illustrated in the case of the Hebrew alphabet—which is essentially one with the Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopic, and other alphabets of the East, with the Greek, and with our own, the Roman—in which all the vocal and pictorial elements of language range only from the fish caught to the pan in which it is cooked, objects to which, by the severe necessities of nature, man's deepest interests, and consequently his conversation, are limited. Hunger, with these solitary children who had heard no utterance, would bring out gestures and noises at first, and afterward it is quite probable that a fine ear might detect an indication of the root of the word for eating used by the race to which the children belonged. Of course, any combination of objects and ideas as that involved in the word *bread*, would need knowledge to utter it, as it required civilization to make it. Each object or idea, simple or complex, unlocks, when it comes, a new perception in the mind; this perception immediately reports its birth to the ear and eye, which form a committee, with the throat, lips and lungs, to supply it with a body of sound, and clothe it in a word.

It may be said, in passing, that this story of the king and the children, quite idle as history, is, like other myths, not without its grain of truth and suggestion. The best training in philology would be to observe closely the earliest articulation of a child, and

the gradual formation of its words. As in the embryo the animal passes through all the shapes which preceded its appearance on earth—the crab being at one time trilobite, at another lobster, ere it is born crab—so, observing a child's first efforts at speech, we find marked resemblances to the idioms of many ancient tongues; and with their growth we can discover many hints as to the methods by which primitive natural sounds and idioms were polished or travestied into more convenient equivalents. Here, also, the child is father of the man.

William v. Humboldt has said, "Language is the striving of the power of speech to break forth according to the mental cast of a people." * As we can only estimate men aright when we regard each as having a personal reason for distinct existence, as having in his individuality a *forte*, a citadel of strength in his heart, with reference to the maintenance of which every atom and fibre of his being was prepared, and by which alone he can help the world, thus hearing a celestial chorus arising from the very diversity of men, so must we estimate races. Each race has its peculiar strength. Nothing can be more definite than our impressions of the Oriental mind on the Greek mind, the German, Anglo-Saxon or French characteristics. Each is as distinct from the other as one man is from another: each in some direction superior to the others. Mr. Emerson, in his lecture on the French, shrewdly compares the world to the camel with its many stomachs, in which, as it is said, lies its great strength; in our earthly Behemoth every race is a stomach, and man can only reach his full strength and culture by passing through them all. Man must have Greece in his intellect, the Orient in his imagination, Germany in his intuitions, France in his understanding, and Palestine in his heart. He can not be the true Geologist who observes the formations in the Jura and neglects those of Nahant. And because it is, as Humboldt has said, in its language that the mental cast of a people breaks forth, we must regard the study of a nation's language as a perception of the universal truth and beauty through an added lens. In this sense, it was a worthy saying of old Roger Ascham, tutor of Queen Elizabeth: "Even as a hawk fleeth not hie with one wing, even so a man reacheth not to excellency with one tongue;"

* Ueber die Kawi Sprache, s. xxv.

and the saying of Charles V. is even better : *Autant de langues u l'homme sait parler, autant de fois il est homme.*

The student of Man, then, must look upon it as a very ungracious and useless task to argue the unity of origin of the races of men, which nowhere finds less support than in the letter and spirit of their languages. It has already been asserted that we meet with instances where two races have found some one aspect of an object so prominent that both have represented it in their word, as where the Indians gave a river the Greek name *Potomac* ; but the infinite number of instances where there is no identity in languages would make any conclusion from these occasional resemblances very like that of the one juryman who hung the jury, and declared that they were eleven of the most obstinate men he had ever met ! Far gladlier can we have faith that in each race we have what its mother-land can contribute to the general sum of Human Intelligence and Strength ; that in the mystic Pantheism of the Orient, which is never hurtful unless congealed under cold north-western skies into a dogma, we have what the out-spreading Banyan, the Palm, with its many uses, the flush and glory of Nature to the verge of conscious feeling, would unite to express ; that in the hardy and untameable nature of the American Indian we have the report made of themselves to an advancing civilization by rock-bridges and cataracts, interminable rivers, limitless prairies ; that in Christianity we have what the severe hardships of a great people, their wanderings, captivities, toils, sorrows, through long ages, distilled as living water, perennial and divine. When we see a beautiful flower, as the honeysuckle, with its long horn of plenty, does it not need and imply that animated sapphire, the humming-bird, with its long beak exactly fitted to the cornucopia ? Is it not a crowning beauty that its sweetness is not wasted, but ascends ? Throughout nature the same eternal fitness prevails. So does each race of men come to the dreary chaos of its land ; and through its brain, out at its eye, streams that Spirit of God, which, moving upon all, changes all to order. For, as the counterpart of ignorance within is Chaos without, the counterpart of intelligence is Kosmos.

Reason would seem to find a sufficient explanation of all separate national histories, a reason for tyrannies, oppressions, revolutions and religions, in the development of each race through all appropriate strata to self-realization. Must not man creep and

fly ere he becomes the anthropos, or being of the uplifted eye? Nay, must not each individual repeat the progress of his species? Each race must have of experience just what will quarry, hew, and polish that stone which it is appointed to bring to the ever-rising temple where not men, but man, shall meet God face to face. We have intimated that this history of a race is preserved in its words. We will pause here for a moment in order to emphasize the distinction and superiority of the word over the literature of a people for this special and scientific purpose. The chief superiority of the word is, that it never lies. It may, indeed, state a thing not scientifically correct, as do the words *lunatic*, *sunrise*, etc.; but it perfectly and honestly reports what is at the time of its birth the truth, i. e., what men *trou* or believe. And whilst men are continually surrendering their tongues to cant, and allowing their pens and pulpits to accumulate a literature of Hypocrisy, Truth stands secure upon the Word, and cries, "By your words ye shall be justified, and by your words ye shall be condemned." Mr. Trench catches a glimpse of the tremendous import of this fact—as derived from the admitted fact that words are as representative as fossils—and somewhat frightened for the result, hastily covers up the scholar's gown with the curate's sleeves and surplice, and proceeds to make a plea of Word *vs.* Human Nature. We are sorry to have to say that Mr. Trench, in his theological chapter, descends far beneath the dignity of his subject, and is guilty of dishonesty. He quotes certain expressions, as found in various languages, signifying pleasure felt by men at the calamities of others, as evidence of the inherent baseness of the human heart. He cites the Greek *ἐπιχαίρεκαία*—German, *schadenfreude*—and remarks that "Cicero so strongly feels that such a word is wanting, that he gives to *malevolentia* the same significance, '*voluptas ex malo alterius*,' though it lies not of necessity in the word." Now, it might have been stated by Mr. Trench that the words he quotes to sustain him were not words in any just sense; that they were the conceptions of individual authors, which never were adopted even into academical conversation, much less that of the people. The Greek word could only have been discovered by a Theologian in want of an argument. The German word is not put by the lexicographers in the list of words, but mentioned as a phrase which has been used. And, thank God, we are not bound to any arbitrary meaning that Cicero or

Mr. Trench or La Rochefaucauld may desire to impose on words which, though they may indicate dark human possibilities that man oftener speaks of than enters, nevertheless do not make an absolute badness any more possible than absolute blackness or whiteness.

Mr. Trench seems to have tried to establish a right of possession warranty. For it is against the fearful and false views of our nature, for his dogmas on an estate where they could obtain no other to which nearly all churches have more or less committed themselves, that the Word bears its most signal and inevitable testimony, and one which will justify our claim for it as incorruptible, where Religions and Letters falter. The long-faced brother, who is never weary of proving that man's natural element is sin, as that of a fish is water, could he ever go deeper than the shell of that wondrous volume under his belaboring fist, would find that therein the word to sin is *ἀμαρτάνω* — that is, to *miss something*; he might discover that man is not sent on earth to sin, but that sin is *a missing of* the design of a man's being. In the words by which sin and evil are described in human language, the profound and patiently-formed convictions of the human mind are confronting and refuting the conceits and phantasms of ephemeral theologies. To one who knows words, the fanatic is pledged to tell the truth; and whilst he denounces man as degraded, depraved, degenerate, etc., he is suggesting the question how man could be *de-generated* if he had no altitude from which to be brought down; how he could be *de-generate* if he were not of exalted *birth-right*? If man's nature is inherently vile, *manliness* (man-likeness) ought to be another name for excess of villainy; if the human heart is as hard as the nether millstone, a *humane* act must be the most grinding in its hardness. *Natural* affection would be lust. But the everlasting ages came forth with that voice of the people, which here at least is the voice of God, declaring that everywhere and forever bad acts shall be called unnatural, not natural, unmanly, not manly, brutal, not human; that virtue is one with the *vir* or *man*. The brave heart, though in the light of the past it can not be content with men, turns away from the husks of theology given him by the Churches, to be led by one who said of the prodigal that "he came to himself," not that he denounced or mistrusted, or left off reliance on himself. He has pondered well the saying of the wise man, *Whoso sinneth wrongeth his own soul*.

So also when the transient and purblind sentiment of which the Church, and even Literature, are too often the willing slaves, would lift up diseased prejudices against eternal laws, words are the soldiers which can never be bribed or browbeaten to their behests, but even in their seeming coöperation are sapping and mining their defences. Spoken with harshest tone, written with ink mingled with gall, very thick in this time as in all time fall the words latitudinarian, skeptic, heretic, freethinker; yet each word calls up the noble army of those in whose independent and heroic words and deeds the thunderstep of God in history and civilization has been heard. What does latitudinarian mean? Why, one who is *broad* and catholic; who will not bind to any dogmas of his own the salvation or excellence of others, and will admit that he may omit seeing one side of a sphere whilst looking at the other. Skeptic (*σκεπτομαι*) means, as we have seen, *one who considers*; and there is no more terrible satire on what the creeds have given men to believe, than the fact that the word skeptic has come to be almost synonymous with infidel; that is, *considering* these dogmas has proved the sure way to reject them. The same may be said of the word *heretic*; it is simply from *αἰρέω*, *to choose*, and signifies one whose own reason and conscience, and not those of another man or set of men, have decided what he shall or shall not believe. And that this word, signifying *to choose*, should popularly mean an unbeliever, states with the unconscious candor of words that men who have the choice of their own faith, heretics, have rarely been known to tie themselves to the creeds. The grandeur of the word *free-thinker* is written upon its face, and he who denounces free thought or rationalism (*ratio*-reason) must blaspheme God in his construction of the necessary functions of the human mind, and insult the noblest attributes of man!

These facts show sufficiently the power and superiority of words. They show that whilst Literature marks sentimental or possible states, the word marks a real elevation, and states with incorruptible simplicity, Thus far man reached; This he believed! Words are thus sifted and condensed Literatures. They do not share the suspicion which must rest upon the tendency of this generation, to resolve itself into TALK, and to satisfy the world with what Richter calls the "paper nobility." Such wise and now proverbial expressions as "One should be silent or say something better than silence;" "Speech is silvern, silence golden," and this

fine sentence of Carlyle's, "So much the more the disposition in thee to *say* the thing, so much the less will there be in thee to *do* it,"—indicate unmistakably a higher Leader than the Tongue, the apotheosis of which has made the Church of this age the highway of Cant, and the State an excessively tiresome stump-speech. Is not the adoration of the Grand Llama of the East, worshipped with all the more awe because the veil has never been lifted from it, higher than a Church which reduces the Incomprehensible to a question of arithmetic, and leaves no Holy of Holies in the soul unprofaned by the hoof of babbling Dogmatism? Do any but fools talk whilst there is music, or beneath the glory of a sunset? Surely the profounder souls know that the deepest thing within can not be spoken, and come forth from their communion feeling with Paul that they have there heard "unspeakable things, which it is not lawful for a man to utter." In the *Desatir* or Persian Book of Prophets, we read: "The spider said, Wherein consisteth the superior excellence of man? The sage Simrash replied, Men understand talismans and magic arts, whilst animals do not. The spider said, Animals exceed man in these respects; knowest thou not that crawling things and insects build triangular and square houses without wood or stone? Behold my work, how without loom I weave fine cloth. Simrash answered, Man can write and express his thoughts on paper, whilst animals can not. The spider said, Animals do not transfer the secrets of Mezdram from a living heart to a lifeless body. Simrash hung down his head from shame."

We have seen that Speech is Nature bursting her chain for a nobler service, and, found only in man, records his history and announces his destiny; certifies also his connection on one side with the animal, on the other with absolute Being. This that we call human language was predicted in the first song of the first bird, which, a myriad ages before man appeared on earth, uttered the first note that invaded the ancient kingdom of Silence; and that effort to sing its little hymn of joy at its relation to the beautiful creation, was a prophesy fulfilled in the lisp of the first human child, which in its turn enfolded all eloquence and the highest vocalization. Swelling along the endless gamut of life, that first bird-warble not alone gushes at length from the throat of Malibran; for where vocalization ends the genius of man does not end, but weds its power with instrumentation; and the bird-note,

now winged with the instrumentation of Beethoven, passes on, leaving men on earth to be the language of archangels.

But still is silence Alpha and Omega—its kingdom was first and shall be last! Action will speak louder than the word, and the best in each not seek to flow out at the lips, but remain within to transform all and radiate in the unconscious presence and life! This eager searching into our words and languages is the sign of their transition; we are seeing through this illusion of rhetoric; “when we dream that we dream, we are near to waking.” It has already startled certain living writers, that their writing out their thought is a lame apology for not living it; and there is a sad tone under the best writing of the day.

Who that has heard the Messiah of Handel, does not remember that finest chorus of the sublime work; *For unto us a child is born?* When in that chorus the words of Isaiah seem nearest the threshold of the Infinite, and the spirit of Handel is in its highest rapture, and we feel flooded with the too much glory, as the thousand voices rise to their climax in THE MIGHTY GOD—there is a sudden silence! In that silence the music of all music is heard, and the reverent soul knows that should the morning stars sing together for joy, and the angels unite in the choir, they could in their highest note only uplift the spirit to the threshold of the more godlike silence.

WALDEN WOODS.

Leaves are heaped upon leaves on the rustling walks of the woodland—
There they fall and decay, wearisome year upon year;
So are the men and women who find not the fugitive moment
Rich in work and results, dull and poor as it seems.
Never afar, believe me, lurks the goddess Occasion,
Bearing before her the task, hiding the glorious prize:
Hast thou eyes to behold her, and quick ears to catch the music
Of her delicate wings hovering over thy way?
Then shall thy days be blithe, thy memory fresh and fragrant.
Be the unresting wind, not the withering leaf!

W A L D E N W A T E R.

SEE Walden shining in the sun,
And creeping up to kiss the feet
Of oak and pine and drooping birch,
Whose tremulous forms his waves repeat.

This green abyss, this lucid well,
Gives glimpses into endless peace:
Come rest with me beside the brink,
And let thine idle labor cease.

From whispering tree and billow bright,
From silent sky and wandering cloud,
A sweet persuasion steals o'er all,
And soothes the sad and tames the proud.

As softly lies the brooding light,
And fair the fitting shadow falls,
So gently in these better hours
The sacred voice of Nature calls.

THE NATURE OF MORAL ACCOUNTABILITY.

By the late JAMES P. ESRY, author of "*Philosophy of Storms*," etc.

SCIENCE has demonstrated that this earth was once fluid, from heat, to the surface; it follows that man has not existed on this earth from eternity, and it is manifest that the first man had not a man for his father, nor the first woman a woman for her mother; and as there is no known cause now in existence to produce man, but that of ordinary generation, and as it is plainly impossible for him to have originated from any fortuitous concourse of atoms, we are constrained to believe that the first man and first woman were contrived and brought into existence by a being of superior wisdom, power and goodness. And as this same reason applies to all the animals and vegetables on the face of the earth, we may safely infer that the power, wisdom and goodness of this being are indefinitely great. This inference is greatly confirmed, when we dis-

cover innumerable contrivances, both in the moral and physical world, all tending to the well-being of man.

Now all these contrivances imply a contriver, and unless this contriver was himself contrived, he must have been eternal. For it is certain, that the first cause or contriver always existed, for if there was even a time when nothing existed, nothing could ever have been brought into existence, — *ex nihilo nihil fit*. This first self-existent and eternal cause or contriver is called God, whether the immediate contriver of the universe was the self-existent eternal first cause or not. But as nothing is gained by supposing that the contriver of the universe, and the former of man, was himself or itself contrived, it is unphilosophical to make the supposition.

When we examine the nature of man, we discover that he is so constituted or contrived, that the fundamental law of his nature is to be *fond of pleasure and averse to pain*. Indeed, as a sensitive being, it would seem he could not be formed otherwise. We find, also, that he is so contrived as to be able to discover by degrees more and more the causes which produce pleasure, and the causes which produce pain. The sum of human happiness is much increased by the contrivance God has made, that one of the principal sources of man's enjoyment is doing good to others, or endeavoring to increase their happiness. We find, also, that doing evil to others, or even designing to do evil, is always attended with pain, and no doubt more suffering is felt by the evil-doer than by the one to whom the evil is done.

God has so formed the human race, that one man's true interest or well-being never clashes with another's; or, in other words, one man is never under the necessity of diminishing the well-being of another, to promote his own happiness.

If man was so constituted that he could promote his own happiness by diminishing that of others, the very constitution of man would then be a species of bribery in God, offering happiness as a reward for doing evil to others. If God is perfectly wise and perfectly good, he has not so constituted man. Indeed, if we allow that the great First Cause is without intelligence and incapable of design, and that man was formed by a fortuitous concourse of atoms, which is infinitely improbable, still by examining his constitution as it is we will be obliged to acknowledge that doing good to others is a source of pleasure, and doing evil to others is

a source of pain. If man is never under the necessity of doing evil to others, or of diminishing their happiness to increase his own, *a fortiori*, God is never under the necessity of diminishing the happiness of one man for the good of another.

Pain of every kind which does not result in the ultimate good or well-being of the individual suffering it, is an evil to him, and, of course, it can not promote the well-being of others; and if inflicted by others, it will diminish their happiness, probably, more than it does that of the individual on whom it is inflicted. All punishment, therefore, ought to be inflicted with the intention of benefiting the individual punished; for if it results in diminishing the well-being of the individual punished, it certainly will diminish the well-being of those who inflicted it—more especially if the punishment is inflicted without regard to the well-being of the sufferer.

Punishment, therefore, to be just and useful (and it can not be just without being useful), should be prospective, and not retrospective; and it contains a false and dangerous doctrine to say a man ought to be punished *for* his transgressions, if this form of speech is understood literally. The truth is, he ought to be punished only *for* the sake of reformation or discipline,—and this is the only mode in which God ever punishes, as will appear more fully hereafter.

This doctrine, when once admitted, will remove all vengeance from the mind; for every one will see, that to punish with the feelings of vengeance is to punish oneself. Thus the criminal code of all nations will be freed from its foulest blot, the open avowal and practice of the principle that it is just to punish for the good of the community—in some cases, at least—without any regard than can possibly be inculcated and embraced; for it teaches men to the good of the criminal. This is the most pernicious doctrine to believe, from their infancy to manhood, that they may (at least, sometimes) benefit themselves by diminishing the well-being of others: and it never occurs to them that it is false; for it is a doctrine embraced by the State, and lies at the very foundation of their criminal code.

The extreme perniciousness of this principle will clearly appear, when we perceive, as we may by a little consideration, that *from this one error all our wicked conduct to others arises*. Remove the belief that we can benefit ourselves by doing evil to others, and

implant in its place the belief that we shall be the principal sufferers by such conduct, then all motive to do evil to others is at once cut off, and with the absence of motive the action will, of course, not be performed. If this doctrine is true, the evil done to a community by one legalized murder (the execution of a criminal) is infinitely greater than the most atrocious murder ever committed by an individual, because it teaches, in the most effectual manner, the principle from which all murders and other crimes arise; and, besides, the moral feeling of the community, by the practice of capital punishments, is rendered callous, to a degree beyond calculation.

Men are so constructed by the Creator that they perform every day thousands of good actions, without considering for a moment whether happiness or misery will be the result; but they seldom, if ever, commit a crime without calculating the consequences. Their moral arithmetic, however, deriving its rules of calculation from the criminal code of nations, is false, and they determine to do evil to their fellow-creature from the expectation of increasing their own well-being. In this expectation they must fail, as certainly as a just God stands at the head of the universe; for it would be in the highest degree wicked to bribe his creatures with happiness as a reward or consequence of doing evil one to another. As it is manifestly not good for an individual to be punished for any crime, when it is impossible for that punishment to work reformation, or benefit to the individual in any other way, so it is manifestly unjust to inflict such punishment, and it would be infinitely cruel to continue such punishment to all eternity.

God being perfectly wise and perfectly good, he must, from his very nature, intend to do some good in every thing which he does; whenever he punishes any of his creatures, therefore, or, which is the same thing, causes pain to be the necessary consequence of crime, he must intend to do that creature good by the pain, more especially as this is the only way to improve the individual, and thus also to benefit others.

As God certainly does punish—that is, cause pain to be the inevitable consequence of certain actions, which we therefore call evil actions—we are sure he will succeed in doing the good which he intends by that punishment; for he is all-wise to lay his plan, and all-powerful to execute it. Now the only good conceivable to result from punishment is the reformation of the individual, or

the happiness of others ; and as these are inseparable, the reformation of the individual must be effected. Nor is it difficult to conceive *how* this is done. God has made man fond of happiness, and averse to misery ; it is a law of his nature which never varies. He can not change it, either by volition or crime ; he can not will to hate happiness and love misery any more than he can suspend gravitation by a word of command.

God has made man also with an intellect capable of finding out by experience more and more of those things which produce misery, and also more and more of those things which produce happiness. Now the wiser he becomes, the wiser will be his volitions ; that is, the more and more of those things which produce happiness he will choose, and the more and more of those things which produce misery he will avoid ; and when he becomes perfectly wise, if that time shall ever come, he will then by no possibility choose to do any wicked action, because a perfectly wise being cannot choose to make a foolish volition. Nor does this impossibility of choosing to make foolish or wicked volitions in the slightest degree impair his free agency ; for, on such a supposition, God is not a perfect free agent, as, from the very perfection of his nature, he can not choose to make a foolish or wicked volition, or perform any wicked action. It has been thought by some that free agency, or moral accountability, implies at least the possibility of choosing to do either good or evil ; but this can not be, for, on this plan, God would not be a free agent ; and man, too, would be less and less a free agent the wiser he became, and when he became perfectly wise, he would cease to be a free agent altogether. It is maintained also by some, that it would be unjust in God to cause pain to follow as a consequence of any action, if that action could not have been avoided. So far from this being correct, it will appear by a little reflection that it is entirely consistent with the highest benevolence to cause pain to follow the commission of crimes, or the formation of wicked volitions, as this is the only means of enabling the agent to make good volitions in future. It may perhaps be objected that God could not have intended to produce the greatest possible amount of happiness when he created man, or he would have created him so perfect in knowledge that he never could choose to do any act from which pain would result. It may be answered that God is only beginning to create man when he is born ; and that it is impos-

sible, so far as we know, to create him faster in knowledge than he is actually being created, whilst he remains in this world. And, besides, we may safely infer, that if it would be better for man to have been created in any other way, God, from his infinite perfections, would have chosen that way.

The justice of punishment does not depend on the fact that it was possible for the individual punished to have avoided the crime committed, but rather on the fact that the being who is punished is created with powers and capacities which may be operated on by the punishment itself, so as to render it possible and even certain, that, with the new motives introduced by the punishment, or by the pain following the commission of the crime, as an effect, he will be finally taught to avoid the crime *in future*. Unless the individual punished is so created, all punishment would be useless to him, and, of course, useless to others. If retrospective punishment could cause a crime which has been committed not to be, then it might be useful; but this is impossible and absurd. Nor is the absurdity of punishing retrospectively lessened by supposing that the individual punished could have avoided doing the criminal act; for, even on that supposition, the act once done can not be prevented, nor in any way altered by the punishment.

On some of the points here discussed the human mind seems to be differently constituted, and to take different views, after the most careful and patient examination. Some think that though God knew from all eternity all the actions which I perform in my whole life, yet I might have avoided many of them, if not all, and might perform an entirely different set; otherwise it would be unjust in God to cause pain or punishment to be the result of any of them. Others acknowledge that foreknowledge implies inevitability; but as foreknowledge is not the cause of the inevitability, they think God may be just in punishing for crimes or vices, provided he only foresaw these vices, but did not decree them. Now my mind is so constituted that it appears to me that if our actions were foreknown to God from all eternity, they must have been decreed by him. For foreknowledge implies the certainty that the event foreknown will come to pass. Now this certainty, or, which is the same thing, this inevitability of the event, must have been caused by something in God, or something out of God. If it was something in God, it must have been his decree or determination, either to cause the events to come to pass, or to bring

into existence a set of causes which would certainly bring into existence the events foreknown; for, if there was no certainty that the events would take place, then they could not be foreknown. Now, if God decreed to bring these effects into existence, or to bring a set of causes into existence which he knew would certainly produce the effects, then may he be said to have decreed the effects. On the other hand, if God did not decree to bring the effects foreknown into existence himself by his direct agency, nor to create any set or train of causes which would certainly produce the effects foreknown, then something out of God was the cause of the certainty, on which God's foreknowledge was founded, or which God's foreknowledge implies. Now, whatever this something is, it must be superior to God in power, for it is supposed to have caused a most important train of events in the moral world to be certain, and that, too, independent of any agency in God. Nay, more: not only will they come into existence without the agency of God, but he has no power to hinder them; for that can not be prevented from coming to pass which any being knows will certainly come to pass. To believe, then, that God foresaw the future actions of men, and at the same time to deny that he was himself the cause of that certainty or inevitability that the events foreknown would take place, on which the foreknowledge was founded, leads to atheism, or at least to a belief that God is a very weak and imperfect being; for, inasmuch as it is assumed that the certainty or inevitability was not caused by him, and as it is clear that, when an inevitability is once in existence, the thing inevitable can not be prevented from coming to pass, the Deity is left powerless in regard to the events taking place or not taking place. If it is said that the inevitability arose from something out of God, but that the subsequent agency of God had to be employed to bring the very beings into existence whose acts were inevitable, and thus he was not powerless in relation to these acts, still, even on this scheme, there would be a power above God, which is atheism. Or, if this power, which causes things to be inevitable, does this with intelligence and goodness, then this power is God, and the being who creates man is an inferior agent, which the superior uses to execute his plans, and bring into existence those things which he had rendered inevitable, or, which is the same thing, which he had decreed.

Another will object to all these views, and say the only plan to

render man a free agent is to suppose that there is no certainty or inevitability, which amounts to the same thing, as it relates to its influence on the character of actions, and consequently there can not be a foreknowledge of the actions of a free agent. This view is founded, as was said before, on the assumption that free agency, or moral accountability, implies the possibility of choosing to do either right or wrong, in every case, where a choice is made; or, as it is vaguely expressed, the agent is free to choose the right or the wrong. If those who take this view of the subject will institute a careful examination of what can be meant here by the word "*free*," they will, I think, find reason to change their views. If they suppose that the volitions are free from the intelligence and passions of the agent, and also free from the desire of happiness or aversion to misery, which is the universal law of all beings endowed with feeling, then is there no such thing as that kind of free agency for which they contend. If they come to the conclusion, as I think they must by such an examination, that our volitions are not entirely free from the influence of our state of mind as to intelligence, and our clearness of view as to the character of the object, to produce happiness or misery, at the time of willing or choosing, then I desire them to push the inquiry still further, and inquire how *much* influence the intelligence and state of mind may exercise on the volitions or choices which the agent makes without destroying his freedom or moral accountability.

In pursuing this inquiry to its utmost extent, my mind leans strongly to the conviction that all the time man is increasing in wisdom and goodness, the possibility of his making foolish and wicked volitions is constantly diminishing, and his power to make wise and good volitions is increasing in the same proportion, and thus all that kind of agency or power of acting which is of any value is retained and augmented. And whether any one may choose to call this power of making volitions under the influence of wisdom and goodness free agency or not, is a matter of little consequence, provided the fact itself is clearly perceived.

If we push our inquiry still further, we will perceive that our volitions, like all things which begin to exist, are produced by causes adequate to produce them, each particular volition depending on its own particular set of causes, adequate to produce that very volition and no other at the time. The particulars going to make up the cause are numerous, and if any one of these particu-

lars should be removed, the particular volition made at that time would be different. For example, suppose we make a volition which is the result of much deliberation. It is manifest that there are three particulars coëxisting as causes of this volition, and that if any one of them had been wanting at the time, the volition could not have been made. These three are the being who chooses or wills, the object of the choice, and the intelligence with which the deliberation is made. Other particulars, doubtless, enter into the complex compound going to make up the cause of the volition, and whatever they may be, they are adequate to produce the particular volition, and no other. Now, it is manifest that the particular volition of which we are speaking is inevitably produced by its complex cause at the moment it comes into existence; and, therefore, if free agency depends upon the possibility of making a different volition every time we make a volition, then free agency in that sense does not, and can not exist. Nor is it desirable that such a free agency should exist, for a being so constituted that his intelligence should not influence his volitions, would be a monstrosity of which we could form no conception — certainly he would not be a moral agent. Such a being could never be taught, and even if he could become intelligent, his intelligence would be of no use, for his volitions not being influenced by his understanding, he would be as likely to make foolish or ignorant volitions after he became intelligent as before. But the proposition is so absurd in itself that it seems impossible to attempt to reason from it without uttering absurdities. It is almost as if we were to suppose our uncle to be our aunt, and then to endeavor to find out what would be the consequences of such a supposition.

There is another consequence flowing from the supposition that there is not a necessary and indissoluble connection between the volitions and the causes of those volitions, which the advocates of this view of the subject little suspect. It is, that man on this principle would not be an accountable being; or, in other words, it would be utterly useless to punish him after he had committed any crime, with the expectation that the punishment would be of any use. It is true, punishment would produce new views, if it was so arranged that he would perceive it to follow as a consequence of the transgression: but what good would that do? His future volitions, according to the supposition, could not be affected by these new views. Thus it appears that the very principle

which those who advocate this view of the subject bring forward as the very essence of moral accountability, would render accountability absurd if it was true. Indeed, the only scheme on which moral accountability can be founded is that of the necessary connection between cause and effect ; or the doctrine that the volitions are dependent on causes, and that among these causes is the state of intelligence and a knowledge of the consequences which will flow from the volitions themselves.

On this supposition, if a man should violate the law of God — that is, the law of his own nature — it would be useful, just and benevolent in the Deity to cause pain to be the immediate result, so that this new knowledge might become a new cause of producing a volition corresponding to the law of God on the next occasion. This, in fact, is the only mode which could be adopted to educate him out of a state of ignorance into a state of knowledge ; and the more rapidly he committed transgressions, and the more rapidly the consequent pain came upon him, the faster it would seem he would rise into knowledge and happiness. On the contrary, if God had made man so that no pain would follow the transgression of his laws, but pleasure, then would man never learn to avoid transgression. And the consequences of such an arrangement are as impossible to foresee as it would be to foresee the consequences which would follow if our uncle were our aunt. On this subject to know what *is* is the only science. Is it a fact that pain is a consequence of the transgression of God's laws ? Is it a fact that this pain has a tendency to educate us into a knowledge of those laws ? Is it not better that we should be educated on this subject, than remain ignorant ? Could we be so educated if pain did not follow transgression as an effect follows its cause ? Many would be willing to admit that, provided men do transgress, it is better pain should follow, for the reason assigned above ; but they can not admit that it is *better to transgress* — and this is the chief reason why they are unwilling to believe that God decreed the transgression. If, indeed, it proved that God is a malevolent being, provided he has decreed transgressions of his law, as well as the pain which follows these transgressions, then no argument, however strong, would be sufficient to satisfy the mind of the certainty of such decrees. It would remain forever perplexed between the force of the argument, and the absurdity of the conclusion. It is not probable, *a priori*, that God has

created the human mind so as to remain in a state of perplexity forever on so important a point. The search for truth is indeed one of the highest enjoyments of the human mind ; and I can well appreciate the saying of one who delighted in the study of God's works, when he declared, " If God should hold out *Truth* to him in one hand, and the *search for Truth* in the other, and allow him to take his choice, he would say, Give me the *search for Truth*." Much of our pleasure, however, in the search for truth, arises from the continual discoveries of truth itself, and from the hope of making more. But if we should despair of ever arriving at the truth on a particular subject, our pleasure in the search would cease, and with the termination of the pleasure the search itself would cease.

How much of our happiness in a future state of existence will depend on the search for truth, we have no means of knowing. Perhaps we may *there* be able to investigate the causes of things, and discover the connection which exists between cause and effect ; *here* we can only generalize facts themselves, and trace them up to general principles, without being able in any case to investigate the origin of those principles, or even discover how it is possible that anything should begin to be. Perhaps we shall be able to see with the clearness of certainty what we now can only render probable by a laborious train of reasoning, that everything which is possible *is*, and everything which is not is impossible at the present time.

One argument which renders this proposition probable is founded on the perfections of God. If we assume that, because God is omnipotent, he could have caused something to exist now which does not exist, it may be predicated of that thing that it is better it should exist than not exist, or worse that it should exist than not exist, or that its existence would be neither good nor evil. Now, the infinite goodness of God implies not only that all which he does is best, but that he will not omit to do anything which it would be better to do : and to say that God can not do anything contrary to his own infinite goodness, or contrary to his own will — which, from his nature and perfections, must be infinitely good — surely does not limit his omnipotence. It follows, that if it is better that the thing should be than not to be, God, from his very perfections, must have willed to bring it into existence, or to lay a train of causes which would bring it into existence, at

the very time when it would be best for it to exist. And as God is the author of all things which exist, either directly or indirectly, and as nothing can exist contrary to his will, it follows that it is in conformity with the will of God that whatever is now, should be now, and nothing else. Therefore, unless there is some flaw in this reasoning which I can not detect, it is true, at each moment of time, to say, Everything which is possible is; or, which is the same thing, Nothing is possible which is not. Nor is the truth of this proposition at all incompatible with the omnipotence of God; for the reason why nothing can be now but what is now exists in the perfections of God, and not in any hindering power out of God.

Thus it appears that all the transgressions of the law of God which take place are not only inevitable, but that they are inevitable because they are the best and only occurrences which could take place.

The objection which almost all would make to this conclusion is anticipated: Why praise men for some acts, and blame them for others, if they are both the very best possible? I answer that, as praise and blame rise spontaneously in every human mind, if these emotions are inconsistent with the above reasonings, the presumption against the reasoning would be very strong, if not conclusive. But there is, indeed, no inconsistency; for the same reasoning which proves whatever is is best at the present, proves that a change is best for the future,—and praise and blame are introduced to operate on the volitions of men, or as causes to produce new volitions and new actions. It does not follow that, because all the transgressions of the laws of God which occur are useful, therefore others which do not occur would be useful. On the contrary, the same reasoning which proves the former to be useful, proves that the latter would be injurious. God, therefore, has implanted in the human mind the sentiments of approbation and disapprobation, and has caused praise to be agreeable to us, and blame disagreeable, that these emotions may be links in the great chain of cause and effect—to be the means of bringing into existence just such volitions as he foresees will be the best.

If it is replied that when men praise for good actions it is under the impression that the person praised could have done bad actions instead of good; and when they blame, it is under the impression that the person blamed could have avoided the action

blamed ; and that men themselves feel self-condemned for certain actions under the impression that they might have avoided them,— I answer, that these impressions do not prove the fact. If you examine men on this point, you will find that they have no distinct notions on the subject : most of them will say that they are free to do as they please, and this is the whole amount of their knowledge on the subject. Now, this is undoubtedly true. They are free to do as they please. If you ask them if they are free to do as they do not please, or if they are free to please contrary to the way they please, you will find that they have never thought on the subject ; so that the real question, whether anything which a man does through his whole life could be avoided or not, has never entered their mind. How, then, can their impressions—or, as they sometimes call it, consciousness—decide the question ? If they examine the subject, so as to form any distinct notion of it, they will acknowledge that the action follows inevitably from the will or choice or volition ; and that after a man pleases or wills to do a thing, the thing will be done, of course. If we will to move our arm, the arm moves : there is a necessary connection between the volition and the motion of the arm. To say that a man may move his arm or not, just as he pleases, is not deciding the question whether, if he does move his arm, he might have avoided that action. It is indeed plain that, after he willed to move it, it was no longer possible to avoid it.

It may be objected that, if men were taught to believe this doctrine, they would never blame themselves or others, because the sentiment of blame or sorrow for transgression could not spring up under the full belief that the transgression was unavoidable. I answer, that we never can become indifferent to pain under any system of instruction, or under any belief, as to the inevitability of actions. Pain will always be disagreeable to us, and the actions known to be productive of pain—as the transgression of the laws of God must be—will always be disapproved, unless we see clearly that they are intended for good.

It is true, that all which is bitter and resentful in blame will cease, but all which is instructive and amendatory will remain. When the one who is blamed perceives that there is nothing but kindness and instruction in the blame—no resentment nor vengeance, no relation to the past, but merely a desire to operate on the future—it will be more efficient in producing reformation than

it has heretofore been ; and, besides, the pain of resentful feelings, which has heretofore been very great, will be altogether avoided in the one who blames. The sum of human happiness will be vastly increased when men shall be educated up to a state of intelligence and virtue, in which they will clearly perceive that resentments are implanted in the human mind only to operate in the lowest states of ignorance, and that God uses them only as a scaffold to build up the temple of knowledge and virtue in the human mind—or rather to lay the foundation of this temple—and when this is done, the scaffold ought to be removed as cumbrous and unsightly. Some have thought that, because God has implanted resentment in the human mind, it was intended that this feeling should never become extinct—or, in other words, that what God creates he intends to be eternal ; but we have no proof of this : many races of animals have become extinct, and creation is in perpetual change. Man is born entirely ignorant, and his progress from one degree of knowledge and virtue to another is truly a new creation. Man is evidently not made perfect at once ; he was, however, evidently made to *rise*, and not to *fall*—to advance towards perfection, and never to retrograde ; and this great destiny he will fulfil. The motive of fear is useful in the lowest states of human intelligence and virtue ; but as soon as higher motives can be implanted, fear ceases to operate, and the higher motives become much more efficient.

Even duty itself, which is thought by some to be the highest motive which can actuate the human mind, will become obsolete in the highest states of intelligence and virtue ; for it is the nature of all higher motives to render useless and inoperative those of inferior quality. Now, the highest of all possible motives to be good is the love of goodness itself. Take the exercise of any of the virtues, for example, and the truth of the assertion will be manifest. What is the highest motive to tell the truth, at all times, but the love of truth itself, and the pleasure we experience in telling the truth ? When the love of truth is once firmly established in our minds, we never avoid lying from the fear of detection, nor do we tell the truth from a sense of duty any more than we eat a ripe peach from a sense of duty, and not from the pleasure of the taste.

The man who loves honesty does not avoid sheep-stealing from the fear of detection ; he has no taste for the thing, and if he was

sure he would never be detected, he would have no desire to do the act—the certainty of concealment would be no temptation ; and if the idea of stealing never enters into his head in such a way as to induce him to deliberate a moment whether he will steal or not, it is manifest that he does not abstain from stealing through a sense of duty. Even those who maintain that duty is the highest motive would greatly prefer to have an affectionate wife rather than a dutiful one. Indeed, the moment I hear a woman praise herself for being a *dutiful* wife, I am sure she has not much domestic happiness in the conjugal state.

Love is a much higher and better motive, for two reasons : It is always at its post, ready to do its work—it never slumbers ; but duty is not always present to the mind—it has to be called up by the mind, and sometimes will not come when called ; thus it is not so *efficient* as love. In the second place, duty does not afford so much *happiness* as love, even when it prompts us to perform the same actions ; and that motive is undoubtedly the best which produces the highest enjoyment—especially if it is, at the same time, most efficacious in producing good volitions and virtuous actions. Indeed, the abstaining from vicious actions through the fear of punishment hardly deserves the name of virtue ; and abstaining from any vice through a sense of duty has a less degree of virtue in it, than abstaining from the same vice through a hatred of the vice and a love of the opposite virtue.

It is an interesting thing to examine how many different motives may actuate the mind in the same line of conduct. For example, the study of science or literature : A youth may engage in this study from a desire to please his parents, and from this motive alone. Presently he may feel the spirit of emulation or a desire of fame springing up in his bosom ; if this feeling becomes very strong, it will supplant the other entirely, and the first motives will be forgotten. Presently ambition may supplant emulation in the same way, and this being a stronger motive than either of the others when it takes deep root, it will stimulate the man to great exertions in the acquisition of knowledge.

But if the highest of all motives should spring up in the mind—the love of knowledge, and an unspeakable enjoyment in the discovery of truth—then all inferior motives, even ambition itself, will be forgotten as if they had never been ; as there is no longer any use for them they may well cease to exist. They are, in fact,

like resentment and anger, the mere scaffolding which God uses to build up the mind to a lofty state of excellence, and when this is accomplished the scaffolding is thrown down. I can conceive of no higher motive than the love of truth and the love of goodness. It is probable, therefore, that when this motive once takes root it will flourish to all eternity as the prevailing motive in all our conduct. And as our happiness will consist in the search and discovery of truth and in the practice of goodness, it will be impossible for the motive ever to change.

It may perhaps be objected by some, that, if anger and resentment should cease to spring up in our minds when we are injured and insulted, great evil would result, for no other motive would stimulate us to inflict that chastisement on the offender which his conduct deserves. Thus, he would never be cured of his evil, and we would be subject to the continual repetition of the insult or injury. If this is really a true statement of the case, and if the evils here anticipated would really flow from the annihilation of anger and resentment, the objection is unanswerable, and would prove that God never intends these feelings to become extinct.

But are we sure that kindness and gentleness on our part towards the insolent would be less efficient in curing them of their insolent feelings towards us, and their disposition to do us injury, than conduct dictated by anger or resentment? So far from this being the case, it is as true in the moral world as in the material, that "action and reaction are equal and in opposite directions." Treat a man with harshness, and harshness will be returned—treat him with kindness, and kindness will be returned; at least, this is the case in the lower stages of his existence. As soon as a man rises high enough to perceive this law, why not take advantage of it? Why not treat the insolent with kindness, and thus "*overcome evil with good*?" Until a man is far advanced in knowledge and virtue he will not be able to act on this principle; but as soon as he can he will perceive it will be better both for him and the offender, because he himself will avoid the great pain of anger, and the offender will be more effectually cured. By the law of retaliation the offender might be restrained from insolent *conduct* in future, but by the law of kindness the very disposition or desire to be insolent would forever cease to exist. If even a few men should not only *act* kindly but *feel* kindly towards those who maltreat them and revile them, the beneficent effects of such conduct

would be so apparent and so great that many would hasten to imitate so sublime an example, and an unspeakable amount of good would speedily be the result.

It is extremely hard, however, in the present state of society, for any to rise so high in their moral advancement as to act and feel thus, especially as they are educated during all the early part of their lives, when they are incapable of thinking for themselves, to believe in the law of retaliation, and when they see every one act on that principle and no one ever calls it in question. If children were taught from their earliest infancy, both by precept and by the example of their parents and all around them, that they must never return evil for evil, but to *bless them who curse them*, who can tell the mighty influence this system would have on the peace and happiness of the world in one generation?

But even in the present low state of moral advancement—low in comparison of what it will be in future times—the man who shall exhibit the sublime moral spectacle of kindness of feeling and gentleness of deportment towards one who treats him with insult and contumely, will produce a much more lasting and beneficial impression on all who witness the scene, than another who returns evil for evil.

[To be Continued.]

ON PRAYER.

My attention has been drawn to prayer by the exhibition it has made of itself—or that has been made of it—in the case of John Brown. From that point the view has been somewhat extended.

John Brown's undertaking has been opprobriously called a *raid* upon Virginia. Call mine, if you please, a raid upon Christianity. Call it what you please. It is war upon superstition. As such it shall yet obtain recognition, as sure as light is to shine on paths where now men are walking in darkness. John Brown's work aimed at the unchaining of four millions: my work aims at the unchaining of more than forty times four millions, whose chains are more than forty thousand times as heavy as those forged for the victims of American despotism. Not that my weights and measures are to be found showing too light an estimate of Amer-

ican usurpation and cruelty. More thorough investigation shall convince that no weights or measures have yet been found or instituted by which to expose the comparative usurpation and cruelty of superstition. The refined ruffianism of a *praying* Christianity, the imposed fear of a god, the extorted love of an infinite, inexorable tyrant, that can smite down, awe, and humble into praying posture such men as John Brown; religion, that binds compulsorily, with chains weighty enough to restrain mankind from rising into knowledge of their own proper position in the universe—subjecting them to the rapacity of those who make merchandize of them for their own gratification, and the glory of so-called gods, which are the workmanship of their own hands, fabricated for instrumentalities in their dehumanizing business: these are enormities and oppressions for which measures and weights are yet to be instituted.

The strength of slavery is in the ignorance of the slaves. This is as true in the higher conditions of subserviency as in the lower. The naturally noble horse could not be led about and tied up with a thong, if he only knew. His masters, for their own safety, and the security of their interests in using him, have to educate him into ignorance of his own powers. So of the higher order of animals, used by their masters for producing cotton and sugar: these have to be educated in the same downward direction. So also of a higher grade of a kindred order of animals, used by *their* masters for building steeple-houses—which are intellectual slaughter-houses—and for keeping a race of masters educated into knowledge of means for perpetuating their control: these used ones, too, have to be subjected to the same degrading discipline. The secret of success, in all this course of discipline, is *deception*. The quadrupeds that grass-growers plow with are deceived; the bipeds that cotton-growers plow with are deceived; so also are the bipeds of higher grade that priests plow with. One of these is just about as insusceptible as another of knowledge that would ennoble him. Whisper in the ears of jaded beasts, put Homer and Virgil within the reach of toilers on southern plantations, and you will be as well appreciated as in efforts to reach the slaves of Superstition with a Philosophy of Reason and Nature. Nevertheless, there are those so constituted they can not be happy without occasional efforts to disenfranchise and elevate the degraded things of their kind.

A vast amount of praying has been induced by John Brown's

movement: prayers both ways; prayers all ways; prayers for and prayers against; prayers North and prayers South; prayers to Jehovah, prayers to Jesus, and prayers to Mary; prayers for freedom and prayers for slavery. Who shall say whether these or those have been successful, or that either have availed in the least? Where or what is the evidence? The enemies of John Brown, and friends and supporters of slavery, have prayed for success in shedding his blood; and they have prevailed and succeeded. They who believe in prayer, and pray to gods, is it for them to deny that a god, who has advertised himself a "man of war," on hand for a job, ambitious for glory, and who has directed his favorites to make "bondmen and bondwomen for ever" of their neighbors, has been standing at the right hand of Henry A. Wise, in answer to the prayers of slave-owning and slavery-supporting saints, South and North? The editors of the *New York Observer*, *et id omne genus* — are they not *refined* men? are they not pious? are they not zealous and jealous for the glory of their gods? are they not of genuine Puritanic, John Calvin stock? have they not had education in the same theology with John Brown? All these prayed vociferously, magniloquently, not to say malignantly, to have John Brown killed — and he was killed. Now, if praying had anything to do with it, and the "man of war" had anything to do with it in answer to prayer, it seems legitimate to conclude that he must have been the direct, personal instigator and manipulator of the glorious military movement in Virginia, that will immortalize the men and the gods who have made the display. Those who have prayed to the contrary must admit that their god, to whom they have prayed, has at least *permitted* it to be as it has been: at any rate, that he has been unable or unwilling to avert it. What, then, the use of their prayers? Can they say more in reply here than that they have been *obedient* — have done the bidding of their book? Under the authority of the same book, John Brown has been killed, and slavery sustained. Is it said, "The wrath of man shall praise him, and the remainder of wrath he will restrain"? Why not restrain it all? Is the god in need of such praise, or does he delight in it? Who is benefited by it? If a god will do a thing, what is the use of praying for that thing to be done, or not to be done? If he will not do a thing, what the use, any more? If he is to be prayed into a process that he could not otherwise be got into, how is he

to get at his decision? Is it to go with him by majority, or is it to be an affair of literature, of logic, of loquacity, of scholarship, or of rhetoric? or is it to be sympathy? And how is it to be known what channels to construct, or what mediums to provide, through which his sympathies will flow? If men are to be practical, they need to depend on something reliable. What is to be the motive power to bear on him—the influence under which he is to be brought?

If there be any propriety in the use of language, calling things false or true; if there be any such things as proprieties and improprieties, all the conditions of prayer are false and improper on the part of both parties concerned, including the requiring of prayer, and the yielding to the requirement. If it could be possible to suppose a creator of things, with perfect power, wisdom and goodness, it must follow that it would be the business of such a being to have all things right, nothing wrong; to have all things perfect, nothing imperfect. No business to have whining, crying, agonizing, distressed children. All wants should be anticipated by such a being—supplied before they are felt. The maker, or sufferer, of misery, who *delights* in it, is a monster of tyranny. The maker, or sufferer, of misery, who does *not* delight in it, is an impotent trifler. The idea of misery, then, under the control of a perfect creator and governor, is a matchless absurdity.* Why does any *father* ever suffer any of his children to be miserable? Simply, and only, because he has not the control of the circumstances to prevent it. He is deficient in the power, the wisdom, or the goodness—one, or more, or all. It does not do to make the exception here in favor of the more intelligent, and increase the propriety of the exception with the increase of intelligence. Directly and entirely the contrary. The better he *knows*, the better he should *do*. It does not satisfy to say: He has superior wisdom, and knows how to bring good out of evil,—let him therefore eat and drink to the production of drunkenness, lechery and scrofula, and beget children inheriting ruin, for the father's pleasure, honor and glory. The more the wisdom and power, the more the obligation to prevent misery. Perfect wisdom and power should prevent it all.

No good beings require prayer. On the other hand, none who know what belongs to their own dignity, and have discerned the

* Or a wisdom beyond our conception.—Ed.

propriety of things in their relations to others, will yield themselves to the degrading conditions, will suffer themselves to be dragged through, or in any way to be taken through the senseless mummery, in obedience to blinding traditions, in submission to requirements handed forward from their inferiors, restrained by dead oracles instead of being inspirited by living truths, charmed and chained by incantations from darkness behind, deaf and blind to inviting and inspiring developments from light before.

How can it be that the right or the wrong has the least consideration with any god prayed to? Where, or what is the evidence? How can Christians claim, with the least show of proof from manifestations made to them, that their god goes for the right? They will not, they dare not, undertake the production of the proof. They assume and assert, and when told that this is not sufficient, and called on for proof, they get off with the additional assumption that proof is not necessary, and that it is the height of audacity in unbelievers to call for it. As many of them as have bestowed a thought on it know too well that the preponderance of proof is against them; they know that, so far as any thing is manifest, their god is a faithless promiser, and not a faithful performer. Here they are brought back again to their book, to the bidding of their master, right or wrong. This is it: right or wrong. Right and wrong are out of the question; it is only for them to do as their book bids, as their master dictates — their book everything, they themselves nothing — the condition between all despots and despoiled.

To the book, then; to the Christian's part of it in particular. Their Great Teacher mocks and scouts formal prayers, praying indirectly, indefinitely, without a special purpose, and the expectation of a direct, immediate answer. He teaches them to pray for things to be done miraculously; to ask what they will, and it shall be granted at once, even to the removing of mountains and casting them into the sea; requires faith to this end and effect, and damns as many as fail of it. In immediate connection with pronouncing damnation for disbelief he follows with the tests, telling them of miraculous things they shall do, evincive of their faith. In accordance with this teaching the show is kept up in the book for Peter, Paul and Silas, who it is stated were released from prison by the miraculous intervention of divine power, in answer to the prayers of the saints. Why, then, should not John

Brown, by like intervention prayed for and vouchsafed, have been miraculously delivered from the power of a most damnable despotism? He was a better man than either Peter or Paul. It is not recorded of him that he was ever guilty of betraying his Master, or of persecuting his Master's Church. Say not that miracles were more necessary to convince men in those days of ignorance, than they are in these days of intelligence. Exactly the contrary. It took less to delude then; it takes stronger proof now. If miracles could ever have been or ever be the things for proof, they are more necessary now than at any former period. Besides, the Catholic Church, the genuine Christian Church, has kept a record of miracles performed in answer to prayers down to the present time—exceptions to the rule, to be sure: not an answer to one prayer in a thousand, but a miraculous answer now and then; so that they can show their claims to being, in this respect, the true followers of their Master who left them the requirement. It is not, then, for Protestants to say that miracles ceased with the Apostles, so-called. The Catholics show to the contrary on authority as good as establishes any Christian miracle. Why do the Protestants pray? For the same reason that the Catholics do: their Master commands it. To whom was the command given? To the same ones commanded to work miracles, and in the same connection. Whoever is commanded to pray is commanded to exercise faith equal to the working of miracles; the obligations run coëxtensive. Not a word there imposing faithful prayer on one generation of disciples and faithless prayer on another generation.

Here is a specimen of modern Christian miracles. What was the object of this miracle wrought in answer to prayer? Was it only the relief of this single sufferer? Why are millions of other sufferers neglected? Was it, rather, the glory of the Christian's god? Would not the glory have been greatly enhanced by taking the neck of John Brown unharned from the halter, and translating him before the eyes of his enemies? Rather, still, was it the good of mankind? Who, then, can calculate how superior must have been the effect for the purpose thus to have rescued John Brown?

But to the miracle. "Dr. T. L. Nichols, formerly of this city," says the *New York Evening Post*, "and of late years a proselyte to the Roman Catholic faith, gives the following account of what

he pronounces a miraculous cure, of which President Buchanan was a witness, in Washington. It is related in a lecture delivered in Troy, on the evening of December 7th :

“A few years ago there lived in the city of Washington a Mrs. Mattingly, a devout Catholic, of a very respectable family ; and a lady well known in the community in which she resided. She had been sick for seven years of a cancer in the stomach, which had progressed so far as to make its appearance on the surface, and had entirely crippled her in her arms. She was so weak and low of the disease, that often a mirror was placed before her face to see whether she was alive or not. Her disease was considered incurable by her medical attendants in Washington, and she was given over to die. When there was no other hope her friends wrote to a Hungarian prince, who was also a priest, a very devout and holy man, whose prayers had often been answered in his own country, and the fame of whose deeds had spread far and wide, in respect to her case. He replied, that on a certain day, at a certain hour, he would say mass in behalf of the sufferer, which should be celebrated in her presence at the same time, calculating the difference in longitude, and that she should also receive the holy communion. The period fixed upon arrived. She lay in bed, and it appeared that she was never so low as on that morning. The ceremony was performed, and she received the holy communion, although it was at first doubted whether she could survive it. In a moment after it was completed she arose from her bed, returned thanks, went down stairs and received the congratulations of over three hundred visitors, who came to rejoice over her recovery. All symptoms of disease had vanished, the ulcers had disappeared, and the cure was effected instantly. Among those present on that occasion was President Buchanan. The lady died in Washington three or four years ago. I could mention other cases as occurring in this country, but this one is sufficient for my purpose. I bring it forth as an attestation of the divine character of the Roman Catholic Church.”

This is better authenticated than anything of the kind in the New Testament, by as much as it is nearer to us in time and place. It is certainly less in unreconciliation with nature than many of the New Testament pretensions. The idea that a supernatural god had anything to do with this or the other is to be rejected. A god who has knowledge of such calamities and power to remove them,

but will wait, like a doctor, to be called on before he will do it, and leave it undone if he is not called on—and perhaps if he is—is unfit to be employed; he is a worse being than we allow men to be. No good man, having self-sustaining power—being independent of compensation, having knowledge of suffering, and wisdom and means for its removal—would allow it to exist. Why are not all the cancers and other ills removed at once? Why have they not been prevented? Not for the want of *power* to do it—oh, no! but only for the want of disposition; then the want of good men to propitiate the power—to pray the power to be disposed to well-doing!

“Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
The god propitiate, and the pest assuage.”

The necessities, then, in the case are good men; without these the gods are good for nothing. What, then, are the gods good for any how? To make us dependent on them for the good men, is to stretch the absurdity and aggravate the nonsense. They are no more reliable for furnishing us the good men to propitiate them than they are for doing the good work without being propitiated. The idea is, they will not do a good work for humanity till they are teased into it by good men! What, then, is to be the beginning process? Who is to tease for the making of the first good man—the first teaser? The difficulty is to get the thing started; and if it ever was started it is evident there has been no less difficulty in keeping it going, for lack on the part of propitiators or propitiated, or both.

It never has gone—it never started: the Philosophy of Nature has no cognizance of such doings. Whatsoever is salutary for the suffering can be accomplished by procuring the sympathy of those fitly organized for the purpose, far off or near, and is one of the processes of Nature that knows no superior, controlling, coöperating or interfering power. Prayers, miracles, and gods are human institutions; they have had a common origin, and will have a common destiny: undeveloped brains produced them, developed brains will dispense with them. An essential truth now needed to be known, at this point, appears to me simply this: it was the ignorance and folly of *those* days that was imposed upon by the pretension to miracles; it is the ignorance and folly of *these* days that is imposed upon by the record of the old imposture.

With all his praying, John Brown was a great and good man,

and has made an abiding mark. The same is true of multitudes of others. If John Brown could have known enough to elevate himself above praying, he would have been a greater and better man, and more effective; if he had been more perfectly self-reliant, trusting nothing to an untrustworthy god, he must have laid better plans. He was deluded with the idea of miraculous help; he had always been praying to one who had no power to perform,—had been praying to and trusting a god who had pretended to take his favorites through a sea on dry land, drowning their enemies behind them; and others of his favorites out of a fiery furnace: and to another god—or the same incarnate—who had pretended to feed thousands out of the contents of a dinner bag, carried about on a man's arm or shoulder, for a dozen. If there be any philosophical propriety in lamentation, it may be allowable here to say it is a great pity that so great and good a man as John Brown could not have been educated into elevation above this. That a man of his natural powers, his virtue, his integrity, self-reliance, and self-control, should have been educated backward and downward into a degrading superstition—into a religion whose nature and work, whose very signification, is, to bind, and keep tied up, anchored with the injunction not to grow wise above what has been written—is deeply deplorable.

The fact that praying men have done some good things, innumerable good things, and done them well, is no evidence that praying has been instrumental of the good. Swearing men as well as praying ones have done good things, and done them well; but who will give credit to the swearing? The swearing men of Christendom to-day are as reliable for good faith, truth, generosity, catholicity, humanity, as the praying men. Praying and swearing are proximates; they are in intimate relations. It takes a superstitious believer, a believer in prayer, to be an accomplished swearer.

The bad in human conduct more than the good is clearly traceable to the influence of prayer. Read the 109th Psalm of David, a man after his god's own heart, and learn from it the character of a man preëminent in prayer, and of a praying man's god. Then take a lesson from the 20th chapter of Genesis; see in this how a praying prophet and his god could league together with lying intimidation to defraud and fleece a man of better integrity. Read the whole history of this prayer-imposing, prayer-hearing god,

and his praying favorites, coöperating for the subjugation and extermination of their neighbors ; in it the murderers of John Brown will find justifying example and full sanction for subjecting those around about them to perpetual bondage. Read the history of the Christian sect itself, divided into countless sects, praying and wrangling, praying against each other, praying and fighting, *preying* and singing praise to their savage deity. Witness the *te-deums* at the massacres on St. Bartholomew's day in Paris, at Magdeberg, and on other like occasions, where the Christian's god was praised for the slaughter of heretics, as he is now for the slaughter of the enemies of slavery. The wars of Christendom, from first to last, have been carried on by praying men ; the oppressions of Christendom have all been imposed and held on by the consecrating hands of praying men—pious men ; and these wars and oppressions are at the present time, as they have been in past times, as inhuman, all things considered, as the sun shines upon, or as the darkness relieves from the sight of.

Prayer makes men reckless of human life. Whatever there was of seeming recklessness in John Brown's career is to be attributed to his having been a man of prayer—of faith in a "prayer-hearing, prayer-answering god," who might deliver him on earth, and, if he wouldn't do that, would save him in heaven. This faith, and praying and agonizing himself into excitement habitually in connection with it, must have had a tendency to make him reckless of human life, his own as well as that of others. In proportion to his sincerity, in expectation of going directly to a heaven that would better his condition, he would undervalue life ; and how could he be more careful of the lives of his enemies in their bad cause than of his own in his good cause ?

Prayer is an enemy to freedom of thought and of utterance. It palsies the tongue and muzzles the press. Thinking, and the expression of thought, lifts men from their knees and holds them on their feet. Thought and expression must, therefore, be suppressed for prayer's sake. There is not a praying man in Christendom but deprecates a faithful utterance of the best, the gravest, the most pregnant, the paramount convictions now teeming in human brains. Praying men are in fear—in fear of gods ; gods made by men—men inferior to the best of the praying class. Free and faithful utterance would annihilate these gods and extinguish prayer ; it would take away the occupation of the class whose business it is to keep the world of mankind in praying conditions.

Prayer is an enemy to science. Science comes in against all miracles. Of course, it finds an antagonist in prayer. If the time that has been squandered in prayer had been occupied in studying physiology—studying to know human conditions, human adaptations, human wants, and to know the best practical means for supplying those wants, in the use of productive industry,—there is no telling nor conceiving the distance we might have been ahead of where we now find ourselves in wisdom and happiness.

Prayer for pardon is license for crime. A year or two ago, in the city of New York, a man murdered his wife, the mother of his four children. The poor, miserable wretch confessed he had killed her because she was more than worthy of him; because her moral conduct was better than his, and her life was a reproach to him. He was condemned to be hung. As he was about to die, the priest exhorted him not to fear, assuring him that in a few minutes he would be in heaven! The least encouragement for pardon is so much license for lingering in evil ways. Hope for pardon is false and unnatural, in the proffer and the acceptance. Bad organizations are made worse by it; good ones can not be benefited by it, and do not need it. Every one is made better by being taught to stand responsible, in rectitude, and take the consequences. Let none but they who do well hope for the enjoyments that belong only to well-doers.

Praying promotes hypocrisy. Not that all praying men are hypocrites, but where there is frailty of organization in this direction, prayer makes things worse; and the naturally well fortified at this point it can make no better. To say the least of it, it tends to insincerity. No practical man will risk a dollar or a loaf of bread on it. If any one will undertake it, let him pray, and his neighbor plow, and see who has bread. Prayer never made a bushel of grain, an honest man, nor good neighborhood. It has helped to make millions of hypocrites, piratical priests and robbers. The Christian Master himself reproved those who "for a pretense made long prayers," denouncing them as hypocrites. Now why is a *long* prayer worse than a *short* one, except by the amount of its length? Prayer is prayer—hypocrisy is hypocrisy. If a long prayer has the effect to strengthen hypocritical tendencies, a short prayer has its proportion of the same effect. That Teacher did well in "heading in" this branch of religious rottenness: he would have done better in removing the entire branch. He would

have done it, no doubt, if he had possessed the requisite knowledge and courage. Inasmuch as he was deficient in the one or the other, or both of these, it becomes philosophers to treat him more charitably in the matter than he treated his cotemporaries.

The Philosophy of Nature requires the extension of charitable-ness in every direction my thoughts have taken. Men have prayed and worshiped, and feared to leave it off, because they knew no better; have submitted to authorities because they knew no better; have taken the "babes and sucklings" of their race for teachers, because they knew no better; have paid a pack of perfidious pretenders to feed them with intellectual food, prepared by the infants, because they knew no better; and the dealers in the imposture have dealt out degradation and desolation, because they knew no better. The evil is ignorance—the remedy is knowledge.

We do not, of course, hold ourself responsible for articles appearing in *The Dial* which we have not written; and if we take especial notice of any article, it is not because we endorse the rest, but because it has suggested some statements which we think important to the cause of truth. It is not without pleasure that we publish the above, with all its rough disregard of conventionalities, literary and religious; for it shows that our project of an independent magazine finds greeting with the very class of minds which it was designed to reach. Our motto declares that *The Dial* is set to mark only the hours of light: conventionality, timidity, thralldom, are shadowed and sunless hours for it; but wherever there is a hearty, brave, and earnest thought or feeling, there is a ray for it to mark.

The defect of the above article seems to us to be that, in the language of a homely German proverb, it throws out the baby with the bath. Its fierce indignation at superstition holds discrimination in abeyance, and because of the worm cuts down the tree. In the first place, its spirit is impaired by a failure to see how many things, in past and present times, seem to favor the idea of divine interference in behalf of prayer. The Brahmin Gangooly, now in this country, ridiculed, in a conversation we had with him, the idea of bringing cases of healing diseases and casting out devils (lunacies) as evidences of Christ's religion; such things, he said, are frequently done in India to-day. It is not to a philosophical mind improbable that a woman's faith should have been so wrought up that the touching of the hem of Christ's garment should have revolutionized her entire system. In the case, mentioned above, of Mrs. Mattingly, we took some pains, during our residence in Washington, to investigate it, and believe that the facts, though somewhat colored, are substantially as related. Now it implies ages of metaphysical culture, ages of experiment on the connection of the imagination with the nerve-spirit, to resolve such events into the relations of science. In the second place, Nature herself has claims which are somewhat ignored in the article. Let our correspondent read the collection of prayers which we have made

in our Catholic Chapter. These prayers are manifestly earnest; they grew out of a normal stage in the growth of Humanity. Place the savages who have no worship beside Euripides, Socrates, etc., who uttered these prayers, and you see that they are of very poor stature indeed. Now, we are willing to admit the crudeness of the common prayers, the ignorance of seeking to dictate to God what he shall give or forbear. It is plain to us that the words, *Not my will, but Thine, be done*, stultify four-fifths of the pulpit prayers; yet we maintain that these Litanies and Prayers, although a full-grown soul can not live among them any more than the human body could live in the vast fern-growths of early geologic periods, are yet just as natural out-growths of the forming mind, as those ferns were of the forming earth. Then our friend says, let them pass away together—ferns with their swamps, prayers with their superstition—before the higher being! And yet we doubt not that when he was writing his paper it was by the side of a fire fed by those same ferns,—not in the same form, to be sure, but crystallized into coal. Let us crystallize our old creeds, brother, not throw them away! The old superstitions *are*, therefore they mean something; can there be so much smoke and no fire? We admit how poor our attainments are and have been in this direction; but when we see the calf butting at every tree and rock we are pretty sure there are horns behind there which will come out after a while.

Grant that the objections raised by common sense and common instinct are true in regard of Jupiter, Ormuzd, Thor, Allah, Manetho, Brahm, Jehovah, or Trinity, or any other conceivable being, yet the disappearance of these empiricisms do not affect the eternal determination of brain and heart in the direction of Theism. Our impregnable position is, that fin implies water, wing necessitates air, eye light, ear sound; and that the aspiration within which has made every God from a grinning ape to the Father of Jesus, is as definite a reality as fin, wing, eye, or ear, and implies the yet unconceived, unnamed, *but not unfelt* Being who is its proper object.

As for the utterance of the emotions stirred by these influences, it depends entirely for its value on its genuineness, and even then, of course, has no value as altering the will of God. It must be remembered that all Christians, even the orthodox, do not understand Prayer in the gross sense given of it by our friend. Christ has left no petition for a temporal blessing. The Methodist and the Moravian delight to sing:

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

To oppose the utterance of feelings would be to do away with language altogether. Talking is a ceremony of Thought. There's many a prayer that means the unutterable, but speaks the limited or even narrow word. It is a realm where we will do better to go without plumb-lines and levels. When Mary Stuart was led forth to execution, the Earl of Kent, taunting the crucifix she held, said: "We should wear Christ in our hearts." "And why," replied the Queen, "should I bear him in my hand if he were not in my heart?" Why should men so strive to utter from their lips what has no essential and inward reality?—Ep.

QUATRAINS.

Cras, heri, hodie.

Shines the last age, the next with hope is seen,
 To-day slinks poorly off unmarked between ;
 Future or Past no richer secret folds,
 O friendless Present ! than thy bosom holds.

Climacteric.

I am not wiser for my age,
 Nor skilful by my grief ;
 Life loiters at the book's first page —
 Ah ! could we turn the leaf !

Botanist.

Go thou to thy learned task ;
 I stay with the flowers of Spring ;
 Do thou of the ages ask
 What me the hours will bring.

Forester.

He took the color of his vest
 From rabbit's coat or grouse's breast,
 For, as the wood-kinds lurk and hide,
 So walks the woodman unespied.

THE CATHOLIC CHAPTER.

WORSHIP.

THE PERSIAN LITANY.

LET us take refuge with Mezdám from dark and evil thoughts
 which molest and afflict us.

O Creator of the essence of supports and stays !

O Thou who showerest down benefits !

O Thou who formest the heart and soul !

O Fashioner of forms and shadows !

O Light of lights !

Thou art the first, for there is no priority prior to Thee !

Thou art the last, for there is no posteriority posterior to Thee !

O worthy to be lauded ! deliver us from the bonds of terrestrial
 matter !

Rescue us from the fetters of dark and evil matter !

Intelligence is a drop from among the drops of the ocean of thy place of Souls.

The Soul is a flame from among the flames of the fire of thy residence of Sovereignty.

Mezdam is hid by excess of light. He is Lord of his wishes ; not subject to novelties ; and the great is small, and the tall short, and the broad narrow, and the deep is as a ford to him.

Who causeth the shadow to fall.

The Inflamer, who maketh the blood to boil.

In the circle of thy sphere which is without rent, which neither assumeth a new shape nor putteth off an old one, nor taketh a straight course, Thou art exalted, O Lord ! From Thee is praise, and to Thee is praise.

Thy world of forms, the city of bodies, the place of created things is long, broad and deep. Thou art the accomplisher of desires.

The eyes of Purity saw Thee by the lustre of thy substance.

Dark and astounded is he who hath seen Thee by the efforts of the Intellect.

Mezdam, the First Cause, speaks to the Worshiper.

My light is on thy countenance ; my word is on thy tongue. Me thou seest, me thou hearest, me thou smelllest, me thou tastest, me thou touchest. What thou sayest, that I say ; and thy acts are my acts. And I speak by thy tongue, and thou speakest to me, though mortals imagine that thou speakest to them.

I am never out of thy heart, and I am contained in nothing but in thy heart. And I am nearer unto thee than thou art unto thyself. Thy Soul reacheth me.

In the name of Mezdam, O Siamese ! I will call thee aloft, and make thee my companion ; the lower world is not thy place. Many times daily thou escapest from thy body and comest unto me.

Now, thou art not satisfied with coming unto me from time to time, and longest to abide continually nigh unto me ; I, too, am not satisfied with thy absence. Although thou art with me, and I with thee, still thou desirest and I desire that thou shouldst be still more intimately with me. Therefore will I release thee from thy terrestrial body, and make thee sit in my company.

From the DESATIR, a collection of Persian prophets.

Thou God of all ! infuse light into the souls of men, whereby they may be enabled to know what is the root from whence all their evils spring, and by what means they may avoid them.

Euripides.

O gracious Pan ! and ye other gods who preside over this place ! grant that I may be beautiful within ; and that those external things which I have may be such as may best agree with a right internal disposition of mind ; and that I may account him to be rich who is wise and just.

Socrates.

Wacîc, the Caliph, who died A. D. 845, ended his life with these words : " O Thou, whose kingdom never passes away, pity one whose dignity is so transient."

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come ; Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread ; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil ; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and glory, forever.

NOTE.—In the above prayer Jesus gave in a perfect and simplified form prayers already existing, which had grown venerable to the hearts around him. Thus every Jew in his daily morning prayer, says : " Sanctify thy name, O Lord, in thy World." As for the second prayer, the conclusion of every Jewish service is : " We hope in Thee, O Lord, our God, to make thy glorious omnipotence speedily manifest, and to establish thy Heavenly Kingdom " We read in the Talmud, " If any one is on a journey or otherwise pressed for time, let him repeat the following short prayer : ' Our Father which art in Heaven, Thy will be done on high ; Vouchsafe to bestow a peaceful and tranquil mind to those who honor Thee on earth ; but do, O Lord, what seems good in thy sight.' " (Berachoth, p. 29.) The third petition is nearly identical with that in Proverbs xxx. 8. When the proselyte Aquila visited Rabbi Eliezer, he asked him, " Should the entire prospect of a proselyte consist merely in the promise, ' He loveth the stranger to give him bread and raiment.' " (Deut. x. 11) Whereupon the Rabbi answered : " Seems this so very little in thine eyes ? And yet it is what the Patriarch asked of God when he had fled from his father's house, ' Give me only bread to eat and raiment to put on.' " (Bereshith Rabba, Parasha 70.) We have always believed, however, that Jesus meant to spiritualize this prayer—the word *epiousion* being peculiar and expressive. Dr. Clark thinks more than *bodily* nourishment is meant. The French translate it *le pain supersubstantiel*.—*Forgive us*, etc. The Jew's evening prayer runs : " Lord of the Universe ! I forgive every one who has this day vexed or offended me, or who has injured me, either bodily, or in my honor or property, and may no one be punished by Thee for my sake."—*And lead us not*, etc. In the regular morning prayer of the Jew is this : " Let us, O Lord, not fall into the power of sin, transgression or iniquity, and lead us not into temptation." When the Scroll of the Law is taken out of the Holy Ark, the chant is : " Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, power, glory, and majesty."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World : with Narrative Illustrations. By ROBERT DALE OWEN; formerly Member of Congress, and American Minister to Naples. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1860. Cincinnati: A. Hutchinson.

This work is superior to any on its subject. Catharine Crowe's *Night-side of Nature*, published just ten years ago, was a fair sample of all works on the inexplicable hitherto written; and its incidents were selected more with reference to romantic interest and exciting effect, than to authenticity and consistency. Mr. Owen is a deeply-stirred inquirer, and possesses a knowledge of philosophical method. The "dear old visionary" will show himself now and then; but there is nothing to cause the work to be looked on as a literary phenomenon. The interest is general, and the subject pertinent to the time.

In this question of the supernatural, the believers and the unbelievers meet much as a tropical wind smiting a southward-bound iceberg. The believer is all aglow; the spirit-world palpitating around him, the loved and lost hovering over life's saddened path: what more could be needed to kindle in the heart an all-devouring flame, which can consume any quantity of logic or criticism which stand in the way? On the other hand, in no region of inquiry beside is the unbeliever so cold. Mention a spirit to him, or a revelation from another world, and he turns to ice on the instant: his speech freezes to criticism, his eye is grey with skepticism, he is a very miser with concessions. This can only be referred to the everlasting distinctions of temperament: the faith is not of ourselves, it is the gift of God; the no-faith is like the legs of the *Sepidea*, which only the anatomist's knife can get at—its quantum of bone having gone off into another organ. We have long been of the opinion that men believe *what they've a mind to*. All facts, all Bibles, are sure to combine wonderfully to prove what their prejudice, common sense, or dyspepsia has preconceived. We read not so much to find truths as confirmations and illustrations. Luther did not hesitate to call the epistle of St. James "an epistle of straw," when he found it did not support his views of justification by faith. And the mass of people who shall read this most entertaining book, will find in it, according to their structural capacities, new proofs of Spiritualism, Swedenborgianism, Scriptural Supernaturalism, Diabolism, Catholicism, Meamerism, Intelligence of Matter and the Odyllic Force, all of which may find strong arguments in it. Certain it is that this realm is yet fluid; many who have cried, Land, ho! have only called our eyes to a fog-bank. Yet we rejoice that truth is an ocean, all roads and highways, one sublime plain, "giving passage to every love, and fair winds to all desirable knowledge."

The Eighteen Christian Centuries. By the REV. JAMES WHITE, Author of a "History of France." From the 23d Edinburgh Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

Niebuhr, Carlyle and Grote have so spoilt our generation in the department of history, by introducing that little hump-backed old gentleman (?) who is always asking questions, that it really requires a kind of physical courage to enter the lists in this direction. Mr. Buckle almost proves that there never was a history written. So we opened Mr. White's work with the sophisticated air of Sir Charles Coldstream. One count we made out very soon against the rash Reverend—he has not yet separated History from Chronology. What has living history to do with centuries? especially, what with dated, labeled centuries? History's centuries begin with 1340, or 1776, not with 1300, 1400, etc., etc. But, then, has not Mr. White gone to the very heart of the word History, *hystoria*, to view? He has gone on the principle that there are in

each century great salient, representative events and men : in these the century effloresces. Some one has said, "All history is the record of some half dozen good heads." Mr. White has not generalized so far, but he has seen the high tides, and has sketched with graphic pen epochs and men which are sure to interest. We have no high-flown praise for the work, such as "exhaustive, profound," etc. Mr. White has written a candid and very interesting book.

Self-Help : with Illustrations of Character and Conduct. By SAMUEL SMILES, Author of "The Life of George Stephenson." New York : Harper & Bros. 1860. Cincinnati : Rickey, Mallory & Co.

A very useful work, but not without its perils. Dr. Johnson's rude comparison of self-taught men to the walking dogs, observing that when he saw a dog walk and exclaimed, Admirable ! he meant that it was admirable *for a dog*, is not without its reason : even in the best examples of those who have triumphed over obstacles and become useful self-made men, we have to sigh at the remembrance of how infinitely more they would have been through that culture which the experience of ages has shown to be fit rain and light for mind and character. Yet where there is culture, all examples which inspire self-reliance can not be too highly accredited. Mr. Smiles has, therefore, done a good work in giving this succinct Cyclopaedia of such.

Morphy's Games : *A Selection of the Best Games Played by the Distinguished Champion in Europe and America.* With Analytical and Critical Notes. By J. LOWENTHAL. New York : D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati : Rickey, Mallory & Co.

The title-page of this work is a sufficient guarantee of its high value to the lovers of this noblest of games. The memoir, etc., are written *con amore* by Lowenthal ; and the external elegance of the book is worthy of its inner beauties. It is an oriental story that one was taken through the pavilions of a great prince, through his fountains, his gardens—all the most brilliant of the East,—then asked if he had ever seen anything more beautiful ? "Yes," he replied, "the chess-play of El-Zuli." We have played over all but one or two of the games in this volume—about 160,—and we know what the word "beautiful" means, as applied to chess-play.

The Right Word in the Right Place, etc. By the Author of "How to Write," etc.. New York : Fowler & Wells, publishers. 1860. Cincinnati : A. Hutchinson, 160 Vine street.

It is surprising how much valuable information there is in this little work. Many grand works on Philology will not give so good a list of synonyms ; and none, that we know, will inform us in a condensed form of the technical terms of trades and professions, of the way to write for the press, read proof, punctuate, etc. It is a sign of the times that such a work should be put out for the people in cheap form. They are reading proof, then !

Misrepresentation : A Novel. By ANNA H. DRURY, author of "Friends and Fortune," "Eastbury," etc. New York : Harper & Bros. 1860. Cincinnati : Rickey, Mallory & Co.

We can say at least, with a good conscience, that this is an entertaining work. A novel that does not bore one need only have the three Demosthenic elements of eloquence—"action, action, action." But a novel that quickens brain and heart must have more ; it must show the grandeur of the simple, the miraculousness of the common-place. It is sad to think how many "thrilling romances" would be knocked in the head if the element of unnatural stupidity were withdrawn from hero or heroine. There is a misunderstanding between

the parties which a word from either would clear up, a word which you and I would have spoken, and ache to interpolate in the book. Assassin! interpolate that word, speak that most natural thing, and you have made all the rest impossible! But when one can take the natural word and action and then show healthy and noble results, there is a real novel. We will hope for our graphic authoress an early day when she shall see that fiction is a tedious common-place by the side of fact.

The Professor at the Breakfast-Table: with the Story of Iris. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard

Good wine needs no bush.

The Lectures of Lola Montes: with a full and complete Biography of her Life, etc. Philadelphia: Peterson & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

Did Lola Montes write these lectures, or has some one written them for her? We know of nothing out of Edmund About's *Tolla and Germaine* more piquant, more subtle, more instinct with life. The Lectures on Beautiful Women and the Comic Aspect of Love are worthy of any pen, and *could not* have been written by a bad-hearted person.

Christian Believing and Living: Sermons by F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D., Preacher to the University, etc. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

Re-Statements of Christian Doctrine, in twenty-five Sermons. By HENRY W. BELLOWES. New York: Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

The Simplicity of Christ's Teachings: set forth in Sermons. By CHARLES T. BROOKS, Pastor of the Unitarian Church in Newport, R. I.

One need only read these three volumes to appreciate the difficulties which would beset any, even the most experienced voyager who shall start forth to discover the Polar Sea of Liberal Christianity. One can fancy how his adventurous heart would sink within him as he found here a bark frozen in Trinitarian channels, and a little further on a braver one stranded on breakers of ill-disguised Skepticism. One can fancy, too, how such a one would be cheered by finding on some shore, not at the goal, but on the way, a true spirit's-home, where the Simplicity of Christ had spread honest and wholesome fare, and kindled genial and reviving fires. We believe in this great Unitarian movement. We know that the masses feel it as yet to be cold and perilous, but we know that beyond the fields of Ice the warm Sea is beating and fruits and flowers growing. Shall we lament over the first two works named in this notice? Or shall we say to young mariner, See what Scylla has done and what Charybdis has done, and whet your eye-beam!

The author of the third of these works, so well known to the lovers of good poetry, whether uttered by the daily beauty of a life or a tongue tuned to lyric song, did not mean to criticize the other two; but he has done so all the more terribly because unconsciously. *They have abandoned the simplicity which is in Christ.* Mr. Huntington's work shows a fearful lack of moral earnestness, or of any spiritual necessities drawing him to that threadbare costume with its Alexandrian and Bostonian patches. Dr. Bellows' work is the result of a common sense and good-hearted man's effort to be clerical and mystic. Reading it we seem to be listening to the affectations of some French musician, who, having taken a true theme, forgets it in the evolutions of himself, until that over which Beethoven wept in silence and secrecy, is exposed to the *bravos* and noisy uproar of a saloon. Mr. Brooks has done for Unitarianism a Paul's service in writing on its gates the warning of 2 Cor. xi. 3.

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THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST.

[Third Article.]

JESUS AND CHRIST.

WHICH, then, is the historical Christ, that of Matthew, or that of John? In other words, which is the historical Gospel, the first, or the fourth?—a question this which may be decided on purely scientific grounds. All must assent to the reasonableness of the following proposition: When two biographical narratives of the same person lie before us, historical probability is overwhelmingly on the side of that one which least betrays a speculative interest, that looks beyond the legitimate object of history, and may therefore bias historical representation. And the presumption is very strong that a work which does betray such an interest can not be historical.

Now, the fourth Gospel opens with the formal announcement of a philosophical doctrine. It proposes a Theme: that theme is the Logos, its nature and its manifestation. And this subject, as we have seen, is never lost sight of in a single chapter, but is pursued from the beginning to the end; every fact inconsistent with the ruling thought that Christ is the Logos being carefully omitted, and other matter calculated to illustrate this idea being as carefully inserted. Aiming to exhibit Christ as an angelic being, the writer says nothing of his mortal birth, of his baptism, temptation, physical suffering, intellectual limitation or spiritual grief,—points that are prominent in the more natural and simple story of Matthew; and he throughout ascribes attributes to Jesus of a physical and metaphysical kind which Matthew, it is plain, never imagined. There is a general, antecedent and weighty reason for

questioning the historical character of the Gospel. The book can not be regarded as historical that is written under the guidance of a *theory*, and deliberately assumes a dogmatical position.

This point demands further illustration. The more closely we examine the Gospel of John, the more evident it becomes that the author, in accordance with his view of the nature and mission of Jesus, not only omits and inserts at pleasure, choosing the materials best suited to his purpose, but takes the liberty of working over his materials, thus compelling facts to acquiesce in theories—a proceeding wholly inadmissible in biography. Take, for example, the miracle at Bethesda. The historical material is borrowed, undoubtedly, from Matthew ix. 2-8, and Mark ii. 3-12; but in John v. the scene is painted in much more vivid colors, the personages are introduced with far more circumstance, and, more than all that, new points are added which more completely adapt the incident to the writer's aim. The sick man, instead of being "one sick of the palsy, lying on a bed," is an "impotent who had an infirmity thirty-eight years;" instead of being a man who is laboriously brought to Christ for cure, he is one of "a great multitude of impotent folk, blind, halt, withered," who has no hope of being delivered from his suffering. The cure, moreover, according to John, is wrought on the Sabbath, and the scene of it is laid at the miraculous pool of Bethesda. These alterations in the original tradition are not made for the sake merely of producing an effect: each had its dogmatic significance. Immediately after the healing, Jesus, in answer to the Jews, asserts two propositions touching himself: that he does what his Father does, and that all quickening power is dispensed at his own free will. Can we fail to see that these thoughts have determined the shape of the narrative? Is it not in illustration of the text, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," that the scene of the cure is laid in a spot noted for miraculous influences, which an "angel of the Lord" frequented, and where all possible diseases were healed by a supernatural agitation of the water? By working a miracle at this place, Christ puts himself on a line with the continuous working of God, and thus declares in fact what he afterwards declares in word, that he does what his Father does. Again, it is in proof of the Son's prerogative to "raise up whom he will," that Jesus chooses this man arbitrarily from a multitude of invalids, leaving the rest to their fate. Thus the miracle, which in Matthew and

Mark was but a common wonder, such as an Old Testament prophet might have done, is a symbolical act, exhibiting the divine power and the absolute authority of Christ. The literal fact is made subservient to the spiritual idea.

The story of the resurrection of Lazarus offers another and a better instance of this writer's free use of historical materials. It is strange that this very artificial narrative should have so high a reputation for simplicity and naturalness—strange that there should be those who appeal to its *naïveté* as sufficient evidence of its authenticity. In fact, the Gospels contain no more suspicious narrative than this. The silence of the synoptics alone is a grave objection to its truth. It would seem to be impossible that Matthew, Mark and Luke should have been ignorant of so stupendous and conspicuous a miracle. It is altogether impossible that, knowing of it, they should have passed it by so utterly. They, too, we know, mention resurrections,—but none so astounding as this one. All three of the synoptics tell us that Jesus called the daughter of Jairus back to life, immediately after her decease, when the vital breath had scarcely left her, and the mourners in the death-chamber were raising their doleful cry. Luke tells us how Jesus, near the little village of Nain, raised from the bier on its way to the sepulchre the form of a young man, “the only son of his mother, and she a widow”—a more interesting case than the other, inasmuch as the lad had been longer dead than the archon's daughter; and the circumstance of his being the only son of a widow adds to the pathos of the story. But the resurrection of Lazarus is far more interesting and overwhelming than either of these. The account is more circumstantial and more touching. The deceased Lazarus is the brother of two sisters, in whose little household Jesus was a frequent and beloved guest,—and the dear friend of Jesus himself. Nothing that could move the feelings is wanting. The disconsolate Martha, Mary dissolved in tears, the little family circle broken up, the very Jews weeping, Christ shedding tears of compassion—all combine to make the scene impressive, pathetic and memorable. Then, moreover, the miracle is wrought, not in a remote Galilean town like Capernaum, or an obscure hamlet like Nain, but in the very precincts of Jerusalem, in the face of many witnesses who were enemies of Jesus; some of whom believed on him, while others reported the fact to the Pharisees. The risen Lazarus goes abroad at Passover time, when the city

was full of strangers. We hear of him as supping with his sisters and Jesus, some of his disciples, if not all, being of the company. The Jews throng to Bethany to see the man who had come up from the grave. The chief priests form a new conspiracy against his life. All these circumstances distinguish the miracle above any other recorded by either of the Evangelists.

Consider, too, of what moment this act was in the history of Jesus himself. It was the turning point of his career: it marked the crisis of his destiny, whose catastrophe follows immediately upon it with rapid movement. In consequence of this miracle the populace resorts in crowds to Bethany; there is great curiosity and confusion, immense enthusiasm is excited, and Jesus is borne triumphantly into Jerusalem. In consequence of this miracle the chief priests and Pharisees hold counsel, and Caiaphas recommends that Jesus be seized and put to death. Command is given to apprehend him wherever he might be. Lazarus is also doomed. In fact, the fate of Christ is sealed by this act. Nothing stands between it and the arrest save the speeches contained in chapters xii., xiii., xiv., xv., xvi. and xvii., which neither hasten nor retard the conclusion of the drama. Yet of all this the other biographers are silent. They know of no such miracle. They know of no such occasion for the excitement of the populace or the alarm of the chief priests. They ascribe the triumphal entrance of Christ into Jerusalem to the necessity of fulfilling an ancient prophecy. According to them, the tumult, the suspicion, the plots and persecutions, the arrest and crucifixion, are all occasioned by the mere presence of Christ in the metropolis, which he had never visited before, having confined his ministry to the country districts. The other Evangelists, then, had never heard of the resurrection of Lazarus. And if they had never heard of it, we may fairly conclude that no such event took place.

The account of the miracle at Cana is symbolical. The author proposes to describe the first manifestation of Christ's glory, by which he revealed himself to his disciples, gained their belief, and bound them to his person. For the scene of this display he chooses a small town in Galilee, and imagines a festive scene in a private family circle. Jesus, who in Matthew calls himself a "bridegroom," assumes at a wedding the bridegroom's duty of supplying his guests with the best, and shows the fulness of his grace (i. 14-17) by pouring out streams of costly and miraculous wine.

Note, too, the way in which the wine is produced, and its significance: Not only is it converted water, but the vessels containing the water—the “six water-pots of stone containing two or three firkins apiece”—are vessels of purification placed there for a religious purpose, to which their contents, therefore, were destined. The water which Jesus changes into wine is, then, in some sense *holy* water, used for the ritual cleansing of the Jews, and symbolical as well of the baptism by which the proselyte entered the Jewish Church as of the sacred ablutions which kept him free from ceremonial sin. For this water, then, cold, applied only to the surface of the body, salutary for the skin, but giving no warmth to the blood, Christ substitutes the “new wine” of the spirit, the most costly, gladdening to the heart, quickening and inspiring to the soul. The outward ceremony is displaced by the inward life; the baptism of water is succeeded by the baptism of the Holy Ghost; the grace of Jesus Christ follows and transforms the law of Moses; John with his baptism of purifying preparation yields to Him who comes from heaven and gives eternal life to all who believe on Him.

The dates of the last supper and the crucifixion furnish another example of the extreme freedom with which the writer of the fourth Gospel uses his historical materials. The first three Evangelists tell us with all possible clearness and fulness, that on the 14th day of the month Nisan—the day upon which the Passover lamb was always slain and eaten—Jesus, everything being made ready, duly kept the Passover with his disciples; and, as this was the last time of their sitting at meat together, he instituted upon the basis of the national feast a solemn supper in commemoration of himself. The next day (15th) he was crucified. This account is somewhat confirmed by Paul, who probably drew from the earliest and most reliable tradition, and who says (1 Corin. xi. 23,) that the “supper” was instituted on the night of betrayal.

Now the author of the fourth Gospel dates the crucifixion on the 14th, and relates that Jesus eat his last meal with the disciples on the 13th. This meal is by several tokens identified with the last supper spoken of by the other Evangelists. It is the *last*; Judas leaves the company to consummate his treachery; Peter's recreant denial is foretold. But in one important respect this last supper in John differs from that of Matthew and the others: it is

not the paschal supper. That it is not is conspicuously asserted in the very first verse of chapter xiii. : “*Before the feast of the Passover, when Jesus knew that his hour was come,*” etc. ; and verse 2 : “*Supper being ended*”—not *the* supper, as it would read if the paschal feast were meant. Verse 29 supposes, also, that the time for eating the Passover had not come, for the disciples imagined that Judas went out to buy “those things that were needed against the feast.” And again, chapter xviii. 28, when Jesus was led to the judgment hall, “they themselves [the hostile Jews] went not into the judgment hall, lest they should be defiled, as they wished to eat the Passover.” The supper that Jesus eat with his disciples could not, therefore, be the paschal feast. Moreover, Jesus, according to this Gospel, institutes no observance in commemoration of himself. The place occupied in Matthew by the breaking of bread and the offering of the cup is supplied by the act of washing the disciples’ feet—an incident not mentioned by the other biographers, though it might easily have been suggested by them ; especially it reminds us of the words of Christ recorded in Matthew xx. 26, and Luke xxii. 26, 27, of which it seems to be a narrative exposition. According to Luke, it is immediately after the supper ; and, in consequence of a strife for precedence, Jesus says to his disciples, “He that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger ; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve. For which is the greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth ? Is not he that sitteth at meat ? *But I am among you as he that serveth.*” John but translates precept into history, and makes Jesus act out his own words. But, letting this pass, we will look again at the difference between John and the other Evangelists. They assert positively that Jesus ate the Passover with his disciples ; that he instituted at the same time an ordinance commemorative of himself ; and that he was crucified on the following day—of course, on the 15th of the month. This writer declares with equal positiveness that Jesus did *not* eat the Passover with his disciples, omits all mention of his own commemorative rite, and assigns for the crucifixion the 14th—the very day of eating the Passover. Here is an irreconcilable discrepancy. How shall we account for it ? Only by admitting that the author of the fourth Gospel accommodated the facts of history to his preconception of Christ. The story of the first three biographers is simple and probable ; it is told without any apparent

purpose aside from the plain truth, and is in one point—that of the commemorative ordinance—confirmed by no less an authority than the apostle Paul. The fourth Evangelist clearly avows a motive for altering this original tradition. His carefully announced theory of Christ's mission obliges him to omit the paschal supper, to omit the commemorative rite, and to date the crucifixion on the 14th; or, rather, to date the crucifixion on the 14th, and *in consequence* to omit the paschal supper and the commemorative rite, which could not fall on the 13th. The writer's theory is, that Christ *himself* was the paschal lamb. He must, therefore, have suffered on the day appointed for the paschal sacrifice; and if so, he could not have eaten of the sacrifice on the same day, being himself at the moment dead. This is the whole secret, and explains naturally enough the altered circumstances and dates of the Gospel!

In the first chapter the Baptist announces Jesus as “the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world;” the next day he points him out to two of his disciples, saying, “Behold the Lamb of God.” When we come to the crucifixion of Jesus, it is evident that the writer has this image of the paschal lamb in mind. The most remarkable regulation touching the slaughter of the paschal lamb was the prohibition to break a bone thereof (Exodus xii. 46; Numbers ix. 12). Let it be observed now that the most conspicuous feature in the narrative of the crucifixion as given by the fourth Evangelist is the omission to break the bones of Jesus; and this is done “that the scripture (this very scripture of Moses) might be fulfilled.” The incident, taken in connection with the reference to Moses, will bear but one interpretation. The passage applies solely to the paschal lamb: the custom was peculiar to the paschal lamb, and both the passage and the custom are satisfied in the death of Christ. The limbs of the malefactors were broken, because the execution must be finished and the bodies removed before the Passover could be religiously eaten. Jesus was found to be already dead, or rather is declared to have been so found, in order that the scripture might be fulfilled. Christ, therefore, is the paschal lamb—the *true* paschal lamb—*real*, not symbolical. The Jewish rite, which was only figurative and prophetic, a type of something to come, was now emptied of its significance and abolished. There would be no propriety in Christ's

eating the Passover in the ancient way, even if the time allowed, seeing that the old symbol had lost its meaning. There would be no propriety in his instituting such an ordinance as is described by the other biographers ; for that being founded upon the ancient Passover, presupposes its permanency. This thought, too, explains the strong figurative language which Jesus used in the sixth chapter — language which has always been applied to the sacrament of the supper : “ Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life ; for my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.” Christ as the paschal lamb must be eaten, and whoso eateth him enters into a communion of life with him.

The story of the spear-thrust, equally with the sparing of the limbs, may be treated as an idea embodied in historical form. The stab was not given in order to make sure that Jesus was dead, for it was in consequence of his being dead that his bones were not broken. It was given, by the writer’s sharp fancy, for the purpose of opening a passage to the blood and water from Jesus’ side ; and the flowing forth of blood and water — the symbol of death and the symbol of spiritual life — points to another scripture ; namely, John vii. 38, seq. : “ He that believeth on me, out of his body shall flow streams of living water. And this he spake of the spirit which they that believe on him should receive.” The Holy Spirit was to be given after the death of Christ : the water follows the fatal blood, sure sign of death. Another instance in which the thought creates the fact.

An author who changes dates, transposes events, omits and supplies incidents at pleasure, cannot with strictness be called a historian. As this point is one of considerable moment it will bear further illustration, though in an essay of this kind the evidence can not be displayed in full. The unhistorical character of the discourses in John must be generally manifest.

Can discourses be historically genuine which are so long, so dark and mystical, have so little practical aim, are so void of local allusion, deal so little with any supposable thoughts in the minds of those addressed, and end where they began, establishing no principle and coming to no conclusion ? Can discourses be historically genuine whose drift is purely theological, which formally

assert a speculative idea and serve to glorify the attributes of the speaker? That this is a just description of the discourses in John the attentive reader will perceive and allow.

A book, again, is not historical that deals largely in symbolism. The fourth Gospel abounds in it. Its miracles are symbolical; its ordinary facts, as we have seen, often bear that stamp. The writer shares with the rabbinical writers their fondness for symbolical numbers. The Gospel is divided into *three* parts: 1. The manifestation of the Logos (i. 19: xxi. 12); 2. The strife with unbelief (xi. 13: xii. 50); 3. The death and glorification of Christ (xiii.-xx.). The prologue, again, is in three portions: 1. The original being and action of the Logos (i. 1-3); 2. His entrance into the world (verses 4-13); 3. The full revelation of himself as the only-begotten of the Father (verses 14-18). The first period of Christ's history falls into sections of three days each. On the first day John the Baptist speaks in general terms of the Messiah; on the second, he indicates that Jesus is the person; on the third, two disciples take John's hint and follow Christ to his home. Then begins a new section. On the first day John, Andrew, and Peter become disciples; on the second, Philip and Nathaniel are converted; on the third (xi. 1), occurs the feast at Cana, when Jesus reveals his glory to his followers. The mortal life of Christ occupies *three* years. *Three* times is the Passover kept. At the first, the Lord vaguely prophesies his death (xi. 19); at the second, he explicitly announces it (vi. 48, 51, 62, 70); on the third, he suffers. There are *three* great miracles in Galilee, and *three* in Jerusalem; in each case, the first two are wrought in comparative privacy, while the third is performed in public with great circumstance, and leads to marked results in the Messiah's destiny. It is true that such use of the number three affects only the arrangement of the book, and does not of necessity touch its character. Historical materials may be fancifully combined; but a little suspicion is cast upon the seriousness of a biographer's purpose by a resort to such elaborate and needless artifice.

We find another indication of the unhistorical character of this book in the fact that its narrative is wanting in historical development. There is no onward march of events from the beginning to the close. The life-drama opens at Jerusalem, whither, according to the honest synoptics, Jesus only went to die; and the catastrophe, which impends every moment, is postponed by unac-

countable delays, and warded off by violent intervention. A hand is ever raised to strike ; but the blow does not fall. Jesus lives in the midst of menacing and frightful perils ; yet he escapes uninjured, "*because his hour was not yet come.*" In chapter v., verse 16, as we read, the Jews seek to slay Jesus because he had wrought a miracle on the Sabbath ; but their seeking has no result. His cool reply makes them only more furiously eager to kill him, because he not only works miracles on the Sabbath, but claims an equality with God ; yet this passion seems to waste itself on the air, though its object stands directly before them, within easy reach. Jesus quietly remains, and delivers a long discourse, every paragraph of which is calculated to inflame to the utmost the rage of his enemies : he reproaches them with their unbelief, charges them with having no love of God in their souls, throws their own Scriptures in their teeth, but nothing ensues ; the speech seems to produce no additional effect ; an attempt is not made to kill or even to seize him, and we are left to suppose that the stormy Jews are pacified by stormy speech. In the next chapter (vii.), Christ is once more in Jerusalem, where three separate assaults are made upon him. An announcement of himself as the Messiah is followed by an attempt to take him ; but no man lays hold on him, "*for his hour was not yet come.*" The Pharisees and chief priests send officers to seize him ; but their mission is unaccountably fruitless. While they are making their attempt, others among the people wish to apprehend him ; but no hand touches his person. In chapter viii. the same thing is repeated : Jesus, in a very important case, reverses a decision of the Mosaic law touching adultery, pours rebuke and shame upon the Pharisees, who submit a case to his judgment, and addresses these powerful enemies in a strain that could only aggravate their feeling of bitterness towards him ; but no man lays hands on him, "*for his hour was not yet come.*" He goes on speaking with more and more severity : "*Ye shall seek me, and shall die in your sins.*" "*Ye are from beneath : I am from above.*" "*Ye seek to kill me because my word hath no place in you.*" "*Ye seek to kill me, a man that hath told you the truth which I have heard of God.*" "*Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do.*" Words like these exasperate the Jews past all endurance ; they howl at him as a man possessed by the devil ; they take up stones to kill him on the spot : still the blow is not struck,

the clenched hand remains uplifted in the air, Jesus makes himself invisible, and goes his way unscathed. In chapter x. two more attempts upon his life are made under similar provocations, and both are equally unavailing. Not until chapter xii. 28, when Christ himself announces that his hour has come, is there any progress in the narrative, or any approach towards a consummation of the drama. The history actually stands still up to the very last moment. Is this after the fashion of true biography? Is it possible that Jesus could have passed three years in this way? Could he have lived a week so conducting himself, and so beset? But he must live—live in Jerusalem, live amid perpetual conflict and peril, for then only could his manifestation be full and complete,—and die he must not before his time. Hence these mechanical devices for postponing the catastrophe, which no biographer, who was seriously bent on telling a plain, unvarnished story, would be likely to resort to.

Upon the foregoing considerations, we feel justified in maintaining that the Gospel of John is not a historical book. It follows that its Christ is not the historical Christ. This conclusion, be it remarked, is not in the least affected by the date of the Gospel, or even by its authorship. The book may have been written in the first century; it may have been written by the Apostle John. We are not bound to assume that every book that was composed within fifty years of Christ's death was of a strictly historical character; in fact, such a book in that age would have been a marvel. We are not bound to assume that a personal follower of Jesus could have written none but a simple biography of his Master, for they were unlettered men, biased by prejudices and fond of speculations, Jewish or other. But, whatever we may feel bound to assume, assumptions must yield to facts, and the unhistorical character of the Gospel of John, whenever or by whomsoever produced, may be fairly classed among established facts.

It may not be out of place, however, to bring forward one or two considerations tending to show that the fourth Gospel is a comparatively late production, and that it was not written by the Apostle John. These two points, though intimately connected, may be argued separately.

There are three general reasons for assigning to the book a date posterior to the apostolical age.

1. The cast of doctrine, which, though not absolutely inconsistent with that taught as Christian in books of unquestionably early origin—though, in fact, but the natural result of views which were accepted a generation and a half after the death of Jesus—still, is so far in advance of those as to be excluded from their circle. The doctrine of the Logos was promulgated by Philo simultaneously with the teaching of Christ himself. But to apply this doctrine unequivocally to Jesus, and to recast the very substance of Christianity in accordance with it, was a bold attempt, and one which would have been premature in the life-time of the disciples. Nothing like this central dogma of the fourth Gospel is found in the genuine letters of Paul; only shy and distant hints of it are met with in the later and probably post-apostolical letters to the Colossians and Hebrews. The latter epistles ascribe to Christ some of the attributes of the Logos, without speaking the profane word. This book adopts, without qualification or apology, the thought of the Alexandrine philosophy—nay, adopts its very language—writes the unscriptural word in the opening sentence—declares, in the very first chapter, that the Being it describes is incarnate in Jesus; and then, through twenty chapters, gives the history, not of the earthly Jesus, but of the heavenly Word. This could hardly have been done in the probable or the possible life-time of any apostle, though it might have been done within the first century, in Asia Minor. But, along with the Logos doctrine, the Gospel contains another which indicates a still later epoch of speculation, the doctrine of the Holy Spirit—the Paraklete—a being distinct from the Father and the Son, but coöperating with both, and subordinate only to the former. Thus, in the book before us, we have a well defined outline of Trinity,—the Persons whereof, however, are by no means of equal rank; and this doctrine of Trinity is to be classed, and classes the Gospel in which it appears, among the speculations that began to prevail in the former half of the second century. We say this diffidently, for in the history of Thought it is impossible to assign to each individual dogma its exact place. But, unless we suppose a wide gulf in the development of speculative ideas—an interval of nearly half a century, during which the mind of man slumbered—the presumption is clearly and strongly against the early origin of a composition which sets forth as Christian, ideas belonging to an age subsequent to that of the apostles.

2. Another indication that the Gospel of John belongs to a period posterior to that in which any disciple of Christ could have written, is the relation which it supposes actually to exist between the Jews and the Gentiles. We know, from the epistles of Paul, that his whole life-time was spent in endeavors to establish the title of the Gentiles to a place in the Church without first becoming Jews. His views met with such fierce opposition from all the other apostles, that on more than one occasion he came near losing his life by the flaming zeal of the Jews. If this controversy was raging hotly as ever at the time of the great apostle's death, in the year 64, could it have been wholly ended and apparently forgotten twenty-five or thirty years afterward? Yet such is the representation of the fourth Gospel, the writer of which assumes that the Gentiles not only stand within the Church on an equality with the Jews, but even take precedence of them. The advance party is beginning to fall behind. We read that the Word from the beginning enlightened not the Jews only, but *every* man that came into the world. The Savior lays down his life for the sheep, but he has other sheep not of the Jewish fold; these he must bring in, that there may be one fold and one Shepherd. Christ goes into the cities of Samaria, and among the Samaritans, whom the Jews reckoned as heathen, some of his most willing hearers and believers are found. It is to a Samaritan, and a Samaritan woman — yes, a woman of low repute besides — that he utters his grandest word: "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. God is Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Stranger still, the woman hearkens, wonders, goes to the village, calls together the town's people, and they, too, come out in troops and implore him to remain with them, which he consents to do. Stronger testimony than this of the regard the Messiah had for the Gentiles could not possibly be furnished. Neither of the other Evangelists makes anything like so bold an assertion of a Pagan claim. Matthew mentions the Samaritans but once, and then when the disciples are forbidden to preach to them, or to enter their villages. Luke introduces them several times — never disparagingly. The parable of the good Samaritan is in Luke. Luke records the cure of the ten lepers, only one of whom — and he a Samaritan — turned to offer thanks. This, however, is the extent of Luke's admissions; for, when

Jesus passes through their villages, he tells us that the inhabitants refused to receive him. Notice, now, how John describes these people as more receptive than the Jews themselves, as welcoming the word offered to them with eager ears. Nay, more than this, all the heathen are described as pressing earnestly into the kingdom. Just before the closing scene of the Redeemer's life, when the catastrophe is near, "certain Greeks" presented themselves to the disciples, with a request that they may be permitted to see Jesus, who thereupon breaks forth, with joy, "Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the Prince of this world be cast out; and I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw *all* men unto me."

Throughout the Gospel, Judaism, though often spoken of with respect as prophetic of the new dispensation, is represented as a thing of the past. Sabbath and circumcision are no longer sacred; purification and passover have lost their significance; the ceremonial and even the moral law of Moses is transcended, and has become a thing indifferent. The enemies of Christ are designated in the mass as Jews — not as Pharisees, or Sadducees, or priests, but as Jews. In Jerusalem as well as in Galilee, in the temple as well as upon the shores of the Tiberias lake, all the opponents of Jesus receive this name, as if the whole nation were infidel and had already begun to fall into the degraded position to which they were afterward appointed by the decree of Christendom. Already the ancient history is becoming a pious tradition; the stern and solemn rites have softened into religious emblems; the old law-givers and prophets shine with the glory of the future which they predicted; the "chosen people" have forfeited their prize by their presumption; and the Messiah, turning his back upon the unbelieving nation, robes himself in the drapery of the philosophers, and sheds the light of his countenance upon the darkened world without. No one who studies this peculiarity of the Gospel of John until he thoroughly comprehends it can fail to appreciate the immensity of gain which the cause of the Gentiles has made since the time of the martyred Paul — a gain which must have cost at least a century of controversy; and as, of course, the Gospel could not have described such a condition of things before it existed, it follows that it could not have been written for twenty-five or thirty years after the second century had opened.

3. The lack of witnesses for the early existence of the fourth

Gospel all but compels us to assign it to a period subsequent to the apostolic age. To exhibit this argument fully would require a separate treatise, as, unfortunately, there is no essay in English on the subject which is commendable or even respectable. It must suffice, however, here to lay down positions without present proof, giving the reader assurance that the proof can be produced if called for. It may be safely maintained that, previous to the last quarter of the second century, no indubitable traces of the Gospel can be discovered. Seeming reference to it there are, allusions more or less distant, but there is no incontestible mark of its presence. Of the Christian fathers, Theophilus of Antioch, Ireneus, Tertullian, and Clement of Alexandria—of the heretics, Galentinus and Marcion, of about the same period, the year 170—are the first who testify clearly and fully to its existence. The earlier writers, from whom we should expect some distinct mention of such a work, Papias, Polycarp, Polycrates, are silent. The letters of the apostolical Fathers have been searched in vain for notices of it; so have the Ignatian epistles, productions which contain nothing but vague and unreliable similarities, upon which no conclusion can be founded. The champions of the Gospel have always claimed Justin Martyr as a conspicuous and positive writer. But Justin did not flourish until the year 140, and his supposed citations from the book have been decided by the most keen and candid criticism to be unsatisfactory as references to John. The peculiar language he uses might have been borrowed elsewhere than from the fourth Gospel, and, however similar in tone, it is not sufficiently exact in the letter to identify the work. Not once does Justin speak of John's Gospel by name; only once does he mention the Apostle himself, and then as the author of the Apocalypse. This is quite hard to understand, supposing the Gospel to have been then in circulation.

Within a few years the defenders of the early origin of the fourth Gospel have taken their stand upon a new point. Among a multitude of manuscripts discovered at Mt. Athos, and deposited in the national library of France in 1842, was a treatise, by an unknown writer, *Upon all Heresies*. For a long time it attracted no attention, but at last an accident drew to it the notice of an eminent scholar, and in 1851 it was published at Oxford as a treatise of Origen supposed to have been lost. The book excited the curiosity and interest of Christian Charles Josias Bun-

sen, who wrote an able work about it, contending that it was from the hand of St. Hippolitus, was composed in the year 225, and contained unmistakable quotations from the Gospel of John, in fragments of a writer who flourished in 120. The chevalier's positiveness and assurance raised the hopes of many among the learned; but no sooner was his argument touched by the spear of criticism than it underwent collapse. The book was shown to be no indubitable production of Hippolitus, and to contain no clear citation from the Gospel. See Martineau's *Creed and Heresies of Early Christianity*.

More recently a new point has been raised. Fifteen years ago, was discovered in the Vatican library, and in 1853 was published, the long lost concluding chapter of the *Clementine Homilies*. This twentieth discourse contains passages that bear a strong resemblance to some verses in John iii. and ix. But the date of the *Homilies* themselves is still so far from being fixed that scholars disagree by a whole century in assigning the period of their composition; and even were this not the case, the verbal coincidence in the passages above referred to is not close enough to bear out a positive judgment. As the question now stands, therefore, we are not forced by the evidence to supposing the fourth Gospel to have been in existence prior to the year 170, nearly a century and a half after the death of Jesus, and eighty years, at least, after the close of the Apostolic age.

Passing now to the other matter—namely, the authorship—it is evident that so late a work could not have been written by John the disciple. If finished so early as the year 90, it could hardly have been his composition, unless we suppose him to have reached a very advanced age, and to have been in full possession of all his faculties at a period when the human faculties usually fail. If we assign the Gospel to the year 100, only an extreme credulity would attribute its authorship to a contemporary of Jesus. But there are positive indications that John did not write the Gospel, which render all presumptive argument unnecessary.

1. All we know of the character of John forbids our ascribing to him the book that bears his name. In the epistle to the Galatians (chap. ii. 9), Paul mentions John in connection with James and Peter as an apostle of the circumcision, reluctantly conceding the validity of the mission to the Gentiles. James was the first

overseer of the Christian Church at Jerusalem, and is represented by all tradition as the leader of the exclusive Hebrew party. Peter, we know, was an active antagonist of the apostle Paul, with whom he came into direct and violent collision at Antioch, upon this very question of communion with the Gentiles. To John, then, Judaism was still extant as a divine religion, the rites whereof were in full force. He might not be able to deny the proofs of the Holy Spirit's coöperation with Paul, but he was himself persuaded that the Gentiles could enter the Church only through the narrow way of Hebrew circumcision. In one word, John the disciple belonged to the party that stood opposed to the free admission of the Gentiles into the Christian Church, and there is no good reason for supposing that he abandoned this party so long as he lived. But how could such a man have written the fourth Gospel, a book so catholic in spirit — a book throughout so favorable to the Gentiles — a book that treats Judaism as a faith of the past, and regards the Jewish sacraments and ceremonies as merely symbolical in character — a book that represents the Jews as enemies of Christ, and the heathen as his eager disciples? What strange incongruity between the scene suggested by Galatians and the scene described in John xii. 20! John and the writer of the Gospel are in opposition. The disciple has not attained to Paul's freedom, the Evangelist has transcended it; the disciple will not offer the truth to the nations, the Evangelist hails their enthusiastic approach to it. The character of the disciple is distinctly drawn — the character of the Evangelist is surely known; the two could not have been the same person.

2. Incidents of the paschal controversy are unfriendly to the Johannic origin of the fourth Gospel. This controversy related to the day of observing the Passover, and fell about the year 196. To discuss a vexed question would be out of place here, and will not be attempted. But two or three points, the only ones that bear upon the present purpose, conspicuously stand forth. The custom in the early Christian communities was to observe the 14th day of the month Nisan (April), in commemoration of the last supper which Jesus ate with his disciples, which was the paschal supper of the Jews. This custom prevailed among the churches of Asia Minor generally, and was justified by an appeal to tradition. The example of Philip, John, Polycarp, Melite, and others, was quoted, "who all solemnized the 14th day, according to the I.—10.

Gospel, in no point swerving, but following punctually the rule of faith." Polycrates, bishop of Ephesus, in his letter to Victor, bishop of Rome, solemnly avers that he who five and sixty years had labored in the Lord, held intercourse with Christians from all parts of the world, and read the whole Scriptures through, was not to be determined by anything that had been said. Greater than he had declared that men ought to obey God rather than man, and he appealed to his gray hairs as evidence of his constancy to the Lord.

The Western Churches, which were founded through the influence of the apostle Paul, and preserved with general consistency his doctrinal views, rejected the observance of the supper on the 14th day of the month, on the ground that Jesus himself suffered on that day, and could not, therefore, have instituted a rite on the basis of the Passover. Paul speaks (1 Corin. v. 7) of Christ as "our Passover sacrificed for us." This idea, once suggested, soon took root in the Christian mind, and wrought effects altogether unfriendly to the ancient usage of the disciples. The doctrine, with its consequences, had gained a permanent place in the Roman Church long before it excited quarrel in other quarters; but when the conflict did come, it was waged with violence on both sides.

And now, to which party in this dispute did John belong? We have already seen that he belonged to the Asiatics. Polycrates mentions him among others who "solemnized the 14th day, according to the Scriptures." But the Gospel which bears the name of John belongs to the opposite party of the Westerns. It records that Jesus did *not* eat the Passover with his disciples, but was crucified on the 14th as the paschal lamb, and ate his last meal — *not* the Passover meal — with his disciples on the 13th; and, strangely enough, this Gospel is not once mentioned by either party in the debate — a fact hard to reconcile with the supposition that the book was extant then, and that John was its reputed author. But letting this pass, here is the dilemma: *John the disciple and John the Evangelist are antagonists* in the controversy! John the disciple sides with the Churches of Asia Minor, John the Evangelist with those of the Western Empire. Polycrates, in the name of the disciple, earnestly protests against the doctrine of the Evangelist as unscriptural and unapostolic. Apollinarius, a champion of the view set forth in the Evangelist, pities those who appeal to the disciple as ignorant folk who know no better than to think as they do. Nor is this all: the contest is

not waged in words alone. Victor, bishop of Rome, representing the doctrine of the Western Churches, and also of the Churches of Cesarea, Jerusalem, Tyre, and Alexandria, published sentence of excommunication against the Churches of Asia Minor on account of their difference in the matter. The party of the *Evangelist* excommunicating the party of the *disciple*! Is it possible, then, that the Evangelist and the disciple were the same person? If John had written the Gospel which bears his name, would the opponents of the view contained in the Gospel have claimed his authority for their usage? If John had written the Gospel which bears his name, would not the Western Churches have appealed to the book and its author in support of their favorite opinion? Taking this view of the paschal controversy, which is none the less likely to be the correct one because adopted by Swegler, Baur, and the followers of their school, it does not appear credible that John the disciple could have written the fourth Gospel.

It is a digression thus to speak of the authorship and date of John's Gospel. Our only concern is with its historical character, an independent question scarcely affected by our verdict upon its age and genuineness. The considerations that have been urged only make easier the acknowledgment that the book is unhistorical, and that the Christ in the book is not the Jesus of history. They who take thoughts upon authority—who value books according to their antiquity, or the name of their writers, not according to the intrinsic worth of their contents—who accept Truth not because they know it to be true, but because it is spoken by one whom tradition has taught them to respect—will probably feel that this remorseless criticism has snatched a precious book from their hands, and will lament the loss of a spiritual treasure. But they who receive Truth on her own credentials, who recognize her radiant countenance under any guise and in any company, and hold her equally dear whether she bear the badge of Alexandrian Philo or of Hebrew John, will not prize the Gospel less because its narratives are suspected, and its framework of fact is removed like the scaffolding about a temple. To these the book will be as true as before; and if it does not tell the literal story of Jesus, it will reveal some of the higher teachings of his Spirit. It abounds in passages of lofty wisdom and profound spiritual thought—wisdom none the less lofty for being the product of human speculation—thought none the less profound

or spiritual for being the expression of a pious human soul. In hours of contemplation, its words come to us like voices from above. Its solemn and mystical language, full of hope and promise, exerts a spell to quiet our restless minds, and lifts us up into a serene sphere. We may love and cherish it though it never fell from the lips of the great Teacher; for it is a grand utterance of that grand Reason of man which had power to exalt the humble Galilean above the conditions of his earthly lot, and to throne him in the skies.

*Qui laborat, orat.**

O only Source of all our light and life,
 Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
 But whom the hours of mortal moral strife
 Alone aright reveal!

Mine inmost soul before Thee inly brought,
 Thy presence owns ineffable, divine;
 Chastised each rebel self-en-centred thought,
 My will adareth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind
 Speechless abide, or speechless e'en depart;
 Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind
 Can see Thee as Thou art?—

If sure-assured, 'tis but profanely bold
 In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,
 It dare not dare the dread communion hold
 In ways unworthy Thee.

Oh, not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive,
 In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare;
 And if in work its life it seems to live
 Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when, while the work it plies,
 Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,
 And, scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
 In recognition start.

As wills Thy will, or give or e'en forbear
 The beatific supersensual sight,
 So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer
 Approach Thee morn and night.

* By A. H. Clough. From a little volume, entitled "Ambarvalia," published in London (1849), and soon suppressed. We expect to make other selections in future.

THE NATURE OF MORAL ACCOUNTABILITY.

By the late JAMES P. ESRY, author of "Philosophy of Storms," etc.

[Continued.]

THE same mode of reasoning will apply, with peculiar propriety, to the conduct of a State towards a criminal. What would be more highly calculated to soften the heart of a criminal than to be treated with gentleness and kindness? If the State would never do anything to a criminal but what the most affectionate parent would wish to be done to his own child under similar circumstances, for the good of that child—provided that the parent's wishes were guided by sound reason,—an untold amount of evil in the prosecution of criminals would disappear from the earth. The time, I hope, is not far distant when every civilized nation will say in her criminal code to each of her offending children:

My dear child, I am extremely sorry for my past conduct in regard to you, my child; I ought to have provided the means of giving you a better education; your understanding ought to have been cultivated by the study of the arts and sciences, and your tastes so improved that you never would have thought of doing anything mean, low and base. I most humbly beg your pardon for having thus neglected you, more particularly as you might have enjoyed a great deal more happiness in the same time than you have done, and also been a much more useful man. Now, as the strongest proof I can give you of my sincere penitence for this my neglect, by which you have suffered a severe loss, I shall henceforth make every atonement in my power. In the first place, as you have, through my shameful negligence, advanced so far in life without being properly taught that you are now unwilling to learn, and would not even go to school if left entirely at your own disposal—and as your conduct proves beyond doubt that you can not be trusted to govern yourself until you are further taught,—I will enclose you in this my house of instruction, where you will be furnished with the best masters to instruct you in the arts and sciences; you shall take your choice, and if you are too old to acquire any taste for intellectual pursuits and enjoyments, I shall be the more sorry for my negligence in not com-

mening your intellectual and moral education earlier. Notwithstanding, I will furnish you the means of learning a useful trade of your own choice, that you may be able to discover how much more happy you will be in future by making your living by your own industry than by the unjust means which, from mistaken views, you heretofore employed. You shall be treated with the greatest kindness while you stay under my roof, and whenever you are well taught you shall be at liberty to depart. So far from treating you with harshness and unkindness, my whole conduct to you shall prove that I blame myself and not you. I believe that, if a child is *brought up in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it.* You were not so brought up; it is my fault, and why should I be angry at you? You were born in my family, without your knowledge or consent, and indeed without your agency in any way. Some of my children among whom you were born were rich and some poor, and many of them became so without any merit or demerit of their own. It was my duty, however, to see that none should starve either for want of bread or the want of knowledge, unless it was decidedly their own fault. Now, your want of instruction in childhood, when you did not know how to instruct yourself, is clearly my fault, and it ill becomes me to upbraid you for conduct which I, not you, could have anticipated from the neglect of your education at a time when you did not know how to educate yourself. I knew that ignorance would lead into error, and that error would terminate in crime: you knew nothing of this. I knew that, if you were brought up with a belief that you could benefit yourself by injuring another, this belief would lead to crime, yet I took no pains to teach you the falsity of this principle; nay, I permitted you to infer that I believed the principle to be true from my own conduct, for I frequently punished some of my own children with the avowed purpose of doing good to the rest, without the least regard to the good of those punished. For all this conduct I am utterly ashamed, and I promise in future never to do the like again. I begin with you; all I do to you, you shall feel, and others shall perceive, is done with the sole intention of making you a wiser and better man; and if I succeed in doing more good to others by this line of conduct than by the former — and if I also succeed in educating you up to so high a state of intelligence and virtue that you will no longer have any desire to do anything base, — all my children will

have occasion to rejoice at my new mode of discipline when one of them goes astray. I have foolishly acted, heretofore, as if the true interests of my children were not in harmony with each other ; and when one of them acted on the same principle, and endeavored to benefit himself by violating the rights of another, I caught him and punished him without any regard to his happiness or well-being, with the avowed purpose of benefiting the others. This system I shall henceforth abandon, not merely from its injustice and incompetence to produce the desired effect, but because it is calculated to perpetuate the belief that we may sometimes benefit ourselves by doing evil to others—an error from which almost all crimes originate. Go, my son, into my house of correction, and be assured that you are deprived of your liberty only from necessity—a necessity which has arisen from my neglect to attend to your education in early life, and from the false doctrine which I myself contributed to inculcate into your youthful mind. Your transgression has arisen not so much from a desire to do evil to your brothers as from a desire to do good to yourself ; as soon as you learn that your good can not be effected in this way, you may then be entrusted again with your liberty : consequently, it shall then most cheerfully be restored to you. In the meantime you shall be visited by the kindest and most benevolent of your brothers and sisters, who will sympathize with you, and be ready to take you by the hand and assist you, when you leave this my house of correction and education of those who err in their search for happiness—of those who *miss the mark*. During your hours of relaxation from study you may, if you choose, employ yourself in some useful and lucrative occupation ; the proceeds, over and above the expenses of your education, shall be yours, and entirely at your own disposal when you shall be restored to liberty. If you should unfortunately refuse to accept of intellectual culture, though you have the choice of all departments of science and literature, with the best masters in each, then the only thing remaining is for you to learn some trade by which you may be able to support yourself, and become a useful member of society ; and should you be so perverse and insensible to the claims of justice that you refuse even to do this, then you will be made to feel *want*, until you become willing to support yourself by the labor of your own hands. This necessity will be imposed upon you solely with a view to your own good ; for no one can be happy without being useful. Idle-

ness is the bane of happiness, and industrious habits can only be acquired by the practice of some useful occupation. Practice, my son, and you will soon discover that a source of happiness never perceived before is within your reach, which, when once obtained, you will never abandon. I leave you now to your own choice. *Be wise and good, and you will be happy.*—

This is the language every State ought to address to her erring children. She is their mother, and she ought to feel towards them the kindest compassion when they deviate from the path of rectitude, because it is then they suffer the most pain. When a child has the colic, the fever and ague, or any corporeal disease, the mother watches over it with the most tender care, and all the medicines which she administers are intended to hasten its cure; none of them are expected to operate on what is past, but are intended entirely for the future. The medicines are not given for the good of the healthy children, but entirely for the good of the sick. Why should it not be so in moral diseases?

It is a curious circumstance, and one which I can not account for, that men in all ages, down to the nineteenth century, have acted in regard to punishments, and with regard to punishments alone, as if they could change the past. They seem to think that so much guilt deserves so much punishment, entirely independent of its tendency to produce reformation, or any beneficial effect on the sufferer.

When a man builds a house, it is not to live in during the preceding year, but the succeeding; and when he gives instruction to his child, it is not to make him wiser in time past, but in time to come. Now, if all punishment is only a kind of instruction, and is always unjust unless so intended, why should the idea of retrospective punishment ever enter our minds, any more than retrospective instruction. It is true, instruction may be better adapted to the state of the mind by knowing the preceding ignorance, and so may punishment by knowing the preceding crime. Medicine may be better adapted to the state of the patient by knowing the exact nature of the disease; but in all cases the intelligent agent in all his actions will aim to produce some effect *in future*, and never to change *the past*. God himself acts on this plan. In the series of events which take place in his universe, they are so arranged that the preceding one may produce the suc-

ceeding one, but never the reverse. Oh, vain man, how long will it be before thou learnest to act in conformity to the eternal and immutable order established in the universe of God!

Perhaps it may be urged, that though the rule is general that men's interests never clash, yet when a man has once committed a crime he has forfeited all right to be treated by his fellows according to the general rule; especially as he voluntarily committed the crime, knowing that if men caught him in the commission of it they would punish him, not with any regard to his good, but merely to set an example to others of what they would have to expect provided they did the same. And as a confirmation of this view it is urged, that the criminal himself acknowledges the justice of the punishment inflicted upon him—even the punishment of death. The first part of this argument would be unanswerable if it could be shown that it is for the good of society that a criminal should be punished *without* regard to his good, rather than *with* regard to his good; but this I think never can be shown,—and if not, the argument falls to the ground, and the acknowledgement of the criminal only proves how deeply implanted that most pernicious doctrine may be, that we may sometimes at least benefit ourselves by diminishing the well-being of others. In the days of persecution the minority acknowledged the right of the majority to burn at the stake. It was what they themselves intended to do as soon as they obtained power. In those days they seemed to think that belief in the doctrines of a creed did not depend upon the evidence of their truth, but upon the evidence that fire would burn; for that was all the evidence which the persecutors deigned to furnish. Had they been acquainted with the laws of the human mind, they would have known that, if they had furnished as conclusive and satisfactory proofs of the truth of their creed as they did that fire would burn, their belief in the one would have been as full and unwavering as their belief in the other. They would have known, also, that the evidence which they furnished that fire would burn, though it was perfectly convincing, would not in the least degree tend to convince either the one who was burned, or any of the spectators, that the articles of any particular creed were true which appeared to them to have no connection with the proposition "Fire will burn." It was the error of the age of persecution that unbelief could be destroyed by fire better than by argument: so it is the error of the present day to

believe that the public can be better secured from crimes by punishing criminals without regard to their good, than by considering their good *alone* in all the punishment which is inflicted upon them. They profess to act from the principle that it is proper and just and useful to the community that criminals should be punished without regard to their happiness, for the sake of example. If this is the true principle, and utility is really expected to the community from example, then do most communities act most preposterously to gain this end. If example is the thing to benefit the community, then ought punishments to be as public as possible. Men ought to be chained on the public highways and in the streets of our large cities, after they are convicted of crimes, that terror for evil deeds might meet us at every corner; and if this was not sufficient to deter others from the commission of crimes, then the severity of punishments ought to be increased. The criminals ought to be lashed on the bare back at stated intervals, and all the citizens should be invited to attend, that none of them might be deprived of the *salutary influence* which such example might have in deterring them from similar crimes. Care ought to be taken not to extend the punishment so far as to endanger the life of the patient, for the longer his life lasts and the more examples of torture he affords, the more beneficial does he become to the community.

Now how silly do men act, and how inconsistently with their own principles! Some criminals they catch and strangle within their prison-walls as quietly as possible, and will not let any one be present to derive advantage from this sublime spectacle, but the sheriff, the turnkey, and the clergyman; yet it is well known that men in general are but little affected with what they only hear, in comparison with what they see. Others they enclose within the walls of a penitentiary, and let no one see them but the person who takes them food and drink,—and not one in a thousand of the community ever thinks of them from the time they go in till the time they come out.

Men are beginning to act as if they were ashamed and afraid to let the community see their own laws executed, lest it might have a pernicious effect on their moral character. The very fact that men are beginning to execute capitally in private is a sure symptom that ere long the moral feelings of the community will obtain a glorious victory over that most pernicious error which it is my

chief object to combat in this paper. As soon as it is acknowledged that it is injurious for the multitude to be present at capital punishments, the very corner-stone on which the whole system of criminal jurisprudence is now built is removed, and the whole fabric must speedily tumble to the dust. If the community are not to be benefited by the spectacle of capital punishments, men will immediately begin to inquire what *use* there is in punishments. They will then soon come to the true conclusion that there is no utility in them only as they are beneficial to the criminal himself. They will then push their inquiries a little further, and they will soon conclude that the best way to improve the criminal is to strengthen his understanding, to elevate his tastes, and to teach him the laws of God, and especially *that* law in which it is enacted, that no man can benefit himself by doing evil to another.

Oh glorious day for mankind when this becomes the universal sentiment! All malice and strife will cease, and man will learn war no more. Even that universal maxim, that "the best way to preserve peace is to be prepared for war," will be abandoned as a dangerous principle; for even the act of preparing for war is calculated to excite the jealousies and ill will of surrounding nations, and the expense of keeping large standing armies is like a mill-stone hung round the neck of society to retard their advancement in the arts and sciences. When wars cease, men will rapidly advance in all that adorns life and makes it desirable. How much more rapidly would they advance if all *thought* of wars was forever removed from the mind! When rumors of war are spread abroad, and preparations for war are commenced, the all-absorbing subject of war takes possession of the mind, and no time is left for cultivating the arts of peace, and the evils to society are almost as great as when the chariot of actual war is fiercely driven over the land. A thousand vices will disappear from the earth when the war-spirit becomes extinct, and a thousand virtues will spring up in their stead. As soon as all nations shall clearly perceive that no two of them can carry on a war without great loss to themselves and to all other nations, all motive to war will cease, and men will learn to "do unto others as they would have others do unto them." Industry will then be directed in the right channels. Iron will not be dug out of the bowels of the earth to be melted into cannon balls, and then thrown into the ocean at great expense of saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal. The immense labor heretofore

employed in surrounding cities with walls and ditches and forts, occupying so much ground which might be usefully employed in agriculture, will then be spared to increase the wealth and comforts of mankind, and to leave abundance of time to cultivate the mind by reading and study, after all necessary comforts and conveniences of life are procured by half the quantity of labor which men are now obliged to undergo to obtain a scanty and precarious subsistence.

The external comforts which would arise from correct views on these important points would form a very small portion of the whole amount of the increase of happiness which would be immediately experienced. It is in the mind of man properly cultivated that his chief happiness dwells. It is the mind, also, which suffers the most poignant anguish, frequently, under false views. What a fountain of joy, springing up to eternal happiness, will be laid open to our view as soon as we can see with the clearness of demonstration that every thing which occurs, even the most distressing, is ordered by infinite power, under the direction of infinite wisdom and infinite goodness; and that the greatest evils which occur will tend not merely to increase the happiness of the whole universe, but especially of the individual on whom the evils fall. Unbounded and confiding love of God would then fill our souls, terror and despair would be forever banished from our minds, even when the clouds of adversity shrouded our horizon in their darkest hue. It would be eternally present to our minds that the justice of God required pain to be the consequence of transgression no more than his most tender mercy; and that it would be cruel, as well as unjust, to withhold that pain from the transgressor which alone could teach him not to transgress in a similar way again. As soon as we shall see that the infinite holiness of God does not require Him to punish transgression of his laws with infinite and eternal punishment, but rather to cause that pain to follow transgression which will tend to prevent transgression in future, our minds will be freed from all superstitious dread of almighty vengeance, which is as fatal to growth in virtue as to the increase of happiness.

To punish the transgressor with infinite and eternal punishment for transgressions, without intending to produce the destruction of sin, would indicate rather an infinite love of punishment than an infinite hatred of sin; and the best and only way to manifest an infinite hatred of sin is to take the best means to root it out of ex-

istence. And it would appear, so far as we can see, that this can only be done by the plan God has certainly adopted : to cause pain always to follow transgression and happiness always to follow obedience, and then to give man the power to discover that effects flow from causes.

Perhaps it may be objected, that God does not intend that the pain which follows transgression should work out the reformation of the transgressor, as it manifestly sometimes does not produce that effect. On the contrary, men sometimes seem to get worse and worse the more they transgress and the more they suffer for the transgression. For example, the drunkard : so far from being cured by the headache consequent on a debauch, so far from abhorring the liquor which he knows by experience stultifies all his mental powers, and renders him unfit for a time to enjoy the high pleasures of the understanding and the unspeakable joys of domestic affection, he seeks with increased ardor the delirium of intoxication, knowing at the same time that his conduct is hastening him down to a premature and disgraceful death, and agonizing the feelings of all who love him most. Indeed, so far from drunkenness curing itself by the frightful consequences which God has made to follow in its train, it seems to render its victims regardless of all consequences, and even to invert the nature of man so far as to cause him to choose misery in preference to happiness, and that, too, at the expense of making those wretched who are united to him by the dearest ties of consanguinity and affinity. Now, it may be said that as God does not cure the drunkard by the pain which He causes to follow drunkenness, He does not cause the pain with the intention of curing ; for He can not be frustrated in his intentions.

To all this it may be answered, that though the pain of drunkenness does not always prevent future intoxication, yet this pain may have its utility. We are not sure but that the man who even kills himself by continued drunkenness may die with a more thorough hatred of drunkenness than one who has never been drunk. He knows its evils by sad experience. If it is asked, Why, then, did he not abandon the practice ? the answer may perhaps be, that a state of disease was produced by the habit of intoxication which so affected the body that nothing short of death could cure it, and yet the disembodied spirit may depart to the other world with the utmost loathing of all intemperance—a

loathing increased by having experienced the effects of intemperance here.

It would be illogical to infer that, because God does not always cure a disease by the pain which arises from that disease whilst the patient is in this world, therefore God never intends to cure the disease. God is constantly using means to overcome ignorance—his whole universe is one great system of instruction; yet He advances but a very small distance in producing perfect wisdom, even in the brightest intelligences, whilst they are in this world: and yet it would be manifestly absurd to infer that God will not succeed in making us extremely wise in millions of years after our departure from this world. Now it may be that the disease of the *body* produced by repeated intoxication is incurable, yet the soul may awake from its stupor in the world of spirits with a hatred of all intemperance and an inexpressible joy at finding itself freed from the miserable clog of clay, which it now perceives was the only impediment which hindered it at once from rising into the pure regions of intelligence and bliss.

But even if the case of the drunkard, and perhaps some others, can not be explained in accordance with the doctrine advanced in this paper, the general principle may still be true, that the pain which God has caused to follow transgression is intended to lead to reformation. Besides, who can tell how many are prevented from becoming confirmed drunkards by considering the horrible state to which they and their families would be reduced if they yielded to the temptation of continued intoxication?

It appears, then, highly probable that in this case, as in all others, the tendency of the pain consequent upon transgression is to produce reformation in all minds possessing sufficient reason to discover that pain is the result of the transgression; and therefore we may safely infer that God designed this tendency when he arranged it so that pain should follow transgression. Nay, further, God does not always wait till the commission of the overt act of transgression before He commences the punishment. He has beautifully and wisely and mercifully arranged it so that the punishment is cotemporaneous with the first thought of committing the transgression, even before the design is formed or the plan laid. The punishment begins thus early evidently with the design to prevent the overt act, and sometimes even the completion of the design to commit the overt act.

What an untold amount of crime is prevented by this most benevolent arrangement! How much suffering is avoided by using an *ounce* of prevention instead of a *pound* of cure! How much more beautiful is such a plan as this, and how much more efficient in advancing the moral education of rational beings, than any plan would be which would defer the punishment for a long time after the commission of the transgression! If God had caused happiness to be the result of transgression of his laws in this world and misery in the next, such an arrangement would seem like a plan to entrap us into crime, for all our experience would then lead us to believe that crimes are the true source of happiness. Such a scheme was never made by a wise and benevolent God.

Perhaps it may be objected to the system which I have here presented, that it represents God as acting inconsistently with his own plans and determinations. In a former part of this paper, it may be said I endeavored to prove that God designed that man should commit moral evil, and in the latter part I have endeavored to show that God has made the best possible contrivances to prevent moral evil, and to cure that which is not prevented. To this objection I answer: that God did certainly intend, as was demonstrated before, all the moral evil which exists, and no more, and the contrivances which He has made to prevent moral evil are intended not to prevent that which takes place, but that which would take place without these contrivances. God, in his infinite wisdom, sees that the ignorance of man would lead him eternally astray from the path of rectitude, if He did not hedge in this path with thorns and thistles, which, by their pungent stings, would warn the traveller, at every deviation, that he must immediately return.

It may be objected, also, that the system here advocated places the revealed will of God in his Word in contradiction to his secret will in his decrees; that his revealed will is that man should commit no transgressions, but that his secret will is that he should commit all the transgressions which he does commit. To this objection I answer: that there is no contradiction between the revealed and secret will of God. The Word of God is a revelation of his laws, and not at all a revelation of his will that those laws shall not be broken. If God willed that his laws should not be broken, they never would be broken; for what God wills must come

to pass. His written Word is only a different form of instructing his rational creatures what to do and what not to do to secure their highest happiness. It comes in aid of their experience as to the effects of actions on their happiness or misery. It is kind advice given by a most affectionate father: Do this, and be happy — avoid that, or be miserable. It nowhere says that God's will or determination is that we shall not disobey. This advice, like the pain we experience from transgression, or even from the thought of transgression, is intended not to hinder us from the transgressions which we actually commit, but from those we would commit without the aid of this advice. God has determined that we shall commit no more transgressions than we actually do commit, and He has taken effectual means to insure that result. I think, also, we may safely conclude, from the means which we see in operation, that it is his determination that we shall commit fewer and fewer transgressions the longer we continue to exist, until finally, when we become perfectly wise, transgression will become impossible. In this process our free agency will all the time remain unimpaired. Our liability to sin will evidently diminish with the increase of our wisdom and goodness, whilst our free agency will constantly remain the same. Nor is it necessary that man should become infinitely wise to render transgression in him impossible; it is enough that his wisdom be coëxtensive with his sphere of action, so that nothing should be presented to his mind leading to action beyond his sphere of knowledge. Now, as man's sphere of action is limited, we may well conceive that his knowledge, which is constantly increasing in this world, and will probably increase much faster in the next, will become so extensive in millions of years that no proposition could then be proposed to him which he could not determine as to its evil or good consequences; and as God never will, to all eternity, cause happiness to be the result of the transgression of his laws, this knowledge is all that is necessary to render transgression impossible — especially when we consider that man never can have his nature so changed that he can prefer misery to happiness; and to prefer the known causes of misery to the known causes of happiness would be the same as preferring the misery itself.

Perhaps it may be objected that I have based all my reasonings, in this paper, on the supposition that man is a purely intellectual

being, and that all his volitions arise from the dictates of the understanding, whereas it is manifest that he is not purely intellectual, and that very many of his volitions are chiefly influenced by his passions, and still more by his habits—and that, too, so suddenly that his rational powers have no time to act before the volition is made; and hence it is inferred that man may still be liable to transgress the law of God, even after he becomes perfect in knowledge, if that time should ever arrive. This objection, however plausible, is easily answered. I acknowledge that many of our volitions are influenced by our passions, and many depend on our habits, as completely as the volitions of beasts depend on instinct; and I have no doubt that we are formed by the Creator with the capacity of acquiring habits, and being influenced by them, for the wisest purposes. Without such a capacity man would be in many respects inferior to the beasts, and, indeed, would be altogether unfitted for an inhabitant of this world. But habits themselves may be examined by reason, and approved or condemned as they shall appear useful or injurious to our happiness; and there is no bad habit, however confirmed by long use, that can not be corrected by long continued and repeated efforts. I will not say that the converse of this proposition is true: that good habits, when once confirmed by long use, can be changed to bad; for good habits, when examined by reason, will be approved, and, of course, no efforts will be made to change them. Thus they will remain forever as parts of our very self, eternally ready to lead us to make proper volitions on all subjects within the sphere of their influence. Hence, it is manifestly true, if you *bring up a child in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it*. But Solomon nowhere says, Bring up a child in the way he should *not* go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

[To be Continued.]

DEVOTION.

DEVOUTLY look, and naught
But wonders shall pass by thee;
Devoutly read, and then
All books shall edify thee;
Devoutly speak, and men
Devoutly listen to thee;
Devoutly act, and then
The strength of God acts through thee.
—Ruckert (Wisdom of the Brahmin).

TO A SKYLARK.

Written on seeing one at a bird-fancier's, in one of our large eastern cities, restlessly endeavoring to force its way through the roof of its cage.

AGAINST thy prison bars still fiercely beating
With tireless wings, striving to find thy way
Out from thy gloomy cell, and give thy greeting
Triumphant to the broad and glorious day,—
In vain endeavor thus thy short, and fleeting,
And cheerless life thou here wilt wear away.

Poor alien ! can it be that thou art haunted
By visions such as the sad exile sees,
Of some deep, amethystine gulf enchanted,
Far in the bosom of the Pyrenees,
Where, by no hand of mortal ever planted,
Wild blooms are reddening for the golden bees ?

Or maddening dreams—of some blue lakelet lying
'Mid the white Alps, mirroring but the sun,
A star, or warbling skylark o'er it flying
To meet the morn—or, when the day was done,
Sinking unto his mate, and sweetly trying
His vespers o'er his nest so nearly won !

Or yet of England's hills, and of the auroral
And crimson beams flushing the orient through,
Upon her highland-moors the rose-tints floral
Deepening on heath-bells wet with sweetest dew ;
Longing, with longing vain, to join the choral
And exquisite chant far in those skies of blue !

Thy alien fellow-captives never greeting,
Gathered in this dim cell from many lands,
Thou wearest out thy little life and fleeting,
Striving all vainly with thy prison bands,—
Beating against them with a restless beating,
To gain that Temple grand not made with hands !

WHO DISCOVERED THE PLANET?

[We take the risk of publishing the following letter from a friend who might possibly have been too judicious to write it had he known that it would see the light. It is likely, however, that if any good name has been unjustly enclouded, it will have been cleared by the time this magazine reaches that vicinity, if it ever does; if justly, M. Vernet will have made every peak in Switzerland vocal with it.]

BESANÇON, February 4, 1860.

AFTER a violent oscillation between the beauties of France and the sublimities of Switzerland, as provocative of a rest for the spring and summer, I have selected the meadow rather than the eyrie, and have had a neat and pleasant room fitted up in the Humboldt hotel. From my window I look forth on the placid waters of the Doubs, which reminds me daily of our own beautiful Rappahannock, that sweetest of Virginia streams, which has long flowed in me as one of my own veins.

But I can not linger more amongst the sacred autographs which the Old Times wrote in stone within these ancient walls, ere they departed; for they seem to have said—these Old Times: We will take Besançon, whose fortification dates back to the time of Cæsar, heap our souvenirs in its museum, our books in its library, and make its cathedrals and dwellings a geologic architecture, recording the strata of past civilizations.

I must not close, however, without telling you of a strange tragedy and its attendant rumors, of which perhaps the least that is said the better, until their present nebulous condition shall recede before a nucleus of substantiated fact. It relates to the planet recently discovered by Dr. Lascarbault, to whom the honor of the discovery is not only due, but most cheerfully conceded by all. Henceforth, along with the thrilling stories of Humphrey Davy, the apothecary's apprentice, stealing chances to experiment with his master's broken phials, and with the pots and pans in the kitchen,—of the young Faraday, binding books during the day, and experimenting in electricity with nothing better than an old bottle,—of Herschel, playing the oboe for the Durham militia, and painfully constructing, what he could not buy, a five-foot reflector, which revealed to his eye the ring and satellites of Saturn, will be told that of the obscure Dr. Lascarbault, saving from his meagre earnings enough to purchase a poor telescope, costing only

\$150, and noting the most important calculations of the age on a white plank!

You have probably heard that claims to a previous discovery by Scott, the Englishman, and others, have been made. These may be or may not be true—and, indeed, it makes very little difference whether such claims are just or not; they serve, however, to show that the announcement, made in the *Cosmos* long ago by Leverrier, of the perturbations of Mercury which led him to suspect the existence of a planet revolving between Mercury and the sun, had caused a determination of every telescope in Europe, small and great, to that one spot in the heavens.

Amongst those who patiently, and I believe successfully, watched and waited upon these perturbations, to discover their cause, was the young man of whom I have to write you, Marcel Vercanier. He was the President and leading spirit of the Saint-Pierre Friends. The story of these Friends must first be told. In 1849 twelve young men were graduated in the scientific schools of Paris, of whom some were Spanish, some Swiss, one German, and six French. These formed a club for the purpose of traveling on foot through the Jura, in order to make discoveries amongst its rich geologic phenomena, and its vegetable and animal fauna. They easily obtained a commission of survey from the government, which served to pay expenses, and plunged forth into a four-years' nomadic life. They took their tents with them; the rivers were their fish-barrels, the forests their meat-houses. They were taken by the grand old Jura to their heart, and in a year or so became shaggy enough to be mistaken by any of the bears which abound there for legitimate members of the feral fraternity. The survey was very fruitful of results, and in the spring of 1853 they found themselves on a mountain of Bern, commanding the entire prospect of the most beautiful Lake Bienne, their expedition fairly closed, their records not yet brought into shape. You have heard, doubtless, of the exquisite Isle de Saint-Pierre, which is the pride of Lake Bienne: its solitary claim to historic fame is, that there, in 1765, Jean Jacques Rousseau came to find rest. Here he lived and wrote. It is now rarely visited save by some devout admirer of the *Contrat Social*, or the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. Of the extreme and delicate beauty of this quiet lake, and more quiet island, I can refer you to no delineation save one drawn in Dumas' most fascinating *Impressions de Voyage*. You must

dream — the garish day could unfold you no such vision — of a beautiful island of a square mile or so, covered with deep foliage, fringed down toward the lake-edge with stately poplars. Magnificent mountain summits rise up on every side, mingling with gorgeously tinted clouds. At the moment when our party first looked down upon the scene the setting sun had touched the waters of the lake to gold and amethyst, and they looked longingly upon the emerald island which seemed a home for their wayworn spirits. To it they descended; and on the first day which they spent there it was resolved to take the old chateau, the same in which Rousseau had dwelt, and remain there until their reports were ready for transmission to Paris.

But when these reports were ready to leave, the Friends were not. Four years together in the brave life with nature, cast utterly upon each other, provoking the finest qualities of each and all, they could not but find some interweavings of heart and brain nerves which ached at the idea of separation. And, indeed, so pleasant was their association, so genial the sky, so full of beauty and variety the island and lake, that they lingered on in a scientific phalanstere from year to year, and were known throughout the canton of Bern as the Saint-Pierre Friends.

As I have said, the leading spirit among them was Vercanier. The day before visiting Neufchatel, which is just ten English miles due west from this lake, I spent a day with these Friends, whom I found very hospitable; and I was particularly struck with the native nobility and the exquisite genius of their young President. He had taken Astronomy as his specialty, and had swung a powerful glass in the room which had once been occupied by the celebrated sentimentalist of whom I have spoken. His room bore evidence of the great pride with which his companions took care of their genius and all that related to him. And I remember well the large old Gothic chair, which they had united to purchase for him, and which, alas! — But I must not anticipate.

When Leverrier made his announcement of the perturbations, Marcel was at once seized with an absorbing zeal for discovery, which made him, I am told, neglect his food and sleep. His friend Vernet declares that the astronomer told him, early in January, that he had come to an absolute certainty, so far as his own mind was concerned, that he had the degrees of the planet's inclination to the ecliptic, that he had its period of revolution round

the sun (19 d. 17 h.), but that he was determined not to make any announcement until he could make sure proof, and offer perfect calculations.

At this time one Pilzer, who has been for some years assistant superintendent of the Geneva Observatory, went over to visit the Saint-Pierre Friends in company with Du Sor, whom he joined at Neufchatel. Introduced by such a distinguished and admirable a naturalist, the Genevan was heartily welcomed; and when Du Sor returned the other had accepted an invitation to explore the island, and did not return with him. He remained three days, then left, accompanied by the good wishes of most of the club.

The next morning Marcel Vercanier was found seated in an upright position in the old Gothic chair, stiff, cold, dead! His hand grasped a pen, or rather clutched it, as if under a sharp pang. A white sheet of paper lay before him, with three words on it: "I have discovered" —

The Friends were wild with excitement; Vernet was seized with a fever, and soon raved. No clue to the awful mystery was afforded. Dr. Buch, who lived across the lake, was sent for, and brought with him Dr. Stein, of Besançon, who happened to be at his house. These able men made a post-mortem examination, and unhesitatingly declared that the digestive functions were sound and without foreign substance, and that they had not a doubt that Vercanier had by over-work brought on some singular and sudden affection of the brain.

But, on the second day after the death, as they were preparing the body for burial, one of the students observed on the naked body, just between the shoulders, a singular little appearance, as of the calyx and petals of a pink flower. Attention having been called to it, one of the Friends, who had been trained especially in the department of Toxicology, at Paris, examined it closely; then went to the large arm-chair in which Marcel was in the habit of sitting, and in which he had been found dead, pressed with both hands on the velvet, and forth there started a horrible instrument known in the dens of Paris and London as "the fang." It is a long awl-like point, modeled within on the principle of a serpent's tooth—the poison vessel being in a small cylinder at the base, and pressed out by any pressure on the point. Against this horrid thing, concealed under the velvet, the gifted Vercanier had leaned back, and the flower of death had blown upon him.

But now the fang had been found, the serpent was to be sought for. Du Sor had introduced Pilzer; so it seemed about as natural to suspect one as the other. But one morning, about a week after the burial of Marcel Vercahier, Vernet read in the Geneva *Presse* the following paragraph:

“WHO DISCOVERED THE PLANET? — We are authorized to state that, in a few days, M. Pilzer will exhibit to the public evidence that he had, previously to Dr. Lascarbault, discovered and made perfect calculations of the new planet, its bearings and relations; and that, if it had not been for the telegraph which flashed the news from Paris preceding his announcement by a few hours, his calculations, successfully carried on during nearly a year past, would have been laid before the Genevan public. Should this prove true, it will give to the assistant superintendent of our Observatory an enviable position in the world of astronomic science, although the honor of the discovery and naming of the new planet may not be technically conceded to him.”

As he read this, a dark suspicion started up in Vernet's mind. He rushed up to his dead friend's study, broke open his desk, examined every paper in the drawer, *escritoir*, room. The calculations to which he knew Vercahier's last year and last moment had been devoted could nowhere be found. He saw, by a terrible vision, that these papers had been laid out on the table, that their summing up had begun in the words “*I have discovered.*” He saw the eager, envious hand which had paralyzed the noble Marcel, and harvested for his ambition the magnificent results!

On the wings of the wind the Friends sped to Geneva; but they were too furious to be cautious: they went in a body to the Observatory. Of course, when they entered, Pilzer could not be found; for it is likely that his telescope had lately watched the gates of the Observatory Park more than the revolutions of the new planet. Every one had seen M. Pilzer a moment before, but no one could find him now.

M. Pilzer's claims as discoverer of the new planet have not been verified to the Genevan public through the *Presse*: M. Pilzer himself is not so discoverable as the planet.

Nothing further of the horrid affair has transpired, so far as I know, except that the Saint-Pierre Friends have banded themselves into a posse of detectives, and are likely to reexplore the Jura for a brute hitherto unknown to its fauna. D.

DR. EINBOHRER AND HIS PUPILS.

CHAPTER I.—PERSONAL, MERELY.

DR. JECOVAS EINBOHRER was led into the New World by an aspiration; that aspiration was for *Peace*. It was thus: Just after he had retired from the University of Frankfort-on-the-Mayne, where he had been for seven weeks Professor of Comparative Anatomy, he had taken up his residence near a secluded village, where he thought to pursue his speculations and researches without interruption. But the Eumenides are averse to Science. The very next year came on the wars of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Doctor found himself unhappily near them. This wise man was generally so abstracted that he might never have discovered that any conflict was going on had it not been for the following untoward circumstances:

Dr. E. had been engaged for a month on an essay concerning the probable results of Volta's galvanic experiments. Such essays of his were never written: the best things can not be written. This wonderful man sat when composing, composed; motionless; gazing into his fire: the only sign of life being an ever-ascending column of smoke from his pipe. The form which this cloudy pillar assumed on such occasions was symbolic of the inner emotion of the man in respect of quickness, force, height, and volume. At this time Einbohrer had risen by the stairway of beautiful reasons to a New World of Hope. He had so pressed probabilities that, instead of seeing the Voltaic pile merely causing supple-jack motions in a frog or an executed malefactor, he saw it blessing those who were neither frogs nor malefactors; he saw a day when "some poor fellow who had died," so he beautifully said, "from accidental drowning or loss of breath, should be restored to his afflicted friends, not alone kicking—which was all Volta had yet made frogs and malefactors do—but verily alive and kicking!" He was just questioning whether it might not have been the action of some such force amongst the ancients that had accomplished sundry things transmitted as miraculous; whether it was not this which restored the widow's son on whom Elijah stretched himself (a powerful battery), until he came again to life. From this he had gone on to imagine the happiness of widows, generally,

should such powers be discovered—not omitting the suspicion that many would be very unhappy amongst both widows and widowers should such restorations become fashionable. Thus, I say, his speculations had been evolved in fine curls and convolutions out of that profound meerschaum-brain of his, when *bang!* went the gun of an insurgent, beneath his window, who had awaited in ambush of that peaceablest spot the expected passage of an aristocrat, whom he had been appointed to shoot. Whether he slew the man hath not transpired: our business is with Einbohrer. In a moment fancies, smoke-castles, spiritualized Voltaic piles perished, as Alcastar's China-ware perished by the motion of his foot in spurning his anticipated wife. A mild despair settled on the good Doctor's face. He did not rise from his seat, but, with emphasis, knocked the ashes from his meerschaum, which was as significant of what was in him as the eruption of ashes from nature's meerschaums, Vesuvius or *Ætna*, testify seething inner commotions. Frau Einbohrer heard this knock from the room adjacent, and knowing what fearful emotions could alone bring Einbohrer to knock the ashes from his meerschaum before dinner-time—at which time she was accustomed to clean it herself—came in with deep anxiety on every line of her excellent face. "My wife," he said, solemnly, "the creations of a most favored hour have thus been shot down. You see what experience (*erfahrung*) and reason (*vernunft*) certify, that in such a social state as this nothing can be expected for that Specialty which wears no epaulettes. Look at me, madam," he continued, so severely that the dear Frau shed two tears, "am I a soldier; madam, do I look like one? If I am not, why am I to be disturbed by these shooting bipeds? I see that in this land it must be for some months—years, perhaps lustra—the odious gunpowder-smoke of unreason and unrest, and not the pure meerschaum-smoke of philosophy and the imagination. Know then that to-morrow we set out for America. I want peace; and I hear their Congress passes Peace-measures every year: Mistress Einbohrer! I will smoke the pipe of peace, though it be with the Indian on the remotest peak of the Rocky Mountains!" Thus divinely did Dr. Jecovas Einbohrer deliver himself, and an additional tap of the meerschaum on the chimney showed it decisive.

Thus was it that this dove, as one might say, flew over the great waters in search of the olive branch. It would appear,

however, that an ardent longing for peace implies the most restless life to reach it. The Doctor's personal history amply attested this; all the titles attached to his European reputation made manifest that the law of change had not overlooked him. It was always "Dr. Jeco. Einbohrer, *late* Prof. Geology at Göttingen"—"*late* Pres. of Royal Ichthyolog. Soc."—"late of Frankfort"—late of every thing, and now about to be late of Europe. How this happened to be the case may be inferred from a recital of the good Doctor's earliest experience after his arrival in America. By some accident it was discovered that we had an Einbohrer among us, and he was straightway called to the chair of Natural History in the Jerusalem Institute. He took the said chair, though the back was not quite high enough, and sat there teaching, like Socrates, improved by a meerschaum. In a few months the trustees of this institution made their annual visitation thereto. According to immemorial custom, they had to converse with the various instructors on high theological topics. This was a very wise provision of the Institute, because it is becoming too common to find tendencies in seats of learning to leave the old stand-points of faith, and more than one instance is on record where heresies the most soul-destroying, affecting vital truths, such as the local reality of hell-fires, the personality of the Devil, the Trinity, etc., have been allowed students unpunished!

These visitors, who were of the reverend clergy, came at length to Einbohrer's room. They found him, after some little trouble, since as Venus clothed Eneas with a cloud, so had his adored meerschaum enveloped the professor. They were solemnly nodded to seats. The Doctor came out of the cloud sufficiently to exclaim: "Friends, ye have lost your neckerchiefs!" but on being assured that they were only white ones, he retired into himself. The Rev. M. Y. Dox, D. D., opened the conversation. "Dr. Einbohrer," he said, "we rejoice to think that there is but a formal necessity of inquiring if you believe that most consoling doctrine, the Trinity?" "My dear sir," replied the Doctor, innocently, "I believe I have with me some specimens of that whereof you speak." The Rev. brothers were aghast. *Trinity specimens!* Whilst they wondered if, indeed, science were about to give the irresistible seal to faith, he brought his Herbarium and turned to some specimens of the *Trifolium arvense*, called in his own land Trinity-grass. When told of his misapprehension, and

that they referred to his views of the tri-personal nature of the Godhead, he retired into himself more profoundly, and after several clouds had risen as genii from their meerschäum-casket, such as made the Rev. M. Y. Dox, D.D., cough again, he replied, "That if they would wait some score or so of years he thought he should then be called out into the Eternal Hereafterwards, where he would endeavor to obtain specimens of the Godhead, as they called it; hitherto he had seen none, alive or fossil, and could not answer." This speech was deemed irreverent and heathenish; and Dr. Jaco. Einbohrer became *late* of Jerusalem Institute.

It was a change nowise disagreeable to this good man; for, to say nothing of overmuch genuflexion at chapel prayers, to which he was unused, he had already perceived a small cloud of unrest such as had ever pursued him, in the gigglings of sundry youngsters who attended his lectures, at the throne of smoke whereon he sat, the Jove-like glory of which their eyes could no more entertain than a bottle could Niagara.

He now retired to a country place, where he took a few young men as pupils. Not that he needed them from pecuniary motives,—Providence had provided his pipe forever, he used to say expressively,—but this mysterious man, as we have seen, wrote nothing, and he wished doubtless to have some human molds near wherein he might pour the seething ores of his brain-furnace.

One of these pupils the writer hereof had the happy fortune to be. Having been deprived of that inestimable privilege for a year or two, he now proposes to restore from his notes and etchings taken at the time the lectures and incidents which cast a halo around that rural home of Göthe's "extraordinary generous seeking." These lectures were discursive, but relate chiefly to Natural History or Physiology. Our editorial notes shall be as brief as possible, and are only designed as stage-lights,—valuable for the light they cast on the scene, themselves the better the less they are seen. In this first paper we can do little more than give miniatures of the Doctor and his pupils amidst their Arcadian life—an interest in these being of the first importance to those who would follow them in their search for knowledge.

The Doctor himself, then, was about five feet,—but, no! such a man as Einbohrer ought not to be described in prose; and being myself no poet, I will just invade Mr. Robert Browning's English copyright so far as to quote his description of another German

Professor, which portrays ours to some extent, and may be found in the "Christmas Eve :"

Hist ! a buzzing and emotion !
All settle themselves, the while ascends
By the creaking rail to the lecture-desk,
Step-by-step, deliberate,
Because of his cranium's overfreight,
Three parts sublime to one grotesque,
If I have proved an accurate guesser,
The hawk-nosed, high-cheek-boned Professor.
. . . And when each glance was upward sent,
Each bearded mouth composed intent,
And a pin might be heard drop a half a mile hence,
He pushed back higher his spectacles,
Let the eyes stream out as lamps from cells,
And giving his head of hair—a hake
Of undrest tow for color and quantity—
One rapid and impatient shake,
The Professor's grave voice, sweet though hoarse,
Broke into his wonderful discourse.

Three subtractions, and you might think Browning had seen the very man : 1. He never was known to give his head a rapid or slow shake ; 2. He wore no spectacles ; 3. His nose was not a hawk-nose. Opinions differ about his nose.

The portraits of the pupils must be given very succinctly. Van Chunk and Van Stammer had known the Professor at Frankfort-on-the-Mayne, and had accompanied him ever after, even to America, saying, "Entreat us not to leave thee nor to return from following after thee ; for whither thou goest we will go ; and where thou lodgest we will lodge : thy people shall be our people," and so forth. Their faces always said this plainly, as they sat on either side of him in the lecture-room, wing-like.

Van Chunk consisted of florid flesh and blood ; head and face constituting an exact sphere ; moon-like ; three-fourths in eclipse by reason of hair and whiskers (red). His body was generally spherical, and his walk suggestive of diurnal revolutions.

Van Stammer was of a long meagre body, sore-eyed, flaxen-haired, wan with a cough ; suspected of having a Mephistophelian tendency to metaphysics and midnight oil-burning. A rumor existed that he had once been heard to speak of the Absolute.

Erasmus House was not at all suspected of any dealings with

the Absolute or any thing else, except horses and hunting dogs. Innocent of an idea, he was very honest ; and I make no doubt were he overlooking me now would cry as urgently as Dogberry, "Masters, remember that I am an ass ; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass !"

Peter, his brother, was our handsome pupil, about eighteen, spirited, humorous ; but without devotion to science, and strongly suspected of insinuating pins into our chairs—especially Van Stammer's. This propensity often caused the grave Einbohrer also a great deal of pain.

Of the fifth and last the less said the better, as we fear already the reader is suspecting him of being the Dr. with the *Ein* off his name.

GEOLOGY AND THE BIBLE.

Nor half a century ago, Thomas Chalmers, an eminent Scotch divine, undertook the reconciliation of theology to geology. He saw that the latter could not be reconciled to the former. So he had nothing to do but to reconcile the former to the latter, or abandon the pretension for the Bible to superhuman origin. He had seen that the church had lost the battles, in its undertaking to withstand astronomy and physiology. In rising geology he now saw an enemy to superstition no less formidable. In surrendering, he displayed tactics, if not integrity. Bannatyne, one of his students, came over to the United States in the same service. The writer of this paper heard him in Vermont. He was a model of Scotch scholarship and eloquence, was laborious and enthusiastic. But he had undertaken a task that no man is equal to. He soon died of inflammation of the brain. Hugh Miller followed in the same undertaking, and found a like fate. Both were men worthy, it would seem, of a better destiny. It does appear a pity that superstition should continue to have such sacrifices.

Dr. Boynton, who has recently been endeavoring to do something in the same direction, in Cincinnati, is a man of different mold, and will scarcely sacrifice himself. He thinks too much of science to make himself dangerously anxious in support of superstition. The writer heard his last lecture in Cincinnati, and took

notes. His main effort was to make a distinction between *creating* and *making*, as set forth in the first of Genesis : to *create* was to form *something* from *nothing* ; to *make* was to form things from materials previously *created*. The creation was countless ages before man was made. He pretended to Hebrew scholarship, some of which a Jewish doctor of divinity present pronounced "humbug." The writer will endeavor to make plain, perspicuous English suffice for exposing the imposture.

The Doctor went back to Egyptian hieroglyphics to establish Jewish opportunities for knowledge of astronomy. But what is thus to become of the pretension for the Genesis to infallible inspiration from a source of infinite wisdom ? Not a word did we get from the Doctor in this regard. 'Twas Egyptian pictures for it on the pyramids, — not the finger-marks of Jehovah on tables of stone carried about in an ark ; nor yet the marks of a *stylus*, nor of any manner of engraver's instrument, in the hand of Moses or of Ezra, guided by the unerring hand of Jehovah.

Is it to be supposed that Dr. Boynton believes the Bible writers understood, or were any wise instructed in, or inspired with knowledge of, geology and astronomy as they are now understood ? If their language is not without meaning, if it teaches anything, it shows their idea to have been that the earth was the principal thing ; that the sun, moon, and stars were its tributaries, and created subsequently to it ; that these all were created during a hundred and forty-four consecutive hours ; that the earth was flat and immovably laid on foundations ; and that its tributaries went around it. At this last point let Martin Luther speak. He says of Copernicus : "This fool will turn the whole art of astronomy upside down, but the Scripture sheweth and teacheth another lesson, when Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, and not the earth." The Bible writers teach every other man what they taught Martin Luther in this matter ; those who have been otherwise taught and are entertaining different views have received those views from more reliable sources. Astronomy, as it is, came from wiser men, and better instructed, than wrote the Bible. The god of the book of Job asks him : "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth ? Who hath laid the measures thereof ? or who hath stretched the line upon it ? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened ? or who laid the corner-stone thereof ?" The translators tell us that the word *foundations* in

this latter instance may signify *sockets*, and that the word *fastened* may signify *made to sink*. Making to sink into sockets was thought to have been a fundamental work in laying the foundations, that the earth might be immovably fastened! In the Proverbs of Solomon, wisdom personified is made to say: "When He appointed the foundations of the earth, then I was by him." In Isaiah, the writer speaks of "The Lord thy maker that hath stretched forth the heavens and laid the foundations of the earth;" and the same writer again: "That I may plant the heavens and lay the foundations of the earth." The writers of the New Testament books called Matthew, John, Peter and Revelation, manifestly had the same views.

Now for the *days*. The modern Bible geologists are teaching that the "six days" may be construed to mean six indefinite periods of time, each of immeasurable length. It is an imposition. The Bible writers had no such thought. Their language signifies no such thing. "And the evening and the morning were the first day," the "second day," and so on. The translators tell us this may be translated: "And the evening was, and the morning was;" as much as to say, either way translated: The day consisted of, or embraced, evening and morning. In the 20th chapter of Exodus it is written: "Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day." Here sophistry, subterfuge, and evasion may as well stop. The number and length of days the god had worked was the number and length of days men might work; and the day for rest the same length. The language admits of no other interpretation. Nothing inconsistent with this plain meaning of these passages was forced upon the corresponding passages in Genesis, or thought of, till the rule making the end to sanctify the means was brought in, as a *dernier resort*, to make a way of escape from legitimate conclusions arrived at in the light of geology. Such a thing was not thought of fifty years ago. An eminent philologist of that time says: "In six days God made the world, and all the things that are in it." These six days meant with him a hundred and forty-four hours; he understood from the Bible, as all biblists understand, that the earth, and all pertaining to it and in connection with it, were, in that length of time, brought

into existence by supernatural power, exerted by the being they sometimes call Jehovah. In any and all the dictionaries of the English language up to that time, there is not a definition, in all the range of topics touching this subject in the least or in the greatest, from the Alpha to the Omega of them all, varying from this view. As elsewhere intimated, any views varying from this are derived, not from the Bible writers, but from men better informed in the facts.

A question here:—Though, in the view of Dr. Boynton and those who believe with him, there be nothing in the making up of the original *man*, irreconcilable with geology, what of the making up of the *woman*? Here is a small affair that all the bibliogeologists pass over. Small as it is, it is alone sufficient to spoil their theory. Here is indisputably a supernatural work; there is nothing geological about it—it is purely theological. Now, what is gained by straining and perverting language to make out the male to have been made up *naturally*, and then be forced to admit the female to have been made up *supernaturally*? How much less was this production of the female than a *creation*? It seems to be somewhere between the Doctor's creation and his formation. Will he call it a *lusus naturæ*? Let it be nameless. But it can not be thought he believes a word of this particular part of the story. If he does believe it, he might as well believe that the male was molded out of a piece of clay! He might as well believe in either of these as to believe in the bringing of something out of nothing. The Bible is equally good authority for building a female out of a male's rib, as for anything it says about the making of the male, or the creating of the materials to make him of. Why does Dr. Boynton believe in such a creation as he would have us think the Bible teaches? Does it look at all rational to him? Is it not, rather, that he must take the Bible *authority* for it in one way or another; that he fears to decline doing what the Bible bids him, when it tells him he must believe or be damned, evidence or no evidence? Has he yet to learn that fidelity to inevitable convictions is better than fealty to an inexorable master?

Another item here,—the flood. Totally theological again: nowise geological. The Bible teaches it to have been a supernatural affair, for a special purpose,—teaches that it was particularly instituted as a punishment,—that there would have been no

such thing, if man had obeyed the command and fulfilled the design of his creator. Other parts of the Bible besides the record in Genesis recognize it as a punishment. Job says: "Hast thou marked the old way which wicked men have trodden? which were cut down out of time? whose foundation was overflowed with a flood?" Peter says: "And spared not the old world, but saved Noah the eighth person, a preacher of righteousness, bringing in the flood upon the world of the ungodly." Do the biblio-geologists believe there was any such proceeding for such a purpose? How can they? For sufficient reasons; they'll be damned if they do not. The Bible is just as good authority for it — ark and all, with all living things in it, from the face of the earth, by twos and sevens, and food for them all, unless they fasted, during a hundred and fifty days — as it is for the rest. It is alike good for the idea that all the distinct races of men came from one original pair. It might as well have accompanied this with the idea that all the distinct races of horses, of cattle and of sheep, have originated from single pairs; and that the original females of all these, and of all the other animals, were constructed out of bones taken from the males.

Now, the record in regard to the making of the female out of a rib taken from the male, the instituting of the flood, the taking of Moses and the Israelites through the Red Sea, and drowning the Egyptians behind them, and many other kindred proceedings, are all exceedingly plain matters. Is their plainness, their indisputableness, a reason why these pretenders leave them untouched? Certain it is, the passages they theorize from are not so perspicuous. To sustain Dr. Boynton's doctrine, it should read, "In the beginning God created the materials; afterward he used the materials in making things."

But what is gained by this modern interpretation of the text? The power to *create*, in accordance with this hypothesis, must be more than the power to *make*. If the bringing of something out of nothing in the outset — "in the beginning" — did not *exhaust* the creative power, and if that power has at no time since *been* exhausted, it is equal to *creating men* — forming them from nothing — to-day; was equal to this work six thousand years ago, six thousand millions of years ago, six thousand millions of ages ago, or any other number of millions of this vast period. So it is no more unphilosophical to say — as all Bible theology did say, until

geology contradicted and confuted it—that man was supernaturally *created*, six thousand years ago, than to say he was at that time, or any other time, *made* out of materials that had been previously formed from nothing. The presumption for creative power must be, that it is *unlimited*. Power to form one thing from nothing, is power to form another thing from nothing. Power to form gas from nothing, is power to form man from nothing. Power to form man from nothing at any one time, is power to form man from nothing at any other time.

It is weakness, and not strength—loss, and not gain—that geologic-theologians have commenced this retreat,—making the admission that man was *not created*. When it is admitted that certain materials were necessary, and available conditions of these materials equally necessary, to the formation of man—it being at the same time another necessary link of this philosophy, that the available conditions of these materials did not exist anterior to the moment they came into use—it may as well be fully and frankly admitted that the whole has been quite a *natural* process. It may as well be admitted, in a word, that man could not have existed before grass; and that grass could not have existed before granite; and that granite could not have existed before gas. Finally, it may as well be admitted that it could not have been otherwise than it has been.

After all this, it may just as well be admitted—for it must be—that there is no power exterior to the Universe; that all materials are parts of Nature; that they have always existed, and will always exist. Whoever will say it is difficult to conceive of the eternal existence of the materials, in ceaseless changes, let him answer to himself the question how he can better conceive of their non-existence, in the past or in the future. Let him try to conceive of power to bring them out of nothing, and return them to nothing—this power having existed eternally by itself alone, before it exerted itself in forming something from nothing; and then continuing eternally alone by itself, after uncreating the something and returning it to nothing. Think of *such* power existing and dwelling by itself unemployéd! *Cui bono?*

How much easier, how much more rational, to think of the power and the materials running parallel,—to think of the power inhering in the materials! Power in them we know of. Power out of them we know nothing of. The most dormant of them

are exerting their power perpetually. No two particles of them are ever in the same relations during two successive moments of time. This perpetual motion is confessedly manifest on magnificent scales. Less manifest, but not less a fact, in proportion as the scales lessen. In the whirling of the spheres, in the rotation of the seasons, in the doings of waters and fires—of earthquakes and volcanoes—in the organization and dissolution of man and other animals, and of vegetables, the change is recognizable, indicating the power. In the granite it is less manifest. In this, to the constant looker-on, it may not be manifest during days or weeks,—scarcely may it be during months or years. But look now at a cathedral in Europe that has been standing unfinished during many centuries. High up on its unfinished walls the stones have changed to soil, to a depth that is producing luxuriant growths of sweet-briars and other vegetables. In time, these vast walls will all be soil—so much of them as does not pass off into the atmosphere—and all their parts and particles, in the atmosphere and out, together with all the parts and particles of all other things, will exert their power, do their work, in the round of making vegetables, animals, planets and suns, as they have always been doing.

BLOSSOMS AND LEAVES.

A PARAMYTH BY RICHTER.

MAY came, and the blossoms, pale and thin, fell from the trees ; then said the leaves : “ Behold these puny things, how useless ! hardly have they seen the light before they fade and die ; but we, we grow stronger, enduring the heat of summer, which serves only to make us larger, more brilliant, and more luxuriant, until at last, after many months of usefulness, when we have raised the most beautiful fruit, and given it to the children of earth, we sink into our graves ornamented with the colors of many orders, while the thunders of autumnal storms roll over our heads.” But the fallen blossoms said : “ Willingly do we abandon life now, for we have fulfilled our mission ; we have given birth to the fruit that is to live after us.”

Be not discouraged, ye silent, unnoticed men of books, though ye pass away quickly ! Ye little-esteemed martyrs in the school-

room — ye noble benefactors of mankind, whose names are not inscribed upon the tablets of history — and you, mothers, whose lot is to dwell in obscurity, — be not discouraged in the presence of the proud statesmen, the rich merchant princes, the haughty conquerors, — be not discouraged, for you are the *blossoms*.

THE ATTRIBUTE OF WINGS.

[From the French of Toussenel.]

IN some interesting tribes of insects, as that of the ants, who hold virginity in high esteem, the right of bearing wings and rising into the air belongs only to the choir of vestals. She who has loved punishes herself for her innocent weakness by tearing with her own hands her virginal tunic. An analogous custom is observed in Eutopia, whence the incomparable purity of morals has always excluded deceptions in love. The crown of white roses is the sign of the vestalate: the young girl who has registered her departure from the vestalate, and bravely renounced the numerous privileges attached to this title, a little later reveals this to all by appearing at public ceremonies with her brow garlanded with a crown of red roses. I do not dissimulate my lively admiration of an institution which introduces loyalty into all social affections, and banishes falsehood and hypocrisy from the hearth of our intimate affections. Respect for the rights of happy love instinctively seeks an environment of shade and solitude.

I remark in passing, that it is the history of the Ant which has lent to modern mythology the myth of the Sylphide — a graceful and charming myth, which Marie Taglioni, queen of the dance, formerly translated in immortal pirouettes on the choreographic scenes of the French Opera. The Sylphide is, like the winged Ant, a virgin of the air, whose wings fall at the first kiss of love.

The history of the butterfly confirms still more vigorously than that of the Ant this view of the glorious attribute of wings.

When the foul caterpillar, which lives only for its belly, has devoured enough, the breath of the generative power which goes forth over the waters, the forests and the plains, to watch over the conservation of beings, warns the caterpillar that it is time to arrest the development of the individual, and to think of the interest of the species. The caterpillar, warned, stops eating, and fixing

itself at the extremity of the stalk it has denuded, weaves the cressid where its mysterious transformation is accomplished. After which the crawling insect, which has sloughed its dress of misery, darts from its silken prison under form of an ærial sylph, with gold and azure wings, which only lives upon perfume, sunshine and love, and asks its companion of all the corollas of flowers, less coquettish, less adorned than itself.

This metamorphosis of the caterpillar into the butterfly symbolizes the passage from the lymbic society, ruled by men and by constraint, into the harmonian society, where every one obeys only the sovereign of his choice, and where the perfumed nectar of flowers images the refined delights of labor in a suitable environment, and shared by woman, for whom Nature reserves her most elaborate toilet. Now in our time is the dark and mysterious period of incubation for the future harmony.

Analogy, which is the mother of poetry and science, has also long represented this metamorphosis as the image of the immortality of the soul, and of the transition from the miseries of the terrestrial life to the delights of the ultra-mundane life. I regret not being free to elucidate this interesting question; but I have sworn to keep to myself all that I know about the endless charms of the aromal life.

O men, my fellows, you who have only to stoop, in order to see and to learn from the humblest creatures the secret of happy destinies, how long still will the silly blindness of pride condemn you to crawl in the sewers of misery? What bloody lessons, and what painful experiences do you still await in order to proclaim the advent of your Queen Woman, and to confess attractive labor? But let us at last grant speech to the Bird which asks it, impatient to sing in his turn all the virtues of Spring. Few are as bold as the bird in the definition of their dominant passion. It calls *love the torch of virtue*. This definition is very just. The birds love much, some of them love always. It is the tribe of creatures privileged by the Lord; for the favor of Heaven is measured for each being by the power of loving which it has received.

And as God has done nothing by halves, he has taken care to lavish on these charming creatures the gifts which attract love. He has expanded profusion on the mantle of the colibri, of the peacock, of the bird of paradise and the golden pheasant: rubies, sapphires, emeralds, topazes, the most brilliant and best assorted

tints of the scale of colors. So likewise He has chosen, in the gamut of sounds, the sweetest notes to accentuate the voice of the humble song-bird. The bird is after man the only creature that can thank God by its joyous songs. But the heart of man and that of the bird must be satisfied before their voice can sing. To pray is to sing one's happiness.

And as love is a passion of luxury, whose integral expansion requires for its first conditions wealth, a warm air, a blue and limpid heaven, God has gifted the bird with the faculty of rapid locomotion, which permits it to accompany the sun in its course, and to realize the Utopia of eternal Spring. The swallow and the turtledove, those happy models of fidelity or conjugal tenderness, ignore the cold of seasons as that of the heart. A woman has written that "the sighs of Eolian harps resounding in the warm countries of the South are the accords with which amorous Nature accompanies the songs of lovers." Love's tasks are easy for the birds, among whom health and beauty and abundance are common as the air and sunshine—so it is among men in the period of harmony.

When Liberty, that incompressible spring of the soul towards happiness, enkindles a human breast, the first movement of the inspired is to raise his eye towards heaven, the domain of the bird, and to open the arms like wings, to take possession of space.

At the age of prolonged hopes and roseate visions, when the bells sound in the air the name of the angel beloved; when the stars write it on the vault of heaven; when the two halves of one being, tremulously floating on the currents of their opposite electricities, seek each other and conspire to return within their primordial unity—then the ardent imagination of the lover experiences the desire of incarnating in an aerial form the adored ideal. The poets who invented angels were lovers, since all angels are female.

At your twentieth year, you have sometimes felt in sleep your lightened body leave the sod and glide off into space, defended by invisible spirits against the law of gravitation. It was a revelation which God then made to you and a foretaste of the enjoyments of the aërial life, that life whence we have issued and to which we shall one day return, at the end of this terrestrial existence, which is to the superior life what sleep is to waking. We envy the lot of the birds, and we lend wings to her whom we love, because we feel by instinct that in the sphere of happiness,

our bodies will enjoy the faculty of traversing space, as the bird wings its way through the air.

And thus it will be with all our desires and all our aspirations. Since they are the promises of God who can not deceive.

The bird, lively, graceful and light, reflects by preference images adorable, young, sweet and pure.

Jehovah, the God of the Jews, said to his people by the mouth of Isaiah : "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength ; they shall mount up with wings as eagles ; they shall run, and not be weary ; they shall walk, and not faint."—(xl. 31.)

The blessed St. Francois d'Assise said to his sisters the birds, "Love God who has clothed you with feathers and given you power to fly in the heavens."

This perpetual aspiration of man, and especially of woman, towards the etherial spheres is, then, one of the most legitimate developments of human nature. The obscurantists of antiquity have with cowardice applauded the fall of Icarus, first inventor of the balloon, saying that the gods had punished him for going too near the sun. The obscurantists of those times were kneaded of the same dough as those of to-day, who suffer horribly at seeing any one rise above them ; but we who are neither moralists nor envious, and who are better than our fathers, we should give tears to the fall of Icarus and erect statues to him, as well as to Prometheus, who discovered fire.

If man, from Icarus, down to Mongolfier and Petin, has constantly tended to invade the domain of the bird, which forms an integral part of his globe, it is because God has somewhere lodged in a secret corner of his brain the idea of this future conquest, so that it should serve as a compass and spur to his scientific efforts. Aërial locomotion is in fact the first condition of the realization of the unity and fraternity of peoples, the supreme aim of science. It is the normal locomotion in every direction, which resumes all the others. The light aërostat with immense proportions is the chariot of fire that passes over the waters, the vessel which sails over the surface of the continents, that smiles at the fury of the elements and glides above the storm, ignoring obstacles, but everywhere respecting the work of God, dispensing us from the toil of filling up valleys and boring through mountains, unlike the homicidal locomotive which the stock-jobber has dishonored.

Now the genius of man, docile to the indications of instinct,

has already planted his banner in the region of clouds ; he has climbed higher than the eagle and the condor, and the hour is not far when he will reign as sovereign master in the field of the Em-pyrean. On this day tariffs, tyrannies and nationalities will vanish as by enchantment from all points of the globe, and man will have nothing more to envy the bird, unless the privilege of eternal ardor. And still, who knows if this good fortune will not come like the rest ? Women will be so adorable, so touching, and so proud, constancy will be so easy to them, when they shall be restored the right of freely disposing of their hearts !

The life of the bird is but an epithalamium. The bird exists only to love. Its splendid dress, its melodious songs, its talent as an architect, its courage, its cunning, are all gifts of Love. The people of birds is devoted soul and body to the worship of Venus, and the grateful goddess has never chosen to attach to her car any but winged coursers. The bird born of the egg naturally adopts the form of the ellipse, curve of love. The blood-globule, spherical in the beast and in man, is elliptical in the bird.

All birds change their plumes once a year. This is called moulting ; many species moult twice : birds have the full costume for love and the common suit for traveling, the spring plumage and the fall plumage. Like the gallant gentleman, the male makes himself fine, and dons his most brilliant suit only in order to please. Like Anacreon's minstrel, he tunes his lyre only to draw from it love songs.

Ἦ λύρη δέ
Ἔρωτας ἀντεφώνει.

The fine season past, adieu plumage, adieu song, adieu the passion for the fine arts, and for music in the open air. I know no two creatures more dissimilar in exterior and in mind than the Ruff in the month of May and the same bird in September. I defy the common hunter to recognize, at first sight, in the simple grey-coated Sandpiper, quietly pacing at mid-August the banks of Armorica, the ferocious Ruffler which he met under the same latitude three months before, casque on head and lance in vest, inspecting himself, parading, swelling in his ruffles, and challenging every knight of his own degree for the honor of his ladies. Between the amorous Ruffler of the spring and the same bird satiated in the fall, there is, alas ! the same distance as between the adolescent and the old man.

THE CATHOLIC CHAPTER.

JUSTICE.

As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.

Golden Rule.

He who fastens a chain about his brother's neck, God will surely fasten the other about his own.

Lamartine.

To strengthen the Unjust is to injure the Just.

Peace without Justice is not Peace, but a truce of War.

Policy which shuts its eyes to Justice is pernicious folly.

F. W. Newman.

This even-handed justice

Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice

To our own lips.

Shakspeare.

Truth is its handmaid, Freedom is its child, Peace is its companion, Safety walks in its steps, Victory follows in its train ; it is the brightest emanation of the Gospel ; it is the greatest attribute of God. It is that centre round which human motives and passions turn ; and Justice, sitting on high, sees genius, and power, and wealth, and birth revolving round her throne, and teaches their paths and marks out their orbits ; and warns with a loud voice, and rules with a strong hand, and carries order and discipline into a world which, but for her, would be a wild waste of passions.

Sydney Smith.

Jamshid was the first person who put an edging round his garment and a ring upon his finger. They asked him, " Why did you bestow all the decoration on the left hand whilst the right is superior ? " He answered, " Sufficient for the right is the ornament of being right."

Saadi.

The Nurakh sages ask, What use is there for a prophet in this world ? A prophet is necessary on this account, that men are connected with each other in the affairs of life : therefore rules and laws are indispensable that all may act in concert ; that there may be no injustice in giving, or taking, or partnership, but that the order of the world may endure. And it is necessary that these rules should proceed from Mezdam, that all men may obey them.

The Desatir.

The tree does not withdraw its shade even from the wood-cutter.

Is this one of us, or is he a stranger? is the enumeration of the ungenerous ; but to those by whom liberality is practised the whole world is but as one family. *Veeshnoo Sarma.*

Justice, being destroyed, will destroy ; being preserved, will preserve ; it must therefore never be violated. Beware, O judge, lest justice, being overturned, overturn both us and thyself.

Injustice, committed in this world, produces not fruit immediately, but, like the earth, in due season ; and advancing, by little and little, it eradicates the man who committed it.

The Laws of Menu.

Modern Societies recognize the principle that each citizen increases the domain of his own liberty by sharing it with his fellows. *Carnot.*

Storms are gathering over the seat of injustice. Prosperity gained at the expense of Humanity flows from a source which time will necessarily dry up. *Passy.*

If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God ; the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God do enter that man with Justice.

Thefts never enrich ; alms never impoverish.

Of course, whilst another man has no land, my title to mine, your title to yours, is at once vitiated.

If a humane measure is propounded in behalf of the Slave, or the Irishman, or the Catholic, or for the succor of the poor, that sentiment, that project, will have the homage of the hero. That is his nobility, his oath of Knighthood, to succor the helpless and oppressed ; always to throw himself on the side of weakness, of youth, of hope, on the liberal, on the expansive side, never on the defensive, the conserving, the timorous, the lock-and-bolt system.

What satire on government can equal the severity of censure conveyed in the word *politic*, which now for ages has signified *cunning*, intimating that the State is a trick ?

Governments have their origin in the moral identity of men.

Fear not, then, thou child infirm ;
There's no god dare wrong a worm.

Emerson.

The Bey of Tunis, in abolishing slavery throughout his dominions, declared that he did so " in honor of God and to distinguish man from the brute creation."

QUATRAINS.

Gardener.

True Brahmin, in the morning meadows wet,
 Expound the Vedas of the violet,
 Or, hid in vines, peeping through many a loop,
 See the plum reddened and the beurré stoop.

Northman.

The gale that wrecked you on the sand,
 It helped my rowers to row ;
 The storm is my best galley hand,
 And drives me where I go.

From Alcuin.

The sea is the road of the bold,
 Frontier of the wheat-sown plains,
 The pit wherein the streams are rolled,
 And fountain of the rains.

Nature.

Boon Nature yields each day a brag which we now first behold,
 And trains us on to see the new, as if it were the old ;
 But blest is he, who, playing deep, yet happy asks not why,
 Too busy with the crowded hour to fear to live or die.

Natura in minimis.

As sings the pine tree in the wind.
 So sings in the wind a sprig of the pine ;
 Her strength and soul has laughing France
 Shed in each drop of wine.

Orator.

He who has no hands
 Perforce must use his tongue :
 Foxes are so cunning
 Because they are not strong.

Poet.

To clothe the fiery thought
 In simple word succeeds ;
 For still the craft of genius is
 To mask a king in weeds.

Artist.

Quit the hut, frequent the palace—
 Reck not what the people say ;
 For still where'er the trees grow biggest
 Huntsmen find the easiest way.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection; Or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life. By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A., Fellow of the Royal, Geological, Linnæan, etc., Societies, etc., etc. New York : D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati : For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co.

In this great conflict of truth with error, between which the line is becoming more defined every day, "the fence" itself having become so razor-like that those who sit thereon are divided asunder, nothing is more encouraging than to find men earnest and true enough for self-correction. James Martineau coming forth recently to withdraw the assertion made in his *Rationale*, published some years since, that he did not believe that Anti-Supernaturalists could be rightly regarded as Christians, has bound every one of his friends more closely to him. He who can not be humble, can never be exalted; and he who can not leave his former self for present truth, will have to make at last the confession of a warrior upon an inferior field: "I have lost a great battle, and entirely by my own fault."

Charles Darwin, in the full knowledge that he opposes Agassiz, and the majority of his equals in eminence throughout the world, also, that he will be classified with Sciolists, such as the author of the Vestiges of Creation, has yet come forth and announced and corrected his error of opinion thus:

"Although much remains obscure, and must long remain obscure, I can entertain no doubt, after the most deliberate judgment of which I am capable, that the view which most naturalists entertain, and which I formerly entertained—namely, that each species has been independently created—is erroneous. I am fully convinced that species are not immutable; but that those belonging to what are called the same genera, are lineal descendants of some other, and, generally, extinct species, in the same manner as the acknowledged varieties of any species are the descendants of that species. Furthermore, I am convinced that Natural Selection has been the main, but not the exclusive means of modification."

As may be expected from these brave words, Mr. Darwin goes forward to *prove the point*. It is very simple and grand: with Newton pondering the falling apple, Young, the aerial soap-bubble, Gothe, the bleached skull of a ram, deducing from these the central laws of Gravitation, Diffraction and Vertebation of the skull, we shall hereafter have to think of Darwin exploring the geologic strata in his pigeon-roost, and visiting the stalls of the sheep-breeders. What will the naturalists who have been compassing land and sea to find any variety or species, say to this philosopher who has found the fauna of Australia and California in his pigeon box aforesaid! "Sir," said Dr. Johnson to a fine gentleman just returned from Italy, "some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage, than others in the tour of Europe."

The wonderful successes of the sheep-breeders seem first to have indicated to Darwin, that his theory had not taken in the full susceptibilities of form. Youatt had spoken of the principle of Selection as "that which enables the agriculturist not only to modify the character of his flock, but to change it altogether. It is the magician's wand by means of which he may summon into life whatever form and mould he pleases." Inquiring among the bird-fanciers and the horticulturists, he found, that from birds and plants of which he knew the parent-species, varieties quite as distinct as species had been cultivated by proper crossings. He tried this himself with pigeons, all of which he could prove to have originated with the rock-pigeon (*Columba livia*), and found that he could produce a given feather or beak, in a certain time. These results are, as every one knows, produced by fixing on the slightest advantageous difference which any individual presents, and training it into a variety.

When once this principle had been ascertained, all the results of science which had accumulated, all the reports of the continents came in to prove that *Nature was the first and most successful of Breeders*. The principle of Selection

was one that began with the first lichen on the first rock that broke from the cosmic ring. The awkward, the monstrous, the slow, the useless had, through their foes, beast or water or fire, become rare or extinct: the free, the fleet, the valuable had escaped and perpetuated themselves. Nature had been always seizing on differences, training them into varieties, rearing them into species. "Slow though the process of selection may be," says our author, "if feeble man can do much by his powers of artificial selection, *I can see no limit to the amount of change, to the beauty and infinite complexity of the coadaptations between all organic beings, one with another and with their physical conditions of life, which may be effected in the long course of time by nature's power of selection.*"

We have given but the theme of this timely and excellent work, which brings with it inevitably the crisis of inquiry into this much discussed question of the origin of species. Owing to the theological exigency, which, finding historic records inadequate to the proof of supernaturalism, has fled to an imagined series of "independent creations" miraculously carried on in the strata of the earth, naturalists have been intimidated and the people befogged on the question of their own origin. Chasms have been opened up where God had built bridges; insulations superseded continents,—the lovers of truth were called on to dance to the pipes of discord and complexity. Where Reason had passed long since by her birthright to Music, lagging Science is now beginning to come; the walls which rise to such strains will endure.

Sir Rohan's Ghost: A Romance. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1860. Cincinnati: For sale by G. S. Blanchard.

Whilst the savants of Europe were, with one consent, directing their telescopes to the point in the heavens where Leverrier had predicted a planet, and even when that planet slid down into the humblest glass of them all, some perturbations in the literary concave of Boston had directed all eyes to a spot whence one ray had shone; and sure enough there, nestling about the sun, a planet was revealed. *In a Cellar, Amber Gods, Sir Rohan's Ghost*: enough, these, to reveal the planet's relation to the ecliptic, perhaps; but not to compute her diameter, or the length of her year. Those who read *In a Cellar*, said, "Poe has made an Avatar;" the *Amber Gods* came, and they added, crossing themselves, "Heaven defend that this be not the Avatar of Siva the Destroyer rather!" We shared the vague apprehension, and when the Dæmon, who alone drives us to criticise anything, brought to us the apparition which we are about to notice, we cast the book shudderingly back to the Dæmon: "Is it not written that the worst poem ever written is better than the best criticism ever made upon it? Criticise it yourself!" Our Dæmon then wrote upon a bit of paper and handed us the following:

"When the soul of a violin is caught and held in a violoncello, what follows? 'Sad perplexed minors': worse, struggles with destiny, music fevered to the verge of discord and shrieking. Do you not know the meaning of all this picturing of wine-cellar, amber-fates (so it should have been written), charms, spells, serpent-rings? It is not only literal intoxication, but real: label all of them with this sentence from Wilkinson: 'Joy, too, the wine of the Soul, will kill by its abundance and unexpectedness, and yet it is next of kin to the life that its overmuchness withers. High truth intoxicates those not fit to drink it; causing oftentimes madness from its misapprehension and abuse; causing still more frequently need of rest, to recover from its dazzling revelations.'"—

Enough of the Dæmon. Yet we could not help feeling that he was partly right. It was our fortune to pass straight from *Counterparts* to the *Amber Gods*, the best thing, in some regards, which our author has written; it was like passing from a delicious Turkish bath, which filled every sense with aromas from Araby the Blest, to a cold plunge from Plum Island. In the latter the male and female characters change places; instead of Rose and Miss Dudley, we have Mr. Rose and Mr. Dudley,—Nona is Bernard, Lu is Sarona. This is unconscious, doubtless, on the part of the writer, but it is inevitable; it is what

a violoncello must do. It can know nothing higher than incarnation, the descent of the higher into the lower ; apotheosis, the ascent of the lower to the higher—that is for violins and skylarks.

The future of our author depends on her acceptance of—nay, her joy in—her destiny ; Perseus and Liberty will visit her only when she is bound to that rock. We are sorry to see, in *Sir Rohan's Ghost*, that she is not thus content, not peaceful. When we got through, we almost felt as if we had been in the terrible studio of a Parrhasia, who had remorselessly stabbed every character that passed, that she might portray its writhings,—and when the catastrophe came, we rushed out, hearing only—

Gods ! could I paint a dying groan !

And yet, when we reflected what portraiture that was, what visions of roseate skies, dew, light, conscious nature, gleamed in every drop of that wine, we forgot that we were in a cellar ; we can not remember many saloons for which we would leave this cellar,—it must be a real Cremona which would draw us from our violoncello ! Come, now, the tuning of the instrument has been sufficient, we await the theme—the theme ; there is but one for her who wrote this book, whatever be the experimental snatches we have had. Yes—

Flower o' the peach,
Death for us all, and his own life for each !

Poems of Two Friends. Columbus : Follet, Foster & Co. 1860.

Damon and Pythias here make their literary appearance in some lyrics worthy of their promise, and in costume worthy of our most superior Western publishing house. Mr. Piatt is all aglow, but his fire is not smokeless ; he knows what it is to walk the street in its solemn morning silence, and from manifold sleepers rises to him “the still, sad music of humanity,”—but there is too much swarm about his awakened feelings. If he will not think us inclined to be mystical, we will, fully remembering the many exquisite passages for which our heart thanks him, remind him that the vine, which intoxicates the world, is the most mathematical of plants. Mr. Howells has intellect and culture, graced by an almost Heinesque familiarity with high things ; and if it were not for a certain fear of himself, we should hope that this work was but a prelude to his sonata. As it is, we are not sure that it would not be well to take the anti-publication pledge for a year or so. the time to be devoted to amputation of all classics and models who incline him to prefer a luxurious sedan to honest limbs given by nature. We should not venture to speak thus, had we not a real confidence in the genius and promise of the gentlemen who have written this most appetizing little book.

A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions. By Captain McCLEINTOCK, R.N., LL.D. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1860. Cincinnati : For sale by G. S. Blanchard.

This is an account of the North Pole at the latest dates, and is more interesting than anything on its subject save the work of the lamented Kane. Love will always have credit, outside of her own assigned realm, indeed in all realms : Sculpture originated, they say, in the effort of a potter's daughter to preserve her lover's face in the materials used by her father for his wares. And love, mingling its appeal with the sacred tones of a grief which asked only to know the fate of the lost one, sent this brave Englishman and his companions up into those regions where so many secrets await in silence and cold the hero who can wrest them from their icy prison. Something has been added to our knowledge in this work : a new strait discovered, the northernmost land of the American Continent touched, the hitherto unknown coast-line of Boothia southward to the Magnetic Pole laid down, and King William's Island delineated. The work is thrilling, and the maps and illustrations complete.

A Familiar Forensic View of Man and Law. By ROBERT B. WARREN. Columbus : Follet, Foster & Co. 1860.

Here is a work that puts "a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes,"—not a light, airy Puck of a book either, but a corpulent, ponderous fellow. We will adhere to our "girdle" statement; Man, Law, Woman, Madness, Pathology, the Church, Mind-Force, Etiology, etc., etc. (etcs. *ad infinitum*), are blown out by this writer like so many soap-bubbles out of a pipe. We observe, with pain, that we have mixed metaphors in that sentence, but we attribute it boldly to the proximity of this book. Seriously, 'tis a pity that men should wander so far from the affairs that they can attend to; we do not say that this author can not do anything on earth from making a Democratic stump-speech up to hardware; but we do protest that he had as well try to obtain hard muscle by pitching feathers as to do any good by philosophical writing.

The mechanical portion of the work is excellent.

Sermons on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians : delivered at Trinity Chapel, Brighton. By the late Rev. F. W. ROBERTSON, M. A., the Incumbent. Boston : Ticknor & Co. 1860. Cincinnati : For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co.

To Captain McClintock or Kane, mapping out the resources and channels of the Ice King's realms, our debt is great; to Espy and Maury, delineating the inviolable channels of the winds, it is even greater; but so long as men feel themselves to be moving about in an element higher than earth or air or water or fire, a supersensual element, so long will the heart reserve its deepest tribute for those who help to give it the chart of its holy destiny and open the channels of faith and love. To many has this pure and refined spirit done this highest service which man can do for his fellow. The present work, though not so valuable to the general reader as the three volumes of *Sermons* which have preceded it, is equal to either in reality, abounding in passages of rare depth and eloquence.

Life Without and Life Within ; or, Reviews, Narratives, Essays and Poems. By MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI. Edited by her brother, ARTHUR B. FULLER. Boston : Brown, Taggard & Chase. 1860.

Nowhere more than with *The Dial*, the very name of which is luminous with the rays of thought which America's representative woman cast upon that of which ours aspires to be an Avatar, can this collection of Margaret Fuller's current literary labors be more joyfully welcomed. "The only true criticism of any good books may be gained by making them the companions of our lives." This is one of her own maxims, and we have so long attained such criticism with these works and others of hers, that to write of them seems like publishing criticisms of one's personal connections. No claim does the world wait to hear established in favor of Margaret Fuller's genius, or solemn mission, or her fulfilment: surely we shall attempt no such task. These utterances of nearly twenty years ago read to-day as the vital warnings and promises of the present; ever old, ever young, they partake of the inexhaustableness of sunsets and auroral flashes and snow-crystals. A few of these crystals we have gathered here.

"The idea that Literature calls men to the genuine Hierarchy is almost forgotten."

"History will inscribe his (Emerson's) name as a father of his country, for he is one who pleads her cause against herself." "The words uttered in those tones floated awhile above us, then took root in the memory, like winged seeds."

"Wine is the most brilliant and intense expression of the powers of the earth. It is her potable fire, her answer to the sun."

"The stars tell all their secrets to the flowers, and, if we only knew how to look around us, we should not need to look above."

"One sacrifice of the temporal to the eternal day is the grain of mustard seed which may give birth to a tree large enough to make a home for the sweetest singing birds. One moment of deep truth in life, of choosing not merely honesty, but purity, may leaven the whole mass."

"I have thought much whether Gothe did well in giving up Lili. That was the crisis in his existence. From that era dates his being as a 'Welt-weise;' the heroic element vanished irrecoverably from his character; he became an Epicurean and a Realist; plucking flowers and hammering stones instead of looking at the stars. How could he look through the blinds and see her sitting alone in her beauty, yet give her up for so slight reasons? He was right as a genius, but wrong as a character."

Adela, the Octoroon. By H. L. HOSMER. Columbus: Follet, Foster & Co.

The question is, whether Dion Bourcicault or, our Toledo author is rightful discoverer of the romance of the Octoroon? A strong family likeness between them there certainly is, and they are both interesting. The story runs that this work was placed in MS. in the hands of a literary lady of New York to be criticised: a little bird whispered enough of it to Dion B. to suggest the New York Octoroon. Have you not observed that where two persons are said to look alike, you are struck with the perception that one is the original, the other the copy? so that whilst you would say Susan is like Fanny, you would never say, Fanny is like Susan? Thus it is that comparing with this book *the Octoroon* which Miss Kimberly is acting in our city, we think, the latter more genuine.

The Public Life of Capt. John Brown. By JAMES REDPATH. With an Auto-Biography of his Childhood and Youth. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge. 1860.

This work contains the materials for the true life of the new Peter the Hermit, who sought to redeem the Holy Places of Humanity. This life must be written from a philosophic stand-point coordinate in elevation to Brown's intent, and must not justify to us Gideon and Samuel and the other model barbarians, whom we venerate at a distance of five thousand years, but would imprison for life in any civilized community. John Brown's method of dealing with slavery was apiece with his false theology and his uncultured mind; his virtue, his fidelity, are what makes the world fit to live in. Look not at the arrow, but the mark; so shall you read from these absorbing incidents a life which Mr. Redpath, with his honest but coarse pencil, can not portray.

A friend has handed us the following, which we give in lieu of a more detailed account of this intensely interesting book:

JOHN BROWN.

Lines for Brackett's Bust.

In thee hath sternly lived our fathers' heart,
 Brave Puritan! Stout Standish had praised God
 For such as thee; of Mayflower blood thou art,
 And truer feet on Plymouth Rock ne'er trod!
 Deep in thy pious soul devoutly burned
 The Hebrew fire with Saxon fuel fed;
 Thy honest heart all fear and cunning spurned;
 Swift hand for action hadst thou, and wise head.
 O good old man! the vigor of thy age
 Shames into nobleness unmanly youth:
 Honor enrolled thy name on her fair page
 Ere thou wert dead, and ancient Faith and Truth,
 Valor and justice shall thy fame uphold,
 When our sons' sons shall hear thy story told.

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THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST.

[Fourth Article.]

THE HISTORICAL ELEMENTS IN THE FIRST THREE GOSPELS.

NEITHER of the first three Gospels is separated from the others by a gulf like that which divides them all from John. There are no very radical disagreements between them. In many points they resemble each other, in some they nearly correspond, in a few they exactly coincide. It is not impossible to combine them in a way that will give one tolerably consistent representation of the life and character of Jesus. But in a critical inquiry like the present, general resemblances are not sufficient. We are in search of *historical* elements, of original reports of facts and discourses; and a casual glance at these books—Matthew, Mark, and Luke—shows us that, however closely resembling each other, they are not all of equal value to the historical student. It is not proposed to enter here into any questions touching the date and authorship of these Scriptures. Our end will be answered by a shorter method, but one we think no less satisfactory.

Let us note the general characteristics of the books before us. The second Gospel we dismiss, because it bears upon its face evident marks of being a compilation; it stands in such a relation of dependence to Matthew and Luke that we can not regard it as a source of original information.

The third Gospel puts forth a much stronger claim to historical respect. There are some who contend that it is the earliest and most authentic writing upon the life of Christ. But a few general considerations make this judgment suspicious. Especially if we accept as a sound rule of criticism that a book loses its historical character in proportion as it bears a dogmatical one, are we inclined to look with distrust upon the pretensions of Luke.

1. The traditions about the Gospel of Luke indicate, though faintly, that it was written in the interest of certain polemic opinions. Irenæus, who lived in the year 178, and who is the first to name Luke as an Evangelist, tells us that "Luke, the companion of Paul, put down in a book the Gospel preached by him ;" and again, with some apparent inconsistency, "The Gospel according to Luke being of a *priestly* character." To a similar purport Origen, in the year 230, writes : "The third Gospel is that according to Luke, the Gospel commended by Paul, *published for the sake of the Gentile converts.*" Again, Jerome says, A. D. 392 : "The third Evangelist is Luke, the physician, a Syrian of Antioch, *who was a disciple of the apostle Paul*, and published his Gospel in the countries of Achaia and Beotia."

2. The preface to the Gospel intimates that the composer was not an eye-witness of the events which he records ; that he made use of other documents, and took the liberty of arranging his materials so as at once to please himself and satisfy his reader. "Inasmuch as many have undertaken to draw up a connected narrative of the events which have come to pass among us, as they have transmitted them who from the first were eye-witnesses and servants of the Word, I also, having thoroughly searched the whole matter from the beginning, have resolved, O most worshipful Theophilus, to give you in writing an orderly account thereof, that you may know the certainty of those things [not historical facts merely, but doctrines also—the Greek word *λογον* means *teachings* in the widest sense] in which you have been instructed." Remark that the writer of this contrasts himself with those who were original eye-witnesses and apostles ; he confesses that he used such records as commended themselves to his judgment, exercising, therefore, his own discretion in the choice of materials ; he acknowledges that he digested and recast them for himself ; he addresses his work to one Theophilus, a man of rank, a Gentile, as his name indicates, doubtless a pagan convert in some church which Paul had founded ; and the object of the book is to confirm Theophilus in the views or beliefs wherein as a Christian—a Gentile Christian—he had been instructed. Are there no suggestions in this that some dogmatical tendency swayed the author's mind ? Is there not enough in this preface alone to account for the tradition that Luke was a follower of Paul, and composed his Gospel for the use of the Gentiles ? And if we have reason to

suspect that such was the case, a presumption lies against the strictly historical character of the work.

8. If now we open the Gospel itself, and read it carefully, we shall not fail to discover, on almost every page, some trace of the theology which Paul represented. We shall find more or less distinctly conveyed and cast into the form of history all the doctrines which were peculiar to the great Apostle. The Pauline Christ, for example, is here dimly shadowed forth in hints that Jesus is something more than the human Messiah. The genealogy represents him as the "supposed" son of Joseph, and enumerates the links in the chain of his descendants far beyond David, back to Adam, "the son of God." His connexion with the house of David, that is to say, is only outward, accidental, apparent. He is the Jewish Messiah in the popular estimation alone; really, he is the heavenly man, born directly of the Holy Spirit. In Matthew, the genealogy affirming Christ's natural birth is in conflict with the miraculous conception. In Luke, the genealogy asserts no natural birth at all, but leaves the question of Christ's mortal origin unanswered. Jesus is allied to the Hebrew kings and to the human race solely through the man to whom his mother was betrothed; actually, he is the Son of God. That by this representation the writer intended to ascribe to Jesus a superhuman nature can scarcely admit of doubt.

One is struck, in reading this Gospel, by the frequency and emphasis with which Jesus is described as casting out demons. "They that were vexed with unclean spirits came to him, and were healed." "He called his twelve disciples together, and gave them power and authority over all devils." "The seventy returned with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name. And he said unto them, I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." The first act which Christ performs after his announcement of himself is the casting out of the spirit of an unclean demon from a man at Capernaum (iv. 33). And not the least remarkable feature in this account is the confession of him by the demon, who "cried with a loud voice, Let us alone; art thou come to destroy us? I know who thou art; the Holy One of God." Other devils also thus early acknowledge his power, saying, "Thou art Christ, the Son of God" (iv. 41). Jesus then, according to this representation, is the vicegerent of God, clothed with divine power, and commissioned, by the defeat and

destruction of the "Prince of the world," to secure man's redemption from the bondage of evil. Satan himself stands in deadliest terror of him, and feels that his hour is come. His very presence extorts a cry of anguish from Heaven's great Adversary, a proof that a mightier than he—a mightier, therefore, than any mortal—a mightier than the Jewish Messiah, had appeared.

Again, there are faint traces of Docetism in the Gospel, indicating the absence of corporeal elements in the constitution of Jesus. It is hinted once before his death, and more than once after his resurrection, that he had the power to make himself invisible. In chapter iv. 29, 30, we read that, when the multitude rose up, thrust him out of the city, and led him to the brow of the hill on which the city was built, that they might cast him down headlong, "he, passing through the midst of them, went his way." How could this have been unless, as in John, he vanished from their sight, and became impalpable to their touch? According to Matthew, the resurrection body of Jesus was, like his former body, of solid flesh. According to Luke, it was a phantom form, which could appear or disappear at its wearer's will. The disciples, walking from Jerusalem to Emmaus, a distance of more than seven miles, had Jesus as a companion a greater part of the way, conversed with him about the late transactions at Jerusalem and his own death, yet did not recognize him as their Master. They even sat down to meat with him without knowing who he was. He took bread and blessed it, and brake and gave to them; they for an instant saw him, but "straightway he vanished from their sight." The disciples immediately returned to the city, saw the eleven and the other followers assembled, and told them what had occurred. While they were yet speaking, "Jesus himself stood in the midst of them." They were frightened, "supposing they had seen a spirit." But he comforted them, convinced them of his identity; eat meat with them; expounded to them the Scriptures touching his own death and resurrection; went out with them as far as Bethany, "and he lifted up his hands and blessed them; and it came to pass that, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." Clearly a superhuman nature is ascribed to Christ here: his ascension indicates that he was an angelic being, partaking to some degree of the attributes given to the Logos by John, though the opinion is timidly suggested, and, saving in the single instance mentioned (iv. 34), is

reserved until after the death and burial. The whole description reads like a historical commentary upon 1 Corin. xv., an attempt to illustrate the distinction between a natural and a spiritual body, between the mortal man and the Lord from heaven, and is, at all events, so deeply colored by speculation as to cast a shade of doubt over the historic delineation.

Further : Paul's doctrine of Free Grace and Salvation by Faith is conspicuously presented in the third Gospel. Take, as an example, the incident recorded in the seventh chapter, verse 36 and following, and let the story be compared with the corresponding one in Matthew xxvi. 7-14. Matthew simply relates that a certain woman offered an affectionate tribute to Jesus by pouring a costly ointment upon his head as he sat at meat. The disciples found fault with the waste ; but Jesus, viewing the act as one of symbolical import, commended the woman's piety, and assured the disciples that it should be remembered wherever the Gospel was preached. Luke recasts this touching incident, and gives it a doctrinal bearing. The man who asks Jesus to dine is a Pharisee, of course a servant of the Law, a believer in Salvation by Works, in the largest sense of the word. The woman is a sinner, publicly known as such—one of those, we may fairly infer, who had violated a first principle of the Law, and had fallen under the reprobation of all legally righteous men. The Pharisee makes his own reflections upon the treatment she receives at the hands of Jesus, but says nothing ; and Jesus volunteers the comparison between the master of the house and his unsanctified and unexpected guest—the point of which bitter comparison is, that the woman, though a sinner unreformed and unreclaimed, was accepted and forgiven because she loved much and believed much ; the presumption being, that the promise of pardon freely and unconditionally given would secure amendment for the future. They that sat at meat were amazed at such a doctrine. But he said to the woman, "*Thy faith hath saved thee ; go in peace.*"

Chapters xv. and xvi. are devoted to the illustration of the same doctrine. The parable of the lost sheep (xv. 4) is found in almost the same words in Matthew (xviii. 12) ; but there it is coupled with a different inference. In Matthew, Jesus uses the parable to enforce the truth, that it is not the will of the Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish. In Luke, it is put forth to show that "joy shall be in heaven over one sinner

that repenteth, more than over ninety-and-nine just persons who need no repentance." A very different thought this from the other. The Jesus of Matthew preaches against the guilt of contempt, and urges his hearers to be merciful to those most in need of mercy—the poor, the neglected, the erring. The Jesus of Luke, in the presence of "all the publicans and sinners," who had drawn near to hear him, proclaims to the Pharisees and Scribes the theological doctrine that penitence, declaring itself in expressions of faith and love, is more precious, a hundred times, in the sight of God, than the most perfect legal righteousness. Twice this strong declaration is made, and then, in further illustration of it, follows the parable of the Prodigal. The elder brother represents the Pharisees and Scribes, the just persons needing no repentance, who had always lived dutifully under the paternal roof, sharing, as by right, its full privileges. The younger brother represents the Publicans and Sinners, who had left the shelter of the father's house, and strayed away like lost sheep. Poverty and wretchedness bring him to his senses, and make him turn his thoughts homeward. Smitten with shame, he comes back to his father; he disclaims all title to respect or love; he asks no privilege—only permission to take his place among the menials. But the Prodigal's penitence seems to be an inward feeling purely: we hear nothing of his reformation or return to the old obedience; we hear of no conditions imposed upon him, or self-imposed. He is saved by Faith alone; and the father, seeing his Faith, runs with open arms to meet him, murmurs pardon before he has heard the confession of sin, bestows the kiss of peace ere he has received a pledge of amendment, prepares a festive reception, kills the fatted calf as for a distinguished guest, adorns his finger with the honored ring, puts the best robe upon his person, and welcomes him loudly as one returned from the dead. The elder brother, who has committed no fault, but always been perfectly exemplary in his conduct, always dutiful and obedient, hears the jubilee sounds while busy in his father's service, and naturally enough is disposed to complain that his brother should come to such honors upon such easy terms. Why should not he, who had never *at any time transgressed a commandment*, have at least an equal privilege with one who had been an offender from the beginning? But to his remonstrance no answer is returned save this: "Thy brother was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

To the same purpose is the parable of Dives and Lazarus, which was addressed to the Pharisees. By the rich man are meant the Pharisees and Scribes, the Chief Priests and Elders, the Elect of the Jewish dispensation—the legally righteous people who expect to be saved by their works. Lazarus stands for the meek and lowly in heart, outwardly poor and despised, but rich in the spiritual qualities of Faith and Love, who bear their cross patiently, and willingly forsake all for the kingdom of God. The details of the parable have reference to another point, which will come up immediately:

In chapter xvii. 1-3, the disciples are warned against throwing any hindrance in the way of "the little ones"—that is, of the publicans and sinners, the outcasts from the law, the poor and contrite, the "lost" whom the Christ came to redeem. In verse 4, they are commanded to forgive the trespasses of their fellow disciples, how oft soever repeated, on the bare profession of penitence, implying that according to this rule God dealt with mankind; and immediately thereupon follows the supposed case of the servant waiting on his master, and concluding with the significant charge, "So likewise ye, when ye have done all those things which were commanded you, (when ye have satisfied the whole law,) say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which it was our duty to do." The same thought is conveyed in the parable of the two men who went up to the temple to pray.—(xviii. 11-13.) The Pharisee is condemned in spite of his exact and punctual righteousness, because he lacked the childlike spirit, the heart conscious of need and trusting. The Publican is commended, though wholly deficient, as his position implies, in the merit of works, because he calls himself a sinner, "standing afar off, nor lifting up so much as his eyes to heaven," like the conscience-sticken Prodigal and the lowly Lazarus. All these passages seem to have been inserted for the purpose of bringing out the doctrine of the Divine Grace, and of Salvation by Faith, and compel us, therefore, to recognize a dogmatical bias in the writer's mind.

Again, that the third Gospel was written in a theological interest is rendered probable by its persistent and labored representation of Christ as the Savior of the Gentiles—almost to the neglect of his own countrymen.

The disciples are not at any time prohibited, as they are in

Matthew (x. 5), from preaching to the Gentiles; nor is any one objected to, as in Matthew (xv. 26), on the ground of being an alien. The Lord sends forth *seventy* disciples to deliver the Gospel to the seventy nations of the globe, in addition to the twelve who were the apostles to the twelve tribes of Israel. It is interesting in this connection to compare Luke's version of the parable of the wedding feast (xiv. 16) with that of Matthew (xxii. 1). According to Matthew, the king sends two invitations to the princely guests who were first bidden, and rejects them only when they had maltreated his messengers. Then he calls in the multitude of poor and infirm from the highways. But on casting his eye over the motley collection, and discovering one who was without a wedding garment, he unceremoniously expels him from the banquet and consigns him to the darkness without. The meaning of the parable is obvious: the original guests are the genuine Hebrews; the servants are the Prophets; those called in from the highways are the Gentiles; the person destitute of a wedding garment is one who had not conformed to the ceremonial usage, the rite of initiation prescribed by the Jewish Church. The Jews are repeatedly urged before being cast off; nor are all the Gentiles admitted at last. How differently is the case stated in Luke. The parable is prefaced by the direction not to invite friends, brethren, kinsmen, and rich neighbors to a dinner or supper, but to ask the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind. In the illustration, the man who makes the feast bids "many." The guests excuse themselves from coming. *Immediately*, without another word, the servants are commanded to go "quickly" into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind. They do so. But there is room yet for more. They are sent out *again*, with orders to search the highways and hedges, and *compel* them to come in. And instead of rejecting any of the assembled multitude for any cause whatsoever, the Master simply says that none of the first invited shall be allowed to come in. No one can fail to appreciate the Evangelist's purpose in making such an alteration as this. The parable of the Prodigal Son is introduced with the same intention. The father is God, the elder son is Israel, the body of Orthodox believers righteous Jews, Hebrews in full standing; the younger son is the Gentile who early separated himself from the original branch, and became an alien.—(Genesis xxv. 34.) The first

born does not even call him brother, but speaks of him coldly as his father's son, as if he were a bastard or half-brother.—(See Galat. iv. 22, 23, 30.) This younger son goes into a "far country" (which is the common designation of heathen lands: Acts xi. 39, xxii. 21), and there "devours his living with harlots" (a phrase expressive of idolatrous practices: Romans i. 24). He is welcomed back, however, with mirth and festivity, his confession of sin bringing him nearer his father's heart than the most perfect righteousness could have done. So the Gentiles unconditionally have access to the kingdom, to enjoy the highest privileges and the utmost blessedness thereof, while the eldest born, exemplary servants of the Mosaic dispensation, retain only their hereditary honors.

The parable of Dives and Lazarus teaches the same lesson in a yet more elaborate way. The "rich man" is the genuine Israel represented by the Scribes and Pharisees; Lazarus is not the Gentile world, for he is too warmly embraced by Abraham, and too closely associated with Dives, who would not either have desired that a Gentile should be sent to his (Jewish) brethren — Lazarus is rather the sect of Jewish Christians. The Hebrew people are here personified as a family of seven brothers (Hegesippus reckons seven sects of the circumcision), two of whom have gone to judgment, Dives and Lazarus — the representatives of the primitive Christians who were called Ebionites, "poor," being the poor, the hungry, the sorrowful, the outcast, who were addressed in the Beatitudes. The five brethren are different parties of unconverted Jews. The dogs who pitifully lick the sores of Lazarus to heal them, are the Gentiles, whom the Jews were fond of designating by that term of opprobrium.—(Matt. xv. 26, 27.) The moral is, that the unsanctified heathen have more sympathy with Christianity than the presumptuous Jews have, and will come to its relief when it is persecuted and thrust out by its own chosen people. Christ, rejected of Israel, turns to the Gentiles, who of their own will adopt him. Israel, trusting in the ancient promise, trusting to its legal righteousness, proud in its election, goes to the place of torment. The other sects of unchristian Jews, having disregarded Moses and the Prophets, are left to their fate — their own countrymen, their own flesh and blood, being forbidden to use any further effort to reclaim them. A very general and abso-

lute condemnation, this, of the Hebrew people—a most unqualified recommendation of the Gentiles.

A still more ingenious parable to the same effect is that of the unjust steward—a parable which has no meaning whatever unless interpreted historically. As conveying a moral lesson, it is incomprehensible;* as illustrating a doctrine, it is plain. The “certain rich man,” like the “certain rich man (verse 19) who was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day,” is the old Hebrew party, the genuine Israel unconverted to Christ. This is inferred not only from the fact that Luke invariably associates riches with impenitence and unbelief, but from the circumstance of his being classed with “the children of this world.” He represents those who regard themselves as the sole rightful possessors of the kingdom promised to Abraham, the lawful heirs of the Divine blessings and privileges.

This person has a steward in his household. Who can this steward be, if not the *disciples*, to whom the parable is expressly addressed and applied? In chapter xii., verse 42, Peter and the rest are admonished to be “faithful and wise stewards,” that their Lord may make them rulers over his household, to give them their meat in due season; stewards who “provide not for themselves,” nor “do their own will,” nor conduct themselves unseemly. This agent is accused before his master of making an improper expenditure of his goods,—not by squandering them upon himself, there is no suggestion of that, but by bestowing them in the way of traffic, or as gifts upon parties not connected with the household. The master regards the proceeding as dishonest, calls his servant to account, and forthwith discharges him. Now for the application of so much, let it be remembered that the first Christians were Jews, observant of all the Hebrew laws and ordinances, diligent attendants at the Temple service, friends of the circumcision—in short, recognized members of the old “household of Faith.” They were Christians, however, and did not limit the promised rewards of the kingdom to the lineal descendants of Abraham, but were willing that its blessings should be shared by the publicans and sinners—in one word, by the Gentiles—on the condition of their complying with the Hebrew ordinances, and

* NOTE.—To save the ethical reputation of the parable one critic supposes that the steward made good his master's loss by the transaction out of his own pocket! So desperate are the commentators.

acknowledging their indebtedness to Moses and the Prophets. This proceeding displeased the orthodox party, who wished to keep for themselves and their generation the theocratic emoluments, and deemed liberality in respect to them nothing less than sacrilege. They would naturally be inclined to thrust the new sect out of the household. And, in fact, this is what they did. As we read in the Acts of the Apostles (chapters vi. 11, etc., vii.), a book written, it is supposed, by the author of Luke's Gospel, the complaint was early made against Stephen, the recently chosen *almoner among the Gentiles*, and a man full of faith and power in his ministrations to them, that he had spoken blasphemous words against Moses and God. He is seized, tried, cast out of the city, and stoned to death. And this was the beginning of a persecution which drove the young sect, or a portion of it, at least, away from the original fold. But to return to our parable. The steward finds himself in a dilemma. How shall he gain a livelihood? He can not resign his independent position of trust, and become a menial in the establishment of which he has been the overseer; he therefore betakes himself to his master's debtors, asks for their accounts, makes a large discount, varying with each case according to circumstances, and gives them a receipt in full, thus laying them one and all under great obligations to himself. And how does this apply to the disciples, to the early Christian Church? Let us refer again to the Acts. There we learn (chapter xi., verse 20) that in consequence of the above mentioned persecution, the Gospel was preached to the *Greeks* in Antioch. The Christians, thrust out from the brotherhood of Israel, unable to stand alone, unwilling to return to the abject bondage of the old law, have made their appeal to the Gentiles, who never paid the debt of legal obedience. To conciliate the good will of these people the conditions upon which they had formerly been admitted into the Messianic Kingdom are very much relaxed. The whole initiatory form is no longer insisted upon. Circumcision is not indispensable. A few moral requisitions, abstinence from meat offered to idols, from the flesh of animals killed by strangulation, and from fornications, (xv. 20, 29,) are alone kept in force. The inequality of the terms imposed upon the Gentiles (xvi. 5, 6, 7) is readily explained by differences in their position towards the Church, making it proper that some should receive a full and others a partial dispensation. Timothy, half a Jew by birth, was

released from all but the circumcision (Acts xvi. 3). The burden laid upon full-blooded Pagans might have been heavier; that imposed on the Samaritans, who already received the law, lighter; and so on, as occasion might prompt. The parable goes on to say that the rich man commended his steward for his cunning. He must have been a very singularly constituted lord, if he could enjoy a practical joke so cruel as that, and forget his own suffering so far as to be able to compliment a man for his ingenuity in cheating him twice. It must have been with a smile somewhat sardonic that he tendered his respects to the wily agent. But that the old-school orthodox Israelites should laud the good sense of their heretical brethren in taking the hint to leave their communion and join the Samaritan dogs and Pagan swine, that these excellently comfortable people should flatter themselves that they were well rid of a troublesome party, that could bring them no credit and much abuse, all this we can easily understand. Thus the parable closes. We have dwelt on this passage at considerable length because it illustrates so well the artificial character of a large portion of the Gospel, and exhibits the extent to which the author's mind was preoccupied with certain controversial ideas. There is a conspicuous and striking section which could have been written with none but a dogmatical purpose. As a moral lesson it is something worse than meaningless: it inculcates unrighteousness, it countenances fraud. That Jesus spake it to his disciples, meaning to enjoin upon them a particular course of conduct towards the Gentiles, can not be believed, because the instruction could not in his ministry have been called for, and, if given in this form, must have been mistaken.

More might be said to justify the position that the writer of the third Gospel made history subordinate to theology, wrote rather as a controversialist than as a biographer; and can not, therefore, be relied on to give us the simple truth about Jesus of Nazareth. But what has been urged must suffice: and Luke is dismissed from further examination.

Let us turn now to Matthew. Here, if anywhere, are to be found plain facts respecting the life and teachings of Christ. But even here we must be on our guard against the unhistorical spirit. For example, when we remember how anxious the early Christians were to accommodate the deeds and words of their Master

to the prophetic language of their ancient Scriptures, we can not help suspecting everything that is reported as having been done or said "that the scripture might be fulfilled." It is possible, to say the least, that in all these cases, which are not few, the wish fathered the thought ; the presumption that Jesus must have fulfilled the prophecies led to the conviction that he did fulfil them, and created a narrative in accordance with such belief. Thus, when we read in chapter xii., verses 16 to 21, that Jesus charged his followers not to make him known, "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the Prophet, saying, He shall not strive nor cry, neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets," we can not but think that a very dull mind may have bungled in the attempt, either to attach prophecy to history, or to fit history to prophecy ; and we can not be sure that Christ gave any such direction.

Again, words may justly be set down as unhistorical, which refer in detail to events that transpired years after the death of the supposed speaker. The faculty of looking into the future does not enter into the historian's account. To assume that Jesus was a prophet, would be setting historical laws aside, and would be exalting dogmatic opinion as the judge in a simple matter of fact. The Evangelist puts language into the mouth of Christ which upon this rule it is difficult to believe he uttered. We read that he predicted his own death and resurrection. "As Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."—(xii. 40.) "From that time forth began Jesus to show unto his disciples how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day."—(xvi. 21.) Similar predictions occur in chapters xvii. 22, xx. 17, xxvi. 2-32. That the disciples should have misunderstood such plain declarations as these, and should have lived on apparently oblivious of them ; that the death of their master should have taken them so completely by surprise ; that the report of his resurrection should have been received by them so incredulously, would countenance the suspicion, at least, that Jesus did not make the predictions in question. But, apart from such a consideration, the presumption against a literal prophecy is very strong. Unless there is distinct and powerful evidence that the words were indeed spoken before

the event occurred — evidence which marks the points of time beyond dispute (and no such evidence is before us in the present instance) — it is reasonable to take for granted that speeches of this kind were attributed to Jesus by those who lived after his death, when the belief in his resurrection had come to prevail extensively.

Other language put into the mouth of Jesus alludes so directly, and even circumstantially, to events which took place after his death, and especially to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Roman armies, that it is hard to believe it ever proceeded from his lips. We have an instance in chapter xxiii. 33–36. The particular mention of Zacharias, the son of Baruch, who was massacred in the temple, A. D. 68, just before the final siege of Jerusalem, (see Josephus, War, iv. ch. v.,) could, it is hardly too much to say have been made by none save a person well acquainted with the details of that bloody time when butcheries and desecrations were of daily occurrence. For arguments showing the identity of the Zacharias mentioned by Matthew with the Zacharias whose story is told by Josephus, see Hennell, *Origin of Christianity*, page 81.

Chapter xxiv. contains a vivid description of the tumults and commotions that agitated Judea for several years preceding the downfall of the nation, foreboding the ruin of the State, and announcing to the Christians the end of the world. The description is not vague and shadowy, such as a prescient mind quickened by deep feelings might draw upon the curtain of futurity; it is close, clear, detailed, like the copying of a keen observer. "There shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down." How incredible, how unimaginable to one who had not stood upon the ruins of the once majestic temple! "Many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ!" "There shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders." Is it credible that Jesus had in view the miraculous pretensions and prophetic claims, the popular sway and the miserable fate of "the magician" Theudas, who was slain by the Roman procurator Fadus, in the year 46; or of the wretched enthusiasts whom Felix slaughtered; or of the deluded fanatics whom Festus destroyed with an army? Still harder is it to believe that Jesus read at the distance of a hundred years the history of Barkochbar, the famous Jewish insurgent, in the reign of Hadrian, A. D. 132, to whom the description in Matthew most

fitly applies. Barkochbar was a man who gave himself out as the Messiah, come at last to deliver the nation from the Roman tyranny. He claimed to possess prophetic and miraculous powers, and succeeded in "deceiving the very elect;" for Akiba, one of the most distinguished of the rabbins, believed in him, and lent all his influence to his cause. Vast multitudes followed the pretender; in Palestine the uprising was so violent and general, that the Roman armies only after a long and desperate struggle succeeded in repressing it. "The spirit of disturbance," says Dio Cassius, "was diffused all over the Roman Empire, wherever there were Jews, declaring itself in secret conspiracy or open insurrection; and the support which Barkochbar received alone proves how deeply the nation was implicated in his undertaking. *Almost the whole world* was set in commotion by this outbreak among the Jews." Barkochbar was a furious persecutor of the Christians, whom he would have persuaded to abandon their faith, and to join his standard. Most of them refused—such, when they fell into his hands, were put to death most cruelly; but some, we are told, forsook Christ, and went after him. On the suppression of Barkochbar's revolt, the Emperor Hadrian entirely excluded all native Jews, and the Christians among the rest, not only from the city of Jerusalem, but from all its surrounding territory; Zion was again pillaged and destroyed; the Holy City became a Pagan colonial town; its very name was changed to Alia Capitolina. How closely does all this correspond with the language of Matthew! And "the abomination of desolation standing in the holy place"—what may that have been? What so likely as the statue of Capitoline Jove, which Hadrian erected on the spot where the temple had stood, the grim and sacrilegious sign of utter devastation. So minute an object as this no seer could have pointed out to his friends, however right at hand it may have been; and we are led to the conclusion that the whole chapter was written after the events recorded had taken place, and is, therefore, only too historical to have any authentic connection with Christ. But the rule of criticism which questions the literal truth of every fact whose origin is imaginary rather than historical, does not at all affect the authenticity of other portions of the Gospel narrative, which are open to no such suspicion. We look confidently to Matthew for faithful information touching the person and the faith of Christ.

MY CREED AND COUNTRY.

WHAT hath been suffered since this earth its primal course began
Is chiefly what hath had its birth in ignorance of Man ;
Where youthful Faith was taught to tread where grey-haired Error trod,
And blindfold to an idol led, was told to bow to God.
The twin-born nightmare of mankind, in day that still remains
(Dead on Earth's breast) is, that the mind consists in blood, not brains.
The golden calf that Israel made, to which they 'd kneel and pray,
A yellow monster, stands displayed in Mammon of to-day :
A coward, boasting is his trust — his pride conceals his fears —
His feast is on the orphan's crust, his wine the widow's tears.
The common lie that strength is right, that truth is with the strong,
Hath shackled ages by its might, and chained the world to wrong ;
But, lo ! the Samson, shorn of locks, and blind, doth seize the walls,
And, see ! old Custom's pillared rocks in one vast ruin falls,
While on the site the hero stands, with new illumined eyes,
And piles up with his giant hands a temple to the skies.
In that new church what faith or creed do we to all accord ?
This is decreed in form and deed : Love as we list the Lord.
Takes one the Shasta, Brahmin-writ ? the Llama ? or the man
That held the fiery Korak's bit, and gave forth Al Koran ?
Or chooses one Olympian Jove ? or Talmud, with the Jew ?
Or in the Sun sees God and Love, as they in fair Peru ?
It matters not what track they tread to seek that high abode —
So they reach home when they are dead, why, any is the road.
For book or prayer I have no care ; this pearl for me, ne'er priced,
Is for the faith to face grim Death — and that I find in Christ.
Nor will I man, my brother, blame, because we separate
Upon belief, or on a name, for That which rules our fate ;
For He who made, and takes away, in the Hereafter knows
How best from disembodied clay our spirits to dispose.
Then, thank the Power that rules above, the first of this land's laws
Is freedom to bestow Faith's love where Conscience shows the cause.

SATAN AND FAUST.

[From the German of Klinger.]

NIGHT covered the earth with its raven wing. Faust stood before the awful spectacle of the body of his son suspended upon the gallows. Madness parched his brain, and he exclaimed, in the wild tones of despair, "Satan, let me but bury this unfortunate being, and then you may take this life of mine, and I will descend into your infernal abode, where I shall no more behold men in the flesh. I have learned to know them, and I am disgusted with them, with their destiny, with the world and with life. My good action has drawn down unutterable woe upon my head ; I hope that my evil ones may have been productive of good. Thus should it be in the mad confusion of earth. Take me hence ; I wish to become an inhabitant of thy dreary abode ; I am tired of light, compared with which the darkness in the infernal regions must be the brightness of mid-day."

But Satan replied : " Hold ! not so fast, Faust. Once I told thee that thou alone shouldst be the arbiter of thy life, that thou alone shouldst have power to break the hour-glass of thy existence : thou hast done so, and the hour of my vengeance has come, the hour for which I have sighed so long. Here now do I tear from thee thy mighty wizard-wand, and chain thee within the narrow bounds which I draw around thee. Here shalt thou stand and listen to me, and tremble ; I will draw forth the terrors of the dark past, and kill thee with slow despair.

" Thus will I exult over thee, and rejoice in my victory. Fool, thou has said that thou hast learned to know man ! Where, how, and when ? Hast thou ever considered his nature ? Hast thou ever examined it, and separated from it its foreign elements ? Hast thou distinguished between that which is offspring of the pure impulses of his heart, and that which flows from an imagination corrupted by the artificial ? Hast thou compared the wants and the vices of his nature with those which he owes to society and the prevailing corruption ? Hast thou observed him in his natural state, where each of his undisguised expressions mirrors forth his inmost soul ? No ! thou has looked upon the mask that society wears, and hast mistaken it for the true lineaments of man ; thou hast only become acquainted with men who have consecrated their

condition, wealth, power and talents to the service of corruption ; who have sacrificed their pure nature to your idol — Illusion. Thou didst at one time presume to show me the moral worth of man, and how didst thou set about it ? By leading me upon the broad highways of vice, by bringing me to the courts of the mighty wholesale butchers of men, to that of the coward tyrant of France, of the Usurper in England ! Why did we pass by the mansions of the good and the just ? Was it for me, Satan, to whom thou hast chosen to become a mentor, to point them out to thee ? No ; thou wert led to the places thou didst haunt by the fame of princes, by thy pride, by thy longing after dissipation. And what hast thou seen there ? The soul-seared tyrants of mankind, with their satellites, wicked women, and mercenary priests who make religion a tool by which to gain the objects of their base passions.

“Hast thou ever deigned to cast a glance at the oppressed, who, sighing under his burden, consoles himself with the hope of an hereafter ? Hast thou ever sought for the dwelling of the virtuous friend of humanity, for that of the noble sage, for that of the active and upright father of a family ?

“But how would that have been possible ? How couldst thou, the most corrupt of thy race, have discovered the pure one, since thou hadst not even the capacity to suspect his existence ?

“Proudly didst thou pass by the cottages of the poor and the humble, who live unacquainted with even the names of your artificial vices, who earn their bread in the sweat of their brow, and who rejoice at their last hour that they are permitted to exchange the mortal for the immortal. It is true, hadst thou entered their abode, thou mightst not have found thy foolish ideal of an heroic, extravagant virtue, which is only the fanciful creation of your vices and your pride ; but thou wouldst have seen the man of a retiring modesty and noble resignation, who in his obscurity excels in virtue and true grandeur of soul your boasted heroes of field and cabinet. Thou sayest that thou knowest *man* ! Dost thou know thyself ? Nay, deeper yet will I enter into the secret places of thy heart, and fan with fierce blast the flames which thou hast kindled there.

“Had I a thousand human tongues, and as many years to speak to thee, they would be all insufficient to develop the consequences of thy deeds and thy recklessness. The germ of wretchedness

which thou hast sown will continue its growth through centuries yet to come ; and future generations will curse thee as the author of their misery.

"Behold, then, daring and reckless man, the importance of actions that appear so circumscribed to your mole-vision ! Who of you can say, Time will obliterate the trace of my existence ! Thou who knowest not what beginning, what middle, and end are, hast dared to seize with a bold hand the chain of fate, and hast attempted to gnaw its links, notwithstanding that they were forged for eternity !

"But, now will I withdraw the veil from before thy eyes, and then — cast the spectre DESPAIR into thy soul."

Faust pressed his hands upon his face ; the worm that never dieth gnawed already on his heart.

TRUE PRINCIPLES OF EMANCIPATION.

By a Native of Carolina and a Citizen of the World.

WHILE fellowship with the "powers that be" at the South seemed a *sine quâ non* of all efficient movements towards emancipation, the Northern agitations, however well intended, rather exasperated than tended to procure the reform of those evils against which they hurled the ineffectual thunders of the word. John Brown's sermon is the first that has ever been seriously heeded. The universality of the homœopathic law — elastic reactions and electric repulsions operating alike in the sphere of personal or passional, as in that of material, forces — warned us that foreign intervention, unless coming either in the shape of the dollar or the cannon ball, and plying those mightiest levers of our fallen humanity, interest and fear, could but retard the spontaneous solutions of which our Southern problems are susceptible. These solutions, if influenced by philanthropy, should be informed, too, by a higher aim than the conversion of chattel slavery into that of labor for wages, changing the form, but not the facts, of slavery and oppression. The perfidies of commerce, the horrors of the slave trade continued by the speculator and the negro-driver, striking at the heart of *personality*, poisoning the fountain of social affections, perverting the conscience of a nation, deteriorating the master by fraudulent idle-

ness, the slave by dishonored toil — this prolonged crucifixion of a martyr race demands a resurrection more humane than the liberty of selling oneself by the day, the cut-throat competitions of labor for wages, the outrages sanctioned by prejudice against color, careworn indigence or paralyzed pauperism. It must be confessed, however, to the shame of civilization, that the general condition of its laboring masses presents to the negro only an exchange of evils, and that masters the most tyrannical can but embody, personify, and dramatize in striking forms the manifold cruelties that labor elsewhere suffers at the hands of capital, classes or castes, from their social superiors, in the order of the hells upon earth.

No genius of social creation had revealed either the spontaneous evolution of character and faculties potential in the negro race, nor the natural accords of social harmony which it is calculated to sustain with the white races severally. Slavery or extermination was the voice of Cain fulminated against the negro by our chairs of ethnology — Humboldt nobly protesting. Even Emerson echoed the sophisms of "nature's exterminating races by stronger races, black by white faces," and the ascendant of power once ceded to the white, it seemed to be conceded, also, that the natural function of power was to oppress and destroy. All the virtues, organic or passional, all the harmonic attributes or tendencies of the negro, either physical or social, the luxuriant yet plastic spontaneity of climates beloved by the sun, his eminent susceptibility towards Christian influence, his patience under hardship, his cheerfulness under exhaustive toils, his resistance of malaria, his fidelity in servitude, his constant aspiration towards the decencies of social refinement in language, manners and habits, all have been ignored before that domineering spirit inherent in the Anglo-Norman stock.

But nature, in the evils of oppression, seemed to have prepared their remedy; for the habit of obedience, combined with the aptitude to be swayed by gentle emotions and sensuous harmonies, facilitates the preliminaries of a social structure rich in its elements of character, genial in its sympathies and passional accords, and crystalizing under the influence of one great hierarchy. Far otherwise, complex and bristling with difficulties, is the problem of a true social organization resulting in justice and prosperity for peoples accustomed to the abuses of personal license or of political anarchy, and whose social education, in retrograde march from the

voluntary and intelligent combinations of the European "*companionships*," has been for two centuries that of antagonism or simple isolative enterprise. Emancipation, virtual and integral, seemed to await the intervention of a character like Brown's, in its essentials—like Oberlin's, too, in its methods, such as Brown's would have been if educated and developed at the South—whose forces it must wield and whose sympathies it must command. It devolved upon the Church to produce at the South local foci of true Christian life. Icy fetters of constraint melting beneath the summer breath of kindness, the spontaneity of impassioned service, rendering it a title of honor and privilege of charm, as it must ever be, to serve those we love and admire, such as noble ambitions once organized in chivalry, or the patriarchal spirit among oriental peoples, such as the passions of admiration, imitation, loyalty and vanity suggest, in the relations of the negro with races of higher culture,—these have been the transformations, quite interior, personal, domestic, invoked by social science. It has called upon woman, on the passional Queen, on the Orange flower of the Gulf, on the Jessamine of Carolina, supremely endowed with all powers of fascination, to exert these forces for the noblest ends. Her motto is *Noblesse oblige*. Her type and model has been well portrayed in the character of Madge Vertner, an exquisite story from the pen of Miss Griffith, which is now being published in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*. Of such it may truly be said that their courtesies of the heart convert physical bondage into personal favor, while their presence, radiant of charm, renders liberty and slavery synonyms.

Here is the key of the enigma. We all want liberty in general for the pleasure of surrendering it in particular and at discretion, just as we desire fortune for the purpose of spending money. Nature has created us all passional debtors; we accept life willingly on her terms; all we want is to be certain that we pay the right creditor. None objects to the natural ascendant of character. Instinct fails not to discover in the evolution of each affection, in the pursuit of every art, those who lead and those who follow, those who reign and those who serve. It is a livelier enjoyment, perhaps, to recognize and to obey our superiors by title of character, than to be obeyed by our inferiors. Pride may be a human virtue; admiration is an angelic pleasure. The interest of labor sets a premium on administrative capacity, and eagerly enrolls

laborers under the banner of successful exploitation in every department of industry, the field, the shop, or the household. Woman, as daughter, wife, or matron of the South, could put an end at once to foreign agitations and domestic fears; could render our whole slave-code a dead letter, and reveal to her amazed but grateful country the Christian graces of the Southern home.

Agricultural colleges and polytechnic schools must form for our youth the civic complement of the domestic circle. Science and Art must aid Christianity in effecting the steps of transitional emancipation, alike for white and black, for rich and poor, for child and woman as for adult man. Ignorance must open to knowledge, brute material force learn skill, coarseness be refined, poverty yield to increased production, while duty is inspired by charm and interest by affection; so shall we pass from the false order of constraint, bound up with punishment and terror, hypocrisy and malice, to the true order of attractive industry, and the *combined household*, which is based on the respect of *persons*, on the culture of instinctive vocations, on reciprocal ministry, on just remuneration proportional to the three faculties of labor, skill and capital; on the natural hierarchy of character and talent; on the will of the inferior, obeying from charm the will of his superior expressed in attractional impulse. Utopia, the Millennium, Socialism, what you please—I do not address myself to cavilers, but to thinkers; not to partizans, but to philanthropists; not to that prejudice which confirms the reign of evil, but to an earnest faith that the kingdom of our Father may come, and His will be done on earth as in the heavens. Among honorable persons, service, when it ceases to be either a fair and equal exchange of labor, or a pleasure and favor to the person serving, or a pure expression of affection, consecrated by parentage, by love, by friendship, by honor, by religion, becomes an onerous obligation, a reflection, almost censure, on the person served. Instinct sufficed to teach me this when a child at the South. I never let a negro perform drudgeries for me after I began to think. Physical labor and art, the employment of mind upon matter, furnish the link between man and the Earth-Soul. I knew and loved her, my great Mother, from earliest childhood, and in the Spring would wander forth to her wildest bower on the banks of the Cape Fear, filled to the brim with the joy of her presence, and pressing my lips to her blooming sod. The dog and the bird commune with the Earth-Soul,

and under the inspirations of her consciousness they find their way straight home over trackless deserts, or countries on which their eyes had never rested. The negro communes with the Earth-Soul. The sentiment of his faith is so lively that he plunges from the deck of the slaver to seek beneath the wave his native Africa. It is this religious tie with the Soul of our planet, of which physical labor is the corresponding duty; and thus man coöperates with solar forces in the development of planetary harmonies.

True Agriculture is the body of Religion, and the divorce of sentiment, poesy, music and social festivities from the labors of productive industry is the practical Atheism which ruins our age. In the natural kingdoms we find no such exclusive domination of the brute material interests as commerce in general, and slavery in particular, pretend to enforce upon modern civilization; no moral monsters, like Louis Napoleon, breaking up at the point of the bayonet the spontaneous combinations of industry with social friendship. Nature holds in check the forces of constraint, hunger and fear. She bounteously distributes the stimuli of charm, pleasure, and love; spontaneous energies of health, radiation of organic functions in external uses; harmonies of the creature, with the elements of its sphere. The bee completes the flower as the flower feeds the bee. What human society has disciplines or duties more regular in their order, more perfect in their fulfilment, than those of the hive or the nest? Attraction suffices for these, and so it will for ours, as soon as we organize a sphere co-ordinate to the forces destined to move within it. All the labors of the hive or the nest pivot on a sentiment. This sentiment is *feminine sovereignty*. Such is the true solution of all the slaveries on earth. From this pivotal sentiment radiate all the impassioned duties of the subject, all the zeal of labor, the tenderness of maternity, corporate amity.

Never, from beast or bird, insect or creeping thing, does Nature demand a service without preparing its reward. The slave of the ant-hill is evidently linked by the most intimate ties of domestic affection with his master ant. War indeed exists, but only to prepare the triumphs of Love. What miserable dupes of an idiotic materialism we men are, for excluding sentiment from the empire of social forces; we Southerners are, to suppose for a moment that we derive an advantage from hateful compulsory labors,

and these from a race which, despite our injustice, loves us better than it loves itself. Were not our hearts gangrened by the most atrocious prejudices; were Christianity anything more than an idle word for us, we could not fail to see that the industrial value and efficiency of the negro is proportioned to the activity of the social stimuli; that, attached to his master and his mistress, secure in his own family ties, proprietor of his garden patch, and expanding his heart in the membership of a great patriarchal society, he is worth, even in money, ten times the sum that the lash can extort from his carcass under the government of terror.

To strip of all their charm and turn into a curse the social labors of production, seems to be the ideal of Slavery as it exists. In labor, as in the expression of sentiment, it is sacrilege for one person arbitrarily to dictate to another the mode, the time and conditions of planetary communion between the individual and the universal life. To exercise power arbitrarily is a confession either of inherent poverty in the genius of charm, or of unskillfulness in the direction of our influence. The proper sphere of personal command lies in the organization and distribution of *motives* — of motives under whose impulsion the creature impelled shall seem to himself to move by his own free will. No true religion, no true health, no confidence without spontaneity of action. The initiative for every work, for every combination, belongs to passional intuition. The great wrong of our Southern system, as of all the organizations of constraint on earth, is its pretension to dispense with the passional forces embraced in spontaneity, and to substitute the *vis a tergo*, whether physical or moral. Now, while moral slavery reigns unchallenged in our systems of primary education, and the exercise of our schools are not spontaneous or attractive, neither passional nor practical, but abstract and arbitrary alike in subjects and in methods of study, — what can we expect of generations accustomed to constraint as the only lever of influence, ignorant of the blessing and charm of spontaneous and attractive labor, but that they should reduce to slavery of some sort all who have the misfortune to depend upon them?

True emancipation consists in developing, within the external framework of society, a spiritual hierarchy. The relations of employer and employed, of master and servant, of conjugal partners, of parent and child, are all alike hideous discords, if the tie be merely external or compulsory under the rod of duty; all alike

sweet and harmonious, when vitalized by affection and controlled by the Spirit of Christ. Christianity—i. e., Christ,—in folding the negro within the pale of the Church, consecrates his personality, and the duty to respect this in the outflow of his affections towards their social uses. It renders, then, monstrous and impossible, where it really exists, the compulsory separation for mercenary ends of lovers, parents, children, friends. None can countenance this, either directly or indirectly, without forfeiting their membership in Christ. The Catholic peasant of Ireland or Spain baptizes his pig or his calf before slaughtering it, as we baptize our negroes before selling them. Now, of the two, which most fitly symbolizes the altar of Christian communion—the table, or the slave market?

Cæsar demanded tribute ~~on~~ money, and Jesus admitted the claim of physical power on material goods; but Slavery demands tribute in persons, and Christ forbids that payment; for he came to declare the inviolability of the soul, and the soul is integrant of those affections, connubial, parental, filial, and amical, which the slave traffic outrages. The spirit of civilized commerce is simple materialism in its most atrocious form. What it does with the negro laborer at the South it is ready to do with every producer and artist in the world, with every creature that will not prostrate itself and worship before the Golden Calf. It knows no ruth, no sense of shame, no sentiment of manhood, womanhood, childhood, or deity. There is no cure for our social ills until the functions and agents of exchange shall be duly subordinated to those of production. The liberty of commerce is the slavery of labor; speculation in values, whether real or fictitious, is the legalized practice of fraud.

What are the natural limits to the exercise of spontaneity? They are found in the talents and faculties or natural endowments which classify us; they cease to exist in the play of emotion. The expansions of heart reunite us, as, rising into the spirit-ether, soul interpenetrating soul lights with the aroral fires of contact the dimmest recesses of passional space.

Subordinate, then, provisionally as to the exercise of faculties and the fulfilment of labors, let the child and the negro be perfectly free in the play of their social affections. Such spontaneity, divine consecration of orderly servitude for those who admit the authority of the Bible, was guaranteed in Judea by that remark-

able law, the exact contradiction of our fugitive slave act, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee. He shall dwell with thee, where it liketh him best : thou shalt not oppress him ;" which Isaiah thus echoes : " Hide the outcasts ; betray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee ; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." And Christ, developing in his own grand and absolute spirit the relative humanities of the Mosaic dispensation, says : " Neither be ye called masters : for one is your master, even Christ ; and all ye are brethren."—Matt. xxiii. 8–10. The Mosaic code, in protecting the imprescriptible rights of personality in the fugitive, has established a premium upon justice and kindness, a check upon cruelty and oppression—while our slave codes of the United States and of the South would compel the just and kind citizen to countenance and sustain the iniquities of the worst masters ; they ignore the rights of hospitality, they lead to violence and perfidy, their civic consecration.

The deliberate violation, systematic repudiation and counter-legislation by the Congress of the United States of that organic Code which forms the religious and social conscience or superior law of the land, is a virtual dissolution of the tie which united us as States and as citizens of the same country. The fugitive slave act introduced a principle of death, of corruption and " irrepressible conflict." It can not continue to coëxist with the Union, and within the Southern States themselves it necessitates either the radical modification of slavery or the repudiation of the Bible. Here is, indeed, the case in which we can not serve two masters. If we serve Christ, we must do unto others even as we would that others should do unto us ; and none of us, in trying to escape from personal bondage, would like to be arrested and sent back. This flagrant aggression of a partizan law against the religious Code of the whole country and instinctive conscience of the Northern States strikes not only at the personality of the individual, but at the potential evolution of the same principle in State sovereignty, which Calhoun had nobly proclaimed as the corner-stone of our Federation. Now, mark the consequences : the freedom of speech and of the press is extinct at the South, and is compromised at the North. The Post Office is not respected ; despotism in its most hideous, anarchical, ruffianly form proclaims its triumphs over those principles which made us a nation. The very forms of

civil justice are forgotten in the outrage of inoffensive citizens. Disunion or utter subjection, such is the alternative proposed by the South to the North. Traffic or religion and humanity, such is the option now pending at the North. It remains to be seen whether a few thousand merchants and other capitalists can control at the polls the conscience of the nation.

The violation of the slave's personality by the Fugitive Slave Act and by the slave market is the neck upon which pivot our Hydra's hundred heads. Their abolition does not imply the abolition of Slavery, but simply opens it to such modifications as Christianity and the enlightened interest of the South may impress upon it. Sectional pride apart, no sensible slaveholder wants discontented and incendiary elements of character on his plantation. Left to its own spontaneous workings, the recognition by law and custom of the right of the slave to choose his own master would suffice to retain all the slaves at the South, and every good master would gain ten where he might lose one negro under such an ordinance. The direct recognition of the personality of the slave by the Judaic law, sole form of servitude to which Jesus gave even an indirect countenance, would enable the generally beloved master or mistress, the wise and successful manager, to own a thousand slaves without ever purchasing one, while the ruffian herd of vulgar, heartless taskmasters who now disgrace our country, deserted by their slaves, would meet the rebuke of society and of the law, while forced to undergo the wholesome discipline of earning their bread by the sweat of their brow.

It may sound paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that liberty and slavery admit of perfect conciliation in virtue of that personality which is their common root. All true liberties, which are those of the heart, and which do not degenerate into licentiousness, emanate from the respect of personality in man, woman, and child, which constitutes the basis of politeness. An aroal atmosphere or Court of spiritual space exists round every embodied soul. We await in this antechamber the attention of the person, forbearing intrusion or arbitrary control. The abuses of slavery proceed from subjecting the soul or inmost principle rudely to the impact of exterior forces, which either may or may not be directly represented by other persons. From the right of choosing and of changing one's master, to the most delicate courtesies of refined society, there is but the discipline of the social education, such as has existed

among oriental peoples from time immemorial.* Among refined and Christian peoples, slavery may exist in name, but freed from its odious abuses.

Cruelty is always a breach of good breeding, and politeness can never be arbitrary. We may rationally hope for a degree of social culture at which even murder will be regarded as a breach of etiquette, and capital punishment as applicable only to incurable cases of painful or loathsome disease. Now, every honorable man would rather expose himself to be shot than to be tied up and whipped, and doing as he would be done by, would rather shoot his fellow creature than whip him; consequently, whenever murder comes to be regarded as a breach of etiquette, the greater outrage of corporeal punishment will be abandoned, and the lash will cease to be used either on man or beast.

M. E. L.

THE MAGIC DUET.

THE sense of the world is short—
 Long and various the report:
 To love and be beloved;
 Men and gods have not unlearned it,
 And, how oft so'er they've turned it,
 'Tis not to be improved.*

SIGNOR MATTHIAS little knew what a sensation he produced when he stopped in our old town of Z., in Maryland, and enlivened the hitherto unattractive architecture of its every corner with glorious posters of red and blue letters, a foot in length, headed GRAND NECROMANTIC AND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT. The next morning at daylight one-half of our population, which would be 1250 souls, rushed out simultaneously to their front doors to get a glimpse at the column of "Amusements" in the *Semi-Weekly Banner*. This column was generally a square in dimension, and on any extraordinary occasion immediately preceded the leading editorial. It was so in the time of Gen. Tom Thumb's visit two years ago; it was so last year in the case of The Two-Headed Girl; it was so now in the case of Signor Matthias. There lay all smoking and juicy from the press the Programme.

* See Urquhart's *Spirit of the East*, *Pillars of Hercules*, and the *Essays of Remusat*.

It ran as follows :

SIGNOR MATTHIAS begs leave to announce to the enlightened citizens of Z. that he has engaged the Town Hall for ONE NIGHT ONLY, October 3, when he will perform those astonishing feats of *Second Night ! Invisible Agency ! ! and Magical Music ! ! !* which have excited the wonder and admiration of all Europe ! ! !

Classical Music between the Parts.

PROGRAMME.—*Part I.* 1. Amazing Feats with Ribands. (In which Signor Matthias will draw from his mouth ribands of any color desired. The audience will be allowed to examine the ribands.) 2. The Enchanted Watch. 3. The Flying Beauty. (Senorita Matthias will float over and about the stage.)

Musical Intermission. 1. Notturmo (Sommernachts traum). 2. La Gazza Ladra. 3. Sonata Appassionata.

Part II. 1. The Spirit-Drum. 2. Second Sight. 3. The Magic Duet.

Was there ever such a prospect of fun ! Ah, was there ever such a feast of fun ! that is, during the whole first part. What peals of laughter burst through our gloomy-looking hall, as the many-colored ribands flew, gleaming through the crowd ! And then, when Mr. Jones was persuaded, after many petitionings to the audience on the part of Signor Matthias, to get up, with a very red face, and present his watch for experiment, what rapturous plaudits ! Stilled, indeed, when the performer, with a malicious twinkle of the eye, folded it in a piece of white paper, threw it on the floor, ground it to powder with his heel, and threw it against the wall at the back of the stage, with such force that we could hear the fragments of crystal and wheels tinkle against it ; but renewed and overwhelming, when, going down below the lights, he took the guard from around Billy Jones' neck, and said gently : " No, no, sonny ; it won't do for you to take papa's watch ! " Then with what breathless excitement did we see the little girl, dressed like an angel, with gauze wings waving like those of a butterfly, float up and hover above the stage, and pass gently from one side to the other !

But now came the queerest part of the entertainment. I suppose that not one person in the town except myself, who had passed four winters at Boston when the Germania was in its glory and Otto Dresel reigned, *facile princeps*, at Chickering's rooms, knew how odd it was that Signor Matthias should execute for the amusement (!) of the inhabitants of Z. the music of Mendelssohn and of Beethoven. I longed to see the effect which it would produce : I was not much disappointed. The pieces were performed by four hands (Sig. and Mad. Matthias), and were yawned

through until the Sonata Appassionata came; there was a hush at that, and a subdued murmur instead of clapping after it, for that is an old Orphic strain which can lead rocks and brutes captive.

There was no smile in the audience after that. The performer got off several jokes about his spirit-drum, which was hung out over the audience, and beat time to whatever theme he played on the piano; but his jokes were received with coughs. Indeed, his own face had changed, and it now attracted my attention. Manifestly he was a Jew; if his aquiline nose, his piercing eyes, which darted out from deep brow-cells, had not announced it, I should have known it from a certain volcanic motion which he had when he executed Mendelssohn's Nocturno, the swelling of an Israelite's pride at an Israelite's genius, deep responding unto deep. From the time that he struck the first low chord of that piece he seemed another man, and his jests all make-believe. Nor was the change agreeable. He seemed like one who had put forth in his gorgeous posters, in his riband-feats, and his watch-breakings, so many decoys; and now that he had us in his power, something not in the programme, some undefined but settled purpose, seemed to be in his mind. "I am sure that there was not a heart in the room but shivered when, enacting the second sight, he went down amongst the people, and took into his hand whatever they would give him—hats, pencils, coins, etc.—the perfect description of each being echoed from the S  norita on the stage. Many times was heard the half-whispered phrase, "I want to go home;" but parents gently hushed up such fears, and all remained as if a spell were upon us. The Jew heeded nothing, but went on as one who had something to perform of which he was hitherto only arranging the preliminaries. Like the Ancient Mariner, he held us "with his glittering eye."

For me, I did not fear; and yet who can escape some contagion of fear? I felt that I was in some way to be deeply impressed or excited; but I forefelt no shock, and so braced my nerves, and sat impatient for the crisis. That crisis came.

It was in the Magic Duet.

I know not if it proved a crisis to others; they may have slept through it. When Paul fell down before the flaming Cross and the Voice, those with him saw no light, heard no noise. And when Nature responded to the one heart that was atwain with her, some said that it thundered where others knew that an angel spoke.

Therefore, I knew not, nor need I ever know, if beneath that Magic Duet others partook my celestial spirit-swoon, or were borne over mountain, over billow, through air and cloud and ether, to that verge where life is ultimated, and Illusion delivers up the soul it has been forming to Pure Being.

From what did the Magic Duet proceed? Signor Matthias shoved the open piano out before us, and a flame was made to gleam along the keys; but it was to my mood a sorry trick; the piano had nothing to do with the music but to distract attention from its real source. It was the duet of a 'cello and a flute, I think; at least, I know that there was a flute, a Zauberflötte; and neither viola nor violin can be made to wed a flute alone; they are rival heroes in spheres united but separate; set together, they are Douglas and Percy.

The Duet I have always loved; alas, that it should be so rare in music! I have always felt that in music, also, "two is company, three is a crowd." Two-part songs are plenty; melodies "arranged for two voices" you shall hear from Laura and Matilda in any house which has blonde and brunette daughters; but the true Duet, as of the blue sky and the green earth mingling in the violet—the fragrances of lavender and vanilla offering up to the Sun-deity their incense on the heliotrope-altar—Jesus and the Virgin on canvas—by Heaven, such Duets are true, but not common!

Such an one I now heard; it was in three movements; and at each movement some pearly gate of my life swung open.

I. ANTIPHONY (Con Fuoco).

The high crag can not work me harm,
Nor leaping torrents when they howl;
The babe I carry on my arm,
He saves for me my precious soul.

The first theme was the Duet of the mother and her babe; straight uprose the vision of the one bending over the other, as God's beaming sky over the world it embosoms; a bending which is a vaulting; a clear strain, with choral laughter, and movement came from the babe.

"How is it that, being weakest of all, I am strongest of all? I have not yet ceased to feel the encircling arm of God; it is thine, O my mother! Thus safe, on a breast which feels its love to be

infinite as God, I leave to those whom life's garish noon has blinded, fear and paltering and compliance ; an inch of life I have, yet that inch a king. Others reason of God, dream, doubt, hope, fear, deny concerning him ; to my lips he hath set the fountain of his grace ; I look up into his blue maternal eye. Silent, I never fail to convince ; powerless, I lead lion and lamb together on to the Golden Age. And all by the inflow of thy divine life, O my mother ! Thy Beauty, thy Love, thy Power, — these are my Holy and Blessed Trinity."

Then the tide of the 'cello, ebbing upward, mingled with the flute, and the theme was of the Greek mother.

Frightful ! There, on the verge of a precipice, concealed till then, the mother sees her child, reaching forth nearer and nearer to the abyss, seeking a flower. A word might cause the start which would determine the balance toward the fatal grasp for the floral syren ! What shall the mother do ? What the heart whispers : she bares her breast, — the flower loses its beauty in the contrast. The babe knows its home, and springs back to nestle there.

"Hail, mother ; through life, from precipice after precipice — from fatal pitfalls and snares and perils, where there is no other help — thy Love is the saving breast to recall the tempted ; thou standest with preventing grace in the midst of every path that leads downward !"

Then sang the mother : "Yet can I never say whether thou or I be the parent. Am I not new-born in thee ? Am I not at thy breast, also ? O sweet draughts of innocence, and faith and love ! Lo, from thine eyes, thy soft touch, I am brought forth I am nourished ! I give nought that I do not receive."

Then I knew that, as though I grow older, I never cease to live entirely on milk ; that the process of its formation is only transferred from her frame to my own, and yet all that nourishes must first turn to chyle ; even so my higher life must be fed on the child-like spirit ; I need not, I must not grow old ; my gray hairs will be a white blossoming, not a fading ; my earth-life will be the womb of an ever-dawning spirit. Child of earth, thy mother hath bound thy baby-brow with white lilies ; so long as thou rememberest her, they will never fade ; and thou shalt be of those who forever dwell in the Kingdom of Heaven, which is the Kingdom of Infancy.

II. ALLEGRO (Con Dolcessa).

O friend, my bosom said,
 Through thee alone the sky is arched,
 Through thee the rose is red.
 All things through thee take nobler form
 And look beyond the earth ;
 And is the mill-round of our fate,
 A Sun-path in thy worth.

In the second theme I saw no precipices, and, of course, no peaks—they imply each the other ; therefore, if the prospects were not from dizziest height, neither were the perils imminent. I saw many young men and maidens, by twos—generally man with man, maid with maid — pass cheerfully into a desert. Then standing at the desert's farthest verge, I saw two youths emerge from the waste. And the rest ? Ah, this is the Duet of Friendship ; and Love's dangers do not more test the soul than this desert, which, with friends, must be gladdened each moment by inexhaustable resources, or it grows tedious, and they part. Therefore, of four-score who started, only two found the range of the oases, the fountains, and were saved to each other.

What can my friend be to me ? Let him serve me, and I lose the fulness of the one tie in manifold other ties : jealous Friendship says, "I am not then entirely needed ; I may break and yet leave you bound by obligations." *Obligation!* Ah, hateful word ! a poisoned fang to all love between man and man, man and woman : all the worse when the fellow-word *gratitude* gives that serpent the glittering scales and the line of beauty.

Let my friend be my thinker, and even more am I a mendicant. O friend, I must from thee, more than from all foes, defend myself !

This the Duet taught me, that its strain could alone be repeated in Friendship when there was entire agreement : to be friends, we must see the same Truth, lie in the same bleaching Light. I know my identity with all mankind ; that really, as I am breathing the same elements with them, I am living from the same elemental truths ; with them, however, in lymbic relations,— we are divided by word-barriers ; seeing eye to eye is throbbing heart to heart. Therefore Friendship is purely intellectual ; we are two who can not be tricked with words any more.

As there are two eyes given man, that he may the better see every object, so is Friendship the resting of two minds on each and all ; and there can be no difference of opinion.

Equally does Friendship spurn sameness or compliance; that takes the hydrogen from the water at my lips, and leaves me a single and deadly element.

Friendship is what the telescope and the microscope have: if one say, "I have visited the farthest star and found this truth," the other responds, "And I have communed with the remotest atom and heard it echo the same." A geologist came to tell the story of the strata to his friend the poet; but, ere he spake, the poet read the whole from the cosmic ring onward to Plato in his friend's brow, where all was summed up. Newton met Gardiner, and with them the seven notes of the gamut met the seven colors, and they heard chord on chord of spherulic music. This, then, is Friendship: two that trust each other away from personalities, and never fail to bring at each contact mutual verification. This is what the ancient rite of Confirmation whispers: Find thy truth, and await the priestly hand of thy friend to bring thereto the Eternal Seal.

III. *ANDANTE* (Con Mosso).

Within this bosom she was born—
I say not if 'twas day or night,
I say not if 'twas eve or morn,
When Lillie saw the light.

A vision that for seventeen years
Had floated in men's eyes was she;
A bright machine of smiles and tears,
No more — till she knew me.

Into my arms that vision crept,
And nothing knew she there should find;
And I breathed on her as she slept,
And she became a Mind.

This was the prelude of a sculptor who had carved his goddess, and clasped her with a thrill of prayer to his breast: then the life-producing Promethean spark, so long hidden, was generated; the statue moved and lived — a Soul.

And now began the Duet of Love.

Where lately the desert-plain had stretched, yawned now the mouth of a Mammoth Cavern. The Guide lighted their torches at an altar, and led the way.

"We need but go a short way to learn all," they said.

The Guide smiled, and silently led the way.

And now through pictured halls, tapestried chambers, gothic avenues, foliated arches, fretted ceilings, they passed ; by the mouth of the Pit, over Stygian waves, over Elysian fields, they passed ; the holy stars rose above them ; it was an unending enchantment. And at this I most marveled and gloried, that no embroidered chamber, nor star-sown vault, nor flower-strewn grotto which they ever entered could retain them — a deeper mystery, a more delicious glory gleamed beyond. And they stood at last with feet pressing the verge of yet another cavern, and they confessed that Love's torch lighted on to inexhaustable Life, and that at the end of the world it was yet fresh, and with Eternity before it.

Then a few sharp, quick notes said, *All other pleasures are not worth Love's pains.*

The theme which followed wrung tears from my heart. One turned upon his bride, and with flushed cheek (yet the eye and mouth were calm) cried, "Put out thy love to school !" and, again, "I will not descend to meet even thee."

They were not light words, nor lightly said. She started back, the blood ran swift to her face, and mounted, where blood is always dangerous, above the brow.

"Take back those words," she said.

"Hast thou forgotten thy hollow thought which caused them, as fire causes wind ?"

"Take back thy words !"

"Never ! Look you, were thou not only my wife of many years, but the last human face left on earth, which losing I should lose all fellowship with my kind, and thy price were to take back those words which were not spoken in anger, I should not recall them."

"Then we part," she said — and, saying, meant.

"Not the smallest droplet of that auburn tairn above thy brow shall be held in the hollow of my hand, not the outmost hem of thy vesture shall be clutched ; for I know that if thou leave me it will be to put thy love to school, till I need no more descend to meet thee, or tarry from my heaven-scaling birth-right for thee."

"Then I go, for I love thee not."

"It is well. Yet, ere thou go, ere we part, hear Love's Legend :

"In the Court of Arthur, flower of Kings, lived poor misshapen

Carle, looked upon with pity by all the Knights — a dwarf, and, as was supposed, insane. Was he not insane who went day by day to the Knights of the Round Table, and besought each to smite off his head ? Of course they all refused the piteous prayer, and fierce vengeance would Arthur have taken on him who had harmed poor Carle.

“ One day this deformed one went to Sir Gawaine, one of the noblest of Knights, and said, ‘ Gawaine, as thou art a man, smite off my head with this sword.’ — ‘ Nay,’ said Sir Gawaine, ‘ but I had rather die than do thee harm.’ At that moment he saw a tear gather in the eye of the dwarf, and under a great impulse, seized the sword and smote off Carle’s head. At that moment he who had been a dwarf before, arose to the noble stature of knightly presence and power ; for he had been imprisoned by a spell in an evil shape — a spell which could only be broken when one of the Knights of Arthur’s Table should smite off his head. Then said Sir Carlisle, no longer now poor Carle, ‘ Take my hand, Gawaine, and my whole body will ever go with it ; for whilst others loved me weakly, thou alone hadst the deeper love which could smite me.’

“ Go then, my wife ! and thou shalt learn the lesson of the deeper love, the divine love that is too wise to spare, too full to allow its object to be dwarfed beneath its rightful stature, when it can by word or look bring the saving blow, which breaks the spell.

“ Go ! Thou leavest me not alone ; but within me a Love, shriven and true where truth was hard ; and were no human heart left to me in the wide world, this Love, strong in me, could clasp these rocks and trees, and feel within them the throb of a responsive soul.”

Already she had realized Love’s blow, and gained her stature ; in an eternal moment her love had gone to its schooling, and had returned to rest on the heart of him who sums up all preceding themes, who is mother, friend, lover.

I slept and dreamed that Life was Beauty —
I woke and found that Life was Duty :
Was thy dream, then, a shadowy lie ?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously ;
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee !

APOLLO.

[From the unpublished Poem of Endymion.]

On high Olympus, when the feast was done,
For the assembled gods who sat reclined,
Or more majestically throned, or moved
With light divinity through golden halls,
Apollo woke the sweetness of his lyre;
Urged by the harmony that filled his soul,
And sought fresh channels like the ocean's flow,
He poured his minstrel might in varying song
With every varying impulse: now his hand
Called forth the melody that some time charmed
Admetus and his rude Thessalian hinds,
And his voice trilled his old Thessalian hymns—
Hymns to the majesty that rules the world,
And portions Time, and sets the bounds of Fate,
With reverent remembrance of the old
And fallen gods, that served the three-formed Fate;
And mythic legends of the ancient years;
From what embrace the lords of heaven sprung,
And who of all first held the sway of gods;
How discord grew within their joyous lives,
And son to son gave place, and might to might;
How the chained Titans groaned in banishment,
How throneless Saturn built the Age of Gold;
And how the gods came down to dwell with men,—
Thus hinting darkly of his own dull lot,
Driven in exile from his glittering home.

Yet the same song, unchanged by lyre or lips,
That gave to wondering earth such vast delight,
Thrilled with a finer glow the face of Heaven;
For each high thought and every matchless tone,
Making in human hearts delirious joy,
And sweet confusion and uncertain hope,
Found clear response in every god-like breast,
Had higher meaning, taught a separate love
To each, as each was fashioned in his soul,
And with a gentle magic led them all.
Anon he touched the chords with lighter sweep,
And flooded Heaven with a mellow tone,
Singing the beauty and the strength of Love—
Love all divine, the rich boon of the gods
To sighing men, but on the gods themselves

Dropped dew-like, as it were from some far realm,
Above Jove's throne, beyond the round of Fate.
Kindled and glowing with the sacred flame,
Apollo stood,—his lightly curling locks
Shook with the joyous tremor of his frame;
A written song, his young celestial face,
Changing expression with each changing note,
Shone with a radiance like his own blithe sun.

The airy billows of his tender lay
Swelled through the court and dashed against the heart
Of every listener. Jove's grave brow grew light
With ancient love, and smiled upon his Queen,
The jealous Juno; she with face upturned
Gazed fondly back with unremining eyes.
Pallas let fall her spear, and even she,
Venus the wanton, turned with earnest love
To limping Vulcan, her too easy lord.
But chaste Diana, huntress unpursued,
Sat far apart, none noticed why nor how,
Weeping strange tears, and rosy with new shame;
For still she thought of Latmos' breezy slope,
O'er which her silver car at midnight stood,
When all men slept, and beasts and painted birds,
And fair Endymion, with his watchful hound,
Unwakened even by Diana's kiss,
(Yet did his lips stir, and he smiled in dreams
At his divine and unsuspected joy),
While conscious stars forsook her stooping course,
And morning blushed to see the lated moon.

THE GOD WITH THE HAMMER.

THERE he stands at the head of our race, noblest of the gods!
There came a day when Odin, "the terrible and severe God; the
father of slaughter; he who giveth victory and reviveth courage
in the conflict; who nameth those that are to be slain,"—became
weary and dejected, and, resting on his sword (which was also
his sceptre), he asked, "Can not Life be as well as Death?" Then
he called Thor, his first-born son, and set a crown upon his head;
but when Thor asked for the sword, Odin gave into his hand in
lieu thereof a mallet, saying, "The Kingdom of the Destroyer is

necessary, but brief: the Kingdom of the Builder shall never end." Thenceforth, in the centre of every globule of Scandinavian or Teutonic blood sat the ideal, — Man fulfilling his bifold destiny as laborer and god.

The Southern and Oriental formulas, into which the race has been coerced for a few centuries, can not destroy this throne. When the spasmodic effort to obtain things by genuflexion and lip-service, into which the leading race has been galvanized by conquest, has passed away, and the worship which is work prevails, and it is known that Luck is the serpent Midgard which Thor must conquer, that all things are attainable through fulfilment of their intervening conditions, and only thus attainable, — then the God with the Hammer, too real to care by what name he is known, will have fulfilled the destiny assigned him by his Father.

On the first day of March, 1860 — it is well to remind ourselves occasionally of the century we are in, — between twenty and thirty Irishmen of the city of Cincinnati, engaged in pulling down the walls of St. Xavier's Church, undermined one of its walls, with the impression that the wall would fall in a direction opposite from the side on which it was undermined! Fourteen of these men were at once buried under the falling mass, and gave no sign afterward. It was shown that some of them might have been saved, — perhaps all of them, — if they had started to run at once; but they stopped to cross themselves. It is, moreover, quite certain that this is a fair average of the intelligence of Irish laborers in America.

A philosopher once contended that ignorance should be punished as a crime. The reply with which his proposition was met was, that he was a brute. Yet his decision never has been overruled by the Supreme Court. Nature punishes ignorance as she does any other sin. The prophet of old cried, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge;" and many cold and mangled lips silently renew the lamentation from day to day.

Is it not time that we were questioning ourselves concerning these men who, for many years yet, are to be swarming about every house that rises between the Atlantic and the Pacific, — about every tunnel or excavation or wharf, — and who know nothing beyond crossing themselves? Shall the Irishman remain to our political parties nothing more than a vote on election day; to his church, than a contributor to its gaudy cathedrals; to the mer-

cantile world, than a hod or pick-axe? Yes, — if the Wölf Fen-rir is to conquer the God with the Hammer in the contest; if man is to be a brute and drudge: but No, if man is to be both laborer and god.

Here is the fact glaring at us: that the men who, of all others, should know most of the laws of Nature; the men whose daily life is a grip for life or death with the law of gravitation, the centre of gravity, the density and strength of matter, action and recoil; the men who on house-tops, on boats, on bridges, in mines, are treading, day by day, on the verge of precipices and traps of fierce and remorseless laws, — should be the very ones who know nothing of such laws and properties. Men in parlors, in studies, who, from the cradle to the grave, never come into vital contact with the forces of the earth, have the sciences; but this poor Celtic brother must go forth to do or die, and now for centuries has learned no science but that of crossing himself with holy water.

Result: wherever we go, the wheels of our Progress are splashed with their blood. As we drive over turnpikes our wagons rattle on Irishmen's brains; as we speed on our railroads we are borne upon iron that has entered the Irishman's soul; and whenever there is any great work undertaken, — as the tunneling of a mountain or the rearing of a church, — instead of the bulls and sheep which the ancients were wont to sacrifice on such occasions, we generally offer up a hecatomb of Irishmen.

Some one asked Opie, the Artist, by what wonderful process he mixed his colors: "I mix them with my brains," was the reply. Poor Paddy has reversed the case: he mixes the brains with the materials. The stone he breaks is too much for him: Heavens! to think of a fossil human race, or one likely to become so!

And yet what fire is smothered in that heart; what wit native to that temperament; what poetry sepulchred in that stony eye! We can not think of them but, slow and sad, winds up out of the past the procession of the Emmets, Currans, Fitz O'Briens, Moores, O'Connors, who make Ireland the glory and the shame of England:

Ever their phantoms arise before us
On loftier brothers, but one in blood;
At bed, at table, they lord it o'er us,
With looks of beauty, and words of good.

But Americans may ask, why this tone of reproach to us?

Are we England? Have we, like the mother fleeing from Moscow, cast our child to stay the pursuing wolves? Can we be held to account for their ignorance?

This at least may be affirmed, that so long as, in all the business where manual labor is employed, he who does the work gets an eighth or ninth or less, on the average, of that which is gained, and he who does none of the labor gets the rest, — so long will that laborer have to buffet the waves of poverty which, did he cease but for an hour, would overwhelm him. To learn anything, — even that a brick wall undermined by a pick will fall, and usually on the side where it is undermined, — he must have a pause; but what pause for thought or reading or hearing can there be for a man who gets seventy-five cents or a dollar a day, and has a wife and children tugging at his skirts for bread and clothing? And suppose he were to pause in some happier moment, and seek to cast a glance out into the fair Universe, which lies an open secret around him: we hesitate to say what we think the majority of merchants would do on finding a man whom they had employed by the day, sitting amongst bales and barrels with a book or journal in his hands.

True it is that most cities have courses of Lyceum lectures; but besides that they are but poorly adapted to Paddy, how can they be reached by one who must give a third or half of his capital for each one? Theatres too might do, and have done, much to lift weary and begrimed laborers out of the ruts of physical routine and drudgery, giving them an idea of heroism, beauty and poetry, — of something higher than the life held in common with cattle: but, alas, not only does overwork sink the faculties beneath the reach of Art, but this too is purchasable only with the bread of his family. And yet there is a deep craving for amusement and relief; and generally it is found in poisonous drugging, in being "happy," "jolly," where the admission-fee is deadly small!

No, there is no hope for that man, reported to have been made in the image of God, unless the capitalist can be made to feel that he is doling out pitiful wages not to Sullivan and O'Riley, but doling them out to Almighty God; no hope unless we can quicken his eye to see behind the uncouth, dwarfish body, a soul of quite infinite stature, a flower of God's heart, by no means a weed, though drest for awhile in weeds, crowned with the light of an Eternal

Destiny. No matter how long it has been sepulchred, even if until it stinketh, let us, full under the strength of our Christ, cry unto that entombed Thought, "Come forth! Unbind him," let us persist, "unbind him, hand and foot; take away that napkin which shuts out from those glazed and horny eyes the everlasting stars of truth! We do not say that he should not roll your hogshead; we only pray that he shall not be nailed up, body and soul, in your hogshead. We only demand that you shall not take him whose only crime is that he is ever coining his heart and brain into silver and gold for the capitalist, and set him in this world forever at the Criminal's Pump, where, at any minute's cessation, the water rises to the drowning point. We ask that study shall not be made to him synonymous with starvation."

Is any one so stupid as to think that the present relations of Capital and Labor can endure? They will endure just so long as the laborer is imbruted and doesn't know his own worth.

Think what Capital is. It is sinews and nerves in metallic forms; it is accumulated head-aches and heart-aches of seamstresses and servants; it's a catacomb of human bones. Your dollar represents so much labor—that is its only value.

Think what Labor is. It is the only real value: without it your bread is field-clay, your butter, grass; take it away from your ship, and in its place you have a savage swimming a stream on a log; take it away from your fine dwelling, and you would have to burrow like a mole for every stone in it.

So long as Labor holds unconsciously these keys of the gateways of all good, it will be cheated—as the Indians were easily enticed to sell States for beads; but the Titans will not slumber forever. Free schools have not been, and can not be, so unproductive as we suspect. Already we hear the rush of storm-driven waves at the East; the whole earth and sea are the Hammer of Thor; and its first achievement must be to strike off the chains from the laborer's divinity. That man should be a hammer without being the added god to wield it can never be a perpetual fact of society; therefore the hammer STRIKES.

In the Laws of Menu it is written thus: "Justice being destroyed, will destroy; being preserved, will preserve; it must therefore never be violated." The Hebrew prophet cried: "I will come near to you in judgment: I will be a swift witness

against . . . those that oppress the hireling in his wages, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Wages! It is manifest that the very truth and meaning of the word are lost in our commerce. A *wage* is a *guage* or measurement; it means the exact balance of one's work. It does *not* mean that, when a man sows cotton, and digs about it in all weathers, and gathers it, and packs it, he should have *as balance* to all this the food that will keep him a strong beast of burthen, and stripes if he hesitate to work without remuneration or hope. It does not mean that he who, when that cotton has gone to its Northern market, lifts, and drives, and picks, and cards, and spins, and weaves it, should have a fifteenth of what he has who happens to be able to put a stone shelter over these transactions, but never lays more than his eyes upon it. That is not the *wage* or *gage* of what these men have done! And because a false balance is an abomination to the Lord; and because, when God loathes aught, men presently come to loathe it too,—therefore we say the present relation between Capital and Labor can not endure. We walk amongst the huge granite buildings of the mart, and they look substantial; but they are so many brandy-lozenges, hard and sweet on the outside, fluid fire at the heart. Nemesis has yet both rudder and wheel, for sea and land; and in trade, wherever it goes, has proved the Law that the underpaid labor is dearest: it is labor that does bad work, and by encouraging every trade to be equal with the other, and not supply a more valuable article than it receives in exchange, it introduces total corruption in trade. One man does not know how to purify his sugar, and will not pay for those who do; others go down to his level by adulterating theirs. And when we think we have been very clever, and saved much, we are eating, drinking, and thinking taint and disease; the laborers, going downward, not only drag us with them, but manage to filch the very money we are moving Heaven and Earth to save, by pauperism and other villainies.

Meanwhile, until these radical wrongs cure themselves, as they must, by suicide, would it not be well, in every community where day-laborers are in demand, to inaugurate the Night School, to stay the plague of Ignorance? We have known one such case to have the happiest results: night after night the room was filled with working men and women (chiefly Irish), who gathered around the teachers with thankful tears. The Night School was

felt on every side-walk, or turnpike, in the garden, in the home. Think not the Irishman does not long for knowledge; or that he relishes being the butt of vulgar comedians, — laughed at by sots, wept over by men.

When the Hammer of Thor was held by the giant Thrym and buried eight miles beneath the gelid rocks of Jötunheim, it was only by taking the form of the Goddess of Love, Freyja, that he regained it. The fable grew out of our race, and we live to make it history. It is by the working of a Mighty Love that Labor is to be recovered from the cold rocks which render its spontaneity impossible, unearthed from mere hard necessities, and made the beautiful service of a divinity.

DR. EINBOHRER AND HIS PUPILS.

CHAPTER II.—WHAT MAY BE HATCHED OUT OF AN EGG.

I BEGIN where God begins, said Einbohrer on our first morning, with an Egg. The earliest philosophers say that the world began, a great Egg, with a Spirit of Intelligence folding its wings over it and brooding thereon. Thus Nature has proceeded as a perpetual ovation, and knowledge is only intellectual incubation upon her myriad germs. We are very unwise in seeking our Book of Genesis in old scriptures: it is recorded in every egg.

It is the Genesis of Beauty as it is of Life. Are the ancient forms of Beauty true? You will find every Greek or Etruscan vase only an endless repetition of the egg-form; you can fit an egg into every curve; project the arc of handle or neck, and you have the egg; the body of the vase itself being the larger egg. Hogarth's line of grace is made by putting two eggs together.

Nature takes him as her familiar who knows well the secret of the embryo. When first I visited the poet-naturalist of New England, Henry Thoreau, and with him sailed on the Concord, how did he delight the little merry crew we took with us by putting his hand down in the wave and drawing up the fish. In vain did we put our hands down; the fish fled: he put his down, they swam softly into his palm! But he, cunning confidante of the

river, placed his hand beneath the egg-spawn ; the fish hastened to protect that.

France, too, has her poet-naturalist, Toussenel, who entered into the "World of Birds" by making their acquaintance in the embryo. One writes : "When I called on him in Paris, he had not even a room of his own, but passed his day in the Bureau of the Texan Society which published his works. He called from the window, it was in May, and a flock of little birds flew from all the trees in the court to him and eat out of his hand." He had discovered that every blood-globule of the bird was oval, whereas it is spherical in man and beast : he began the acquaintance with each in the egg, he helped its birth, it never forgot him.

Gentlemen, you know that in the world of philosophy a great conflict has been waging. Chaos and Antichaos glare at each other. The one, to support *its* god,—who, to tell the truth, needs all the support that can be furnished,—maintains that Nature is an independent series of creations. Unbridged, they say, is the chasm between the air-born lichen and the water-fed moss ; unbridged is that between fish and dolphin, serpent and lizard, gorilla and man. Antichaos cries, No ! I hear a sweet, inviolable strain of music, borne with endless variations throughout the orchestral universe ; a symphony of many movements it is, but there is no break nor discord. The atom legitimates the angel, for the atom is impregnated with the infinite tendency and power. When under this divine ray Nature made the first algæ, she eliminated the cerebral essence : taking it out of primal heats, she placed it on her anvil, and, ever since, through form after form, she has been fusing, melting, selecting, hammering, shaping—all to forge the human brain. The mission of each new circle of conditions which pioneered her to her present state, was to bring forward a corresponding advance in form and power ; and the mission of each form as it came was to implant some new cerebral function in the forming brain. The world was to en-orb itself anew : until then it would be Chaos, then it would be Kosmos. Chaos is simply what has not climbed into brain ; Thought is the Spirit moving on the void and leading it to harmony. They say, continues Antichaos, that some can detect all harmonies in a certain note known to music ; however that may be, we know that the Unity of God has inevitably settled the Development Theory for those able to ascend to its height.

But Agassiz ?

Ah, yes, I am sorry that he still permits fools to misunderstand him. They are afraid to ask him whether or not he means, by "independent creations," that a shape, as elephant or alligator, was moulded from clay ; and he is willing to atone for his Diversity Theory by not denying their claim that he is with the Church in this question. Every naturalist knows that he is not, and that he can not be ; that with him "independent creation" means only the working of abnormal forces ; that in the maxim which he has done more than any man living to establish, *Omne vivum ex ovo*, he builds the sepulchre and writes the epitaph of this Chaos-Theory.

Gentlemen, we are willing enough that, if the tongue and the work of Agassiz must part company, the Church shall have the former, and the believers in Science and God the latter. Yet they are not hopelessly apart.

"Fossils teach us," says Agassiz, "that these Thoughts"—so he finely calls the various animal species—"in their present manifestations, are but the further development of the same fundamental idea which has prevailed through all geological periods, from the beginning to the end, in intimate connection. Animal forms of the same types occur in successive modifications through all these periods, and in a progressive series we may trace the fishes, followed by reptiles, birds and mammalia to the appearance of man, in such connection and such regular gradation as to indicate that they all belong to the same fundamental plan, and that whether we view them with reference to their successive appearance upon earth or in the complications of their structure, or in the phases of their embryonic growth, they represent, in every way, modifications of the same thoughts."

But Agassiz has declared this connection to be exclusively ideal ?

Then our reply is, *Cuique credendum est sua arte*. Agassiz is a great naturalist ; as such we love and honor him : that he is also a genius in the supersensual and philosophical realm, the world has no evidence. We are ready to draw a sharp line between Agassiz the Zoölogist and Agassiz the Theologian.

But, fortunately, Agassiz has developed a region of Science in the world which shows this ideal connection between the various orders to be accompanied and symbolized by a physical connec-

tion. It is the Science of Sciences, EMBRYOLOGY. It is established beyond a doubt that each of the higher forms, in its embryonic processes, repeats the animal forms which have preceded it in the strata of the earth. The higher animal is like that which grows, and that which swims, and that which creeps, ere it is born to its higher posture. Sometimes the man is born with some animal feature, which tells the path he has been coming. He may have a hare-lip; but every lip is at one time a hare-lip.

Shall we then doubt whether this development has taken place in the history of the earth? But in every embryo it is proved that *the very thing does take place; species passes into species*. For all purposes of science the egg is a miniature world—Nature exists in leasts.

Lavater comes in, too, to show, in our various faces, the traces of every animal in the barnyard and the forest; and our every-day speech bears witness to our experience that men are aristocratic relations of the animals. Who does not know the Social Fauna? Who has not heard the tramp of hoofs and manifold brayings and hissings and bellowings in his parlor?

If one should ask you why the trees are not clothed with verdure and adorned with blossoms to-day, why birds are not mating, or chickens breaking their shells, what would be your reply? That a miracle was needed to produce those effects? You would say: "The perpetual miracle which Nature is can do all these things in their season. There must be another relation of the earth to the sun ere these things can take place." Well, we know that there are larger periods to our world than we can measure: it has regular motions, diurnal and annual; but another towards the constellation Hercules—and Vega is approaching to be Polestar. We can not yet compute all orbits or cycles. We can not tell the larger, but doubtless regular, seasons; we do not know through what meteoric changes the earth has gone—we know that they have been great by fire, flood and electricity. Until we do know those unusual states, we can not say what it was that so changed the seed of one plant or the egg of one animal that it was attempored to a variety, which in the ages flowered to a new species or even genus. We know that if modification of climate, and care, can change a bitter almond to a peach, an insipid gourd to a melon, greater changes, with the care of a greater Being, need not be narrowed in results or in our conception.

Is it asked, Why, if this was the plan and law of Creation, do we not see it producing new species now?—our reply is, that the reign of man is not exhausted, only begun. He is now electricity and caloric to the world: is not his genius procreative? is not the telegraph a fine variety? is not the Great Eastern a fine specimen? *In and through the Human World alone Creation is now going on.* But, observe: there are no chasms or leaps! The children of Civilization repeat the ignorance and vehemence of ancestral savages, even of animals. Each grade of civilization is developed from the last. There is no independent formation; Greece, and Palestine, and Rome survive. Religion begins far back in the spiritual fern-growths of Judea: Jesus is no independent origin—"the glory of my people Israel"—the flower of their nation and religion. All forms of Christianity are varieties, selected from past forms; the Passover, the Sabbath, the washing of proselytes in baptism, the worship of gods and goddesses, the Platonic and Brahminic Trinity, the vestal celibacy—these have passed only in name and form. It is our old Protean nature at last; the embryo of Limited Monarchy is quickened to Republicanism; the Mother Church conceived in some happier mood, and gave birth from her own womb to the Protestantism which superseded her.

Creation never ceases: it is Eternal incubation. A god was cradled in the first germ-cell.

PASSIONS OF THE CURVES.

[From the French of Toussencel.]

DID I not say that it was impossible to touch one branch of the Tree of Science without shaking them all. I had promised myself not to say one word about passional geometry, but how avoid a misfortune when both logic and passion lead you into it! Since I have inadvertently fallen into the hornet's nest, let me try to draw myself out of the scrape by the theory of conic sections.

Q. Why are all the points of the circumference equally distant from the centre, in the circle, first section of the cone, first closed curve? Why are all the radii equal?

A. Because the circle is the figure of friendship, the cardinal passion of infancy, which admits no order, nor rank, nor hierarchy; and where the tone of equality and of familiarity prevails.

Here all individuals are equal, like the radii of the circle, and the form of the group tends fatally to the round. The little Viennese dancers, who had such success on the scene of the great opera of Paris, and who were, I think, thirty-two in number, were never more applauded than when they executed circular evolutions. The figures preferred by childhood invariably affect the round form, the ball, the hoop, the marble; also the fruits which it prefers: the cherry, the gooseberry, the apple, the preserve tart. I am again obliged to stop at the first word, because I feel myself in danger of engaging in the highest considerations of *passional gastronomy and gymnastics*, two more new sciences; two notes of a scientific scale whose pivot is *passional hygiene*, a cardinal science, whose office is to purge the globe and humanity from all their physical and moral maladies.

But, without speaking of gymnastics, or rather, of *passional gymnosophy*, let us adduce those games of groups of children at the Tuilleries (or other free play-grounds). The analogist, who has observed these games with continued attention, has not failed to remark a characteristic difference in the choice of amusements, and the favorite exercises of the children of the two sexes. It is all natural; the major sex has its strength to develop, the other its grace; each does its best to exercise its muscles in the direction of its destinies. The boy learns to run and to wrestle, because he is destined for the race and the struggle. The girl not being under the same necessity, as she is not destined to contest and to run, but to be contested and run after, the young girl generally abstains from these violent exercises. She knows well that her little feet have not been formed for marching, but for dancing; for woman has this in common with the most charming types of the feline race, that she leaps and bounds with more ease and grace than she runs, and she does not try to force the vocation of her little feet. What, then, has our observer remarked in the character of the games of feminine infancy? He has remarked in the character of these games a decided proclivity toward the ellipse.

I observe among the favorite exercises of feminine infancy, the shuttlecock and the jumping-rope; the shuttlecock, a poor winged heart, that is tossed from one to the other, with all the artifices of coquetry; the rope, the high-school of suppleness, grace, and elasticity. Both the rope and the cord describe parabolic or elliptical curves. Why so? Why yet so young, this preference of

the minor sex for the elliptical curve, this manifest contempt for marbles, ball, and top? Because the ellipse is the curve of love, as the circle is that of friendship. The ellipse is the figure in which God with His artist hand has profiled the form of His favorite creatures, woman, the swan, the Arabian horse, the dove; the ellipse is the essentially attractive form. The ellipse has two foci! Two foci like love; two foci, in each of which all the rays proceeding from the other are fatally absorbed; as in true love, where not a thought leaves the heart of one of the two lovers, which does not find its resting-place in the other. Is not this shut curve, whose foci mutually absorb their rays, the true image of that world of lovers, which is only peopled with two beings — *her* and *him*? Does not the definition of the ellipse answer well to this: *Love is the selfhood of two!*

Before this explanation, the astronomers were generally ignorant why the planets describe ellipses, and not circumferences, around their pivot of attraction; they now know as much of this mystery as I do. But let us pursue the course of the conic sections.

The ellipse is torn and opens; one of the foci has broken its confinement, and the radii of the other go to seek through the infinite the fugitive focus which they no longer meet. Then ill tongues say that the monotony of the conjugal tie has provoked separation, and, generalizing from the particular case, conclude that *marriage is the tomb of love*.

But the ellipse may disappear only to be transformed into the parabola; and in this the conscientious analogist finds nothing scandalous, but on the contrary quite natural, that the ellipse, curve of love, should engender the parabola, curve of familism, as love engenders the family. When children come, it is necessary that the exclusive mutual absorption of the parents should exhaust its ardor, and that the selfhood of the two should become that of three, four, or five. One of the foci has disappeared, it is very true, but the tenderness of the father and of the mother now radiates toward the infinite — toward future generations, to which the present generation is linked by children. This faculty of radiation in the parabolical curve explains to you why the parabolic mirror (reverberator) is the most reflecting of all mirrors, why the yellow ray, color of familism, is the most luminous of all the colors of the prism. Decamps, Eugene Delacroix, Diaz, Baron,

who are such great colorists, would perhaps, without my suggestion, be ignorant of this interesting peculiarity of the relation of the yellow ray to the reverberator and maternal love. The physician has his eye open, henceforth, over a new horizon, *Passional Optics*.

But see how the parabola, in turn, exaggerates and veers toward the hyperbole. After friendship, love; after love, paternity; after paternity, ambition. After the circle, the ellipse; after the ellipse, the parabola; after the parabola, the hyperbole.

The hyperbole is the curve of ambition; the fourth conic section symbolizes the fourth affection. Admire the determined persistence of the ardent asymptote pursuing the hyperbole in headlong eagerness: it approaches, it always approaches the aim it desires to attain, but never attains it. Who does not recognize in this expressive image the aspiration of the human soul impelled toward the Infinite by an all-powerful force, always approaching and never attaining it — happily never. This perpetual aspiration is evidently poetry; it is art, always dreaming a type of the perfect ideal, which still evades its grasp, yet still grows more beautiful also, and always recalls you more passionately to itself. The beautiful, spring of attraction; the ideal, utopia of to-day, but truth of to-morrow; art, or poetry, powers of incarnating the ideal, of predicting and of anticipating Time!

SPEAKING THE TRUTH.

[From *Alger's Oriental Poetry*.]

OTAYE from his earliest youth
Was consecrated unto Truth;
And if the universe must die
Unless Otaïe told a lie,
He would defy the last fate's crash
And let all sink in one pale ash,
Or ere by any means was wrung
A drop of falsehood from his tongue.

THE CATHOLIC CHAPTER.

THE LAWS OF MENU.*

Custom.

Immemorial custom is transcendent law.

The roots of the law are the whole Veda, the ordinances and moral practices of such as perfectly understand it, the immemorial customs of good men, and self-satisfaction.

Immemorial custom is a tradition among the four pure classes, in a country frequented by gods, — and at length is not to be distinguished from revelation.

Temperance.

The resignation of all pleasures is far better than the attainment of them.

The organs, being strongly attached to sensual delights, can not so effectually be restrained by avoiding incentives to pleasure, as by a constant pursuit of divine knowledge.

But, when one among all his [the Brahmin's] organs fails, by that single failure his knowledge of God passes away, as water flows through one hole in a leathern bottle.

He must eat without distraction of mind.

Let him honor all his food, and eat it without contempt; when he sees it, let him rejoice and be calm, and pray, that he may always obtain it.

* Vyasa, the son of Parasara, has decided that the Veda, with its Angas, or the six compositions deduced from it, the revealed system of medicine, the Puranas, or sacred histories, and the code of Menu, "were four works of supreme authority, which ought never to be shaken by arguments merely human." The last, which is in blank verse, and is one of the oldest compositions extant, has been translated by Sir William Jones. It is believed by the Hindoos "to have been promulged in the beginning of time, by Menu, son or grandson of Brahma," and "first of created beings." Brahma is said to have "taught his laws to Menu in a hundred thousand verses, which Menu explained to the primitive world in the very words of the book now translated." Others affirm that they have undergone successive abridgments for the convenience of mortals, "while the gods of the lower heaven, and the band of celestial musicians, are engaged in studying the primary code."

A number of glosses or comments on Menu were composed by the Munis, or old philosophers, whose treatises, together with that from which the subjoined extracts are made, constitute the Dherma Sastra, in a collective sense, or Body of Law. Culluca Bhatta was one of the more modern of these.

Food, eaten constantly with respect, gives muscular force and generative power ; but, eaten irreverently, destroys them both.

It is delivered as a rule of the gods, that meat must be swallowed only for the purpose of sacrifice ; but it is a rule of gigantic demons, that it may be swallowed for any other purpose.

Purification and Sacrifice.

By falsehood, the sacrifice becomes vain ; by pride, the merit of devotion is lost ; by insulting priests, life is diminished ; and by proclaiming a largess, its fruit is destroyed.

To a king, on the throne of magnanimity, the law ascribes instant purification, because his throne was raised for the protection of his people, and the supply of their nourishment.

The hand of an artist employed in his art is always pure.

Bodies are cleansed by water ; the mind is purified by truth ; the vital spirit, by theology and devotion ; the understanding, by clear knowledge.

If thou be not at variance by speaking falsely with Yama the Subduer of all, with Vaivaswata the Punisher, with that great divinity who dwells in the breast, go not on a pilgrimage to the river Ganga, nor to the plains of Curu, for thou hast no need of expiation.

Whoever cherishes not five orders of beings, — the deities, those who demand hospitality, those whom he ought by law to maintain, his departed forefathers, and himself, — that man lives not, even though he breathe.

To all the gods assembled let him throw up his oblation in open air ; by day, to the spirits who walk in light ; and by night, to those who walk in darkness.

Some, who well know the ordinances for those oblations, perform not always externally the five great sacraments, but continually make offerings in their own organs.

Some constantly sacrifice their breath in their speech, when they instruct others, or praise God aloud, and their speech in their breath, when they meditate in silence ; perceiving in their speech and breath, thus employed, the imperishable fruit of a sacrificial offering.

The act of repeating his Holy Name is ten times better than the appointed sacrifice ; a hundred times better, when it is heard by no man ; and a thousand times better, when it is purely mental.

Equally perceiving the supreme soul in all beings, and all beings in the supreme soul, he sacrifices his own spirit by fixing it on the spirit of God, and approaches the nature of that sole divinity, who shines by his own effulgence.

Teaching.

A Brahmin, who is the giver of spiritual birth, the teacher of prescribed duty, is by right the father of an old man, though himself be a child.

Cari, child of Angiras, taught his paternal uncles and cousins to read the Veda, and, excelling them in divine knowledge, said to them, "Little sons."

They, moved with resentment, asked the gods the meaning of that expression; and the gods, being assembled, answered them, "The child has addressed you properly;"

For an unlearned man is in truth a child; and he who teaches him the Veda is his father: holy sages have always said child to an ignorant man, and father to a teacher of scripture.

Greatness is not conferred by years, not by gray hairs, not by wealth, not by powerful kindred; the divine sages have established this rule: "Whoever has read the Vedas, and their Angas, he among us is great."

The seniority of priests is from sacred learning; of warriors, from valor; of merchants, from abundance of grain; of the servile class, only from priority of birth.

A man is not therefore aged, because his head is gray; him, surely, the gods considered as aged, who, though young in years, has read *and understands* the Veda.

Let not a sensible teacher tell what he is not asked, nor what he is asked improperly; but let him, however intelligent, act in the multitude as if he were dumb.

A teacher of the Veda should rather die with his learning, than sow it in sterile soil, even though he be in greivous distress for subsistence.

Reward and Punishment.

The only firm friend, who follows men even after death, is Justice; all others are extinct with the body.

The soul is its own witness; the soul itself is its own refuge: offend not thy conscious soul, the supreme internal witness of men.

O friend to virtue, that supreme spirit, which thou believest one and the same with thyself, resides in thy bosom perpetually, and is an allknowing inspector of thy goodness or of thy wickedness.

Action, either mental, verbal, or corporeal, bears good or evil fruit, as itself is good or evil ; and from the actions of men proceed their various transmigrations in the highest, the mean, and the lowest degree.

Iniquity, once committed, fails not of producing fruit to him who wrought it ; if not in his own person, yet in his sons ; or, if not in his sons, yet in his grandsons.

He grows rich for a while through unrighteousness ; then he beholds good things ; then it is, that he vanquishes his foes ; but he perishes at length from his whole root upwards.

If the vital spirit had practiced virtue for the most part, and vice in a small degree, it enjoys delight in celestial abodes, clothed with a body formed of pure elementary particles.

But if it had generally been addicted to vice, and seldom attended to virtue, then shall it be deserted by those pure elements, and, *having a coarser body of sensible nerves*, it feels the pains to which Yama shall doom it.

Souls, endued with goodness, attain always the state of deities ; those filled with ambitious passions, the condition of men ; and those immersed in darkness, the nature of beasts : this is the triple order of transmigration.

Grass and earth to sit on, water to wash the feet, and affectionate speech, are at no time deficient in the mansions of the good.

God.

Let every Brahmin with fixed attention consider all nature, both visible and invisible, as existing in the Divine Spirit ; for, when he contemplates the boundless universe existing in the Divine Spirit, he can not give his heart to iniquity :

The Divine Spirit is the whole assemblage of gods ; all worlds are seated in the Divine Spirit ; and the Divine Spirit, no doubt, produces the connected series of acts performed by embodied souls.

He may contemplate the subtil ether in the cavities of his body ; the air in his muscular motion and sensitive nerves ; the supreme solar and igneous light, in his digestive heat and his visual organs ; in his corporeal fluids, water ; in the terrene parts of his fabric, earth ;

In his heart, the moon ; in his auditory nerves, the guardians of eight regions ; in his progressive motion, Vishnu ; in his muscular force, Hara ; in his organs of speech, Agni ; in excretion, Mitra ; in procreation, Brahma :

But he must consider the supreme omnipresent Intelligence as the sovereign lord of them all ; a spirit which can only be conceived by a mind slumbering ; but which he may imagine more subtil than the finest conceivable essence, and more bright than the purest gold.

Him some adore as transcendently present in elementary fire ; others in Menu, lord of creatures ; some, as more distinctly present in Indra, regent of the clouds and the atmosphere ; others, in pure air ; others as the most High Eternal Spirit.

Thus the man who perceives in his own soul the supreme soul present in all creatures, acquires equanimity towards them all, and shall be absorbed at last in the highest essence, even that of the Almighty himself.

Devotion.

All the bliss of deities and of men is declared by sages who discern the senses of the Veda to have in devotion its cause, in devotion its continuance, in devotion its fullness.

Devotion is equal to the performance of all duties ; it is divine knowledge in a Brahmin ; it is defence of the people in a Cshatriya ; devotion is the business of trade and agriculture in a Vaisya ; devotion is dutiful service in a Sudra.

Perfect health, or unfailing medicine, divine learning, and the various mansions of deities, are acquired by devotion alone ; their efficient cause is devotion.

Whatever is hard to be traversed, whatever is hard to be acquired, whatever is hard to be visited, whatever is hard to be performed, all this may be accomplished by true devotion ; for the difficulty of devotion is the greatest of all.

Women and Marriage.

The names of women should be agreeable, soft, clear, captivating the fancy, auspicious, ending in long vowels, resembling words of benediction.

In the second quarter of the Brahmin's life, when he has left his instructor, to commence house-keeping —

Let him choose for his wife a girl, whose form has no defect ;

who has an agreeable name ; who walks gracefully, like a phenicopteros, or like a young elephant ; whose hair and teeth are moderate respectively in quantity and in size ; whose body has exquisite softness.

The King.

He, sure, must be the perfect essence of majesty, by whose favor Abundance rises on her lotos ; in whose favor dwells conquest ; in whose anger, death.

MEMOIR OF PROFESSOR ESPY.

JAMES ESPY was born on the ninth day of May, 1786, in Washington county, Pennsylvania. He was the youngest of ten children, and the seventh son, having been born when his mother was nearly fifty years of age. His parents removed to the State of Kentucky, when he was in his fourth year, and settled at Lexington. He was born an inquirer. During this journey with his parents westward, the boat was shoved suddenly from the Brownsville wharf, and little James as suddenly floored. During the rest of the trip down the Ohio, no novelties could distract his mind from a pertinacious resolution to find out the principle by which he had fallen ; and when some one told him that his centre of gravity had been lost, his mind started at once on a voyage of investigation, which ceased only with his life. In his earliest school-days, a severe storm blew a large tree down on the top of the school-house, breaking the timbers and roof ; into the brain of our boy-philosopher, as its proper crucible, the storm fell, and there remained until he had wrested its secret. His thirst for knowledge was from his childhood insatiable ; and his means being limited, he began whilst yet in his teens teaching, during a portion of each year, to pay for the instruction received in the Transylvania University of Lexington, where he was graduated at the age of twenty-one. During the year following he was invited to Cumberland, Maryland, to take charge of a classical academy of that city, which had been newly endowed by the Legislature. His zeal for instructing the young was such that he soon made it a well-known institution, to which students came from every part of the country. Having saved something by this, he went to Bedford, and pursued the study of the Law.

At the age of twenty-seven he was married to MARGARET POLLARD, of Cumberland, whose maiden-name he assumed, and was ever after known as JAMES POLLARD ESPY. He took his bride, who was then only sixteen, to Xenia, Ohio, where he resided for four years in the practice of the law. But it became manifest to him that this profession did not accord with the literary and scientific tendencies of his mind : so he was quite ready to accept a call to the classical department of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia. Thither he went in the year 1817, and that city became his home for twenty years.

His position here was excellently adapted to his intellectual wants. He was a man of science by nature ; and here he found a centre where the facts upon

which he wished to experiment could be easily obtained and classified. His mind had for some time been attracted to his specialty; and the world became suddenly aware how far he had gone toward changing meteorology from a speculation, but little more respectable than alchemy, into a positive science, by his invention of the NEPHELOSCOPE, a very simple and accurate instrument by which the expansion of air attributable to latent caloric can be perfectly measured. At this time he published several pamphlets, reviewing and rejecting the theories of storms and currents which prevailed: these attracted notice because of their clear style and great power of analysis, and the savants of New England and Philadelphia began to look to Franklin Institute for some theory which should take the place of those which had been so remorselessly disposed of. By this time, also, Prof. ESSEY had formed his own theory, and brought it practically to the test of many storms. Being convinced of its truth, he announced it in a series of lectures in Philadelphia. These lectures were soon called for in other centres of science; and at length it became necessary for him to abandon Franklin Institute, and devote himself to scientific pursuits alone.

We have not space here for an analysis of the Professor's Theory of Storms, which has now become the prevailing one. Its theme is quite simple: He supposes that when the air near the surface of the earth becomes more heated or more highly charged with aqueous vapor, which is only five-eighths of the specific gravity of atmospheric air, its equilibrium is unstable, and up-moving columns or streams will be formed. As these columns rise, their upper parts will come under less pressure, and the air will, therefore, expand; as it expands it will grow colder, about one degree and a quarter for every hundred yards of its ascent, as he demonstrated by experiments in the Nepheloscope. The ascending columns will carry up with them the aqueous vapor which they contain, and, if they rise high enough, the cold produced by expansion from diminished pressure will condense some of this vapor into cloud; for it is known that cloud is formed in the receiver of an air-pump when the air is suddenly withdrawn. The distance to which the air will have to ascend before it will become cold enough to begin to form cloud, is a variable quantity, depending on the number of degrees which the dew-point is below the temperature of the air; and this height may be known at any time, by observing how many degrees a thin metallic tumbler of water must be cooled down below the temperature of the air before the vapor will condense on the outside.

Professor ESSEY's account of the generation of winds at the time of a storm, was equally simple: the air rushes from all sides to the centre of the ascending columns, and in conjunction with this, the air is depressed around the columns, and brings down the motion which is known to be greater as air is above the earth's surface. His theories of the annulation of clouds, the interior passage for winds through the cone-centre of tornadoes, are beautiful, and agree with the facts in the case. But we can not dwell upon them. No one interested in the subject will be without his great work, *The Philosophy of Storms*, published by Little & Brown, Boston, during the year 1841. Before its publication in this form, the new theory had caused a sensation in the principal cities of England and France, and Professor ESSEY was invited to visit Europe, and compare his results with those which had been reached by Redfield, Forbes, Pouillet, Fournet and others.

He accordingly visited Europe, and in September, 1840, the British Association appointed a day to entertain the Professor's statement, which was made in

the presence of Prof. Forbes, Mr. Redfield, Sir John Herschel, Sir David Brewster, and other eminent naturalists. The discussion which followed was one of the most interesting ever reported in the Journals of the Association. In the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, the interest was equally great, and a committee, consisting of Arago and Pouillet, was appointed to report upon ESSEY's observations and theory. They were satisfied of the importance of the theory at once, and so reported. It was in the debate which took place in the Academy at this time, that Arago said, "France has its Cuvier, England its Newton, America its ESSEY." On his return from this satisfactory visit, Professor ESSEY was appointed corresponding member of the Smithsonian Institute. From that time until his death he resided in Washington, beloved and honored by all who knew him. His more recent discoveries will be given to the world, doubtless, by those who have charge of them; one of them, relating to electricity, is quite interesting and important. We now turn to another side of his life, and one of paramount interest.

Mr. ESSEY's parents were devout members of the Presbyterian Church, and as that Church had not in those days adopted the compliant system now in vogue, which aspires to carry the Westminster Confession on one shoulder, and the spirit and science of the age on the other, he received a quite strict and religious training. The Bible was his daily study, and he learned the New Testament by rote. But we have seen that he was a realist at birth. One day, having read in the Testament the words "whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that ye shall receive," he went out into the garden alone, and, extending his hand upward, said, "O God, give me a dollar!" His surprise and pain that the dollar did not drop into his hand from the clouds was great. Then Doubt quietly entered, took her seat, and henceforth every text must needs pass under her hand, and bear her questionings. Skeptic means, by etymology, 'one who considers a thing:' consequently skeptics are rarely orthodox. Professor ESSEY, when he had passed through the waves of doubt, found himself on the strong shores where Faith marries Reason; and their progeny of high thoughts and holy aspirations arose within him. His mind at first, and entirely by its own operations, arrived at a complete faith in the existence and benevolence of God: then adieu, O parental Church, with thy doctrine of the angry God and the endless torments! But he did not pause with the speculative Epicurists, who care to follow an idea only so far as it makes things easy, and lays the fear-phantoms; he went farther than to reject the idea that endless torment awaited any immortal child of God; he developed the most perfect system of Optimism which has yet been announced. THERE IS NO EVIL: GOD IS GOOD; GOD IS OVER ALL: ALL IS FOR THE BEST. This was his theme, and he was wont with those who knew him to dwell on it with a convincing power and eloquence which easily arose to majesty. This storming, as he was called, had not gone forth to discover the pathways of the lightning and survey the inviolable channels of wind and storm, and returned to believe that the Chaos, driven from the external world forever, prevailed yet in the storms and winds of the inward and human world. He saw that the passions, the impulses, the motives, had their law, and that there was no chance-work but to empyrics, no Chaos but to the ignorant. These views gradually wrote themselves through his experience and life, and have bequeathed us the work of which the Introduction has appeared in *The Dial*. In it his distinction, beyond the production of a clear, simple and logical essay on a much confused subject,

is, that he shows that so far from Necessity annihilating responsibility, as is alleged, Necessity alone makes responsibility possible.

On the 17th day of January last, Professor ESRY was stricken with paralysis: he was nearly seventy-four years of age, and it was scarcely expected by his friends, that even a constitution so vigorous as his, a constitution which had never been wronged by a bad habit of any kind, could vanquish the violent foe. When he was in pain, and could scarcely speak, he was heard to whisper, "I have *tried to will* to move that limb, and can not." No paralytic stroke could strike to the seat of thought and conviction! Never in such a condition have we known a mind to remain so active and so healthy in its tone to the last. As we looked upon the snowy locks of the pure old man, we felt how truly the ancient poet described such as "the white blossoms of eternal fruit." He died January 24th.

The character of Professor ESRY was as pure and elevated as any which it has been our happiness to meet. His word, with those who met him, was truth itself; his innocence was like that of a child; he lived and died without ever being willing to suspect those whom others saw to be jealous of his position and influence. His benevolence was not only large and true, but it was equalled by his affectionateness and tenderness toward those who were appointed in the order of God to minister and be ministered to in the circle of his life.

When the immortal old man was drawing near to his end, the writer of this memoir stood by him, amongst other friends, anxious for a last word. The old man could not speak a word, but presently moved his fingers as if he would write. Pencil and paper having been brought, he wrote some words in almost illegible scratches. It took us some hours to decipher them, but at last, letter added to letter, a sublime sentence shone with clear ray upon us; it ran: "I have found in human nature a principle superior to conscience. Conscience can be taught that it is right to burn heretics: Instinct can not be taught not to feel pain at the sight of suffering."

There it is, O reader! a voice from the mysterious boundary-line between the darkness of earth and the light of the superior world. We who received it, bear witness that by that principle a living and beautiful soul climbed to bloom and cluster in the light of God.

The will which he left does so perfectly repeat the practical aim and spirit of his whole life, that we record its opening paragraphs here:

"In the beginning of this, my last will and testament, I wish to express my most profound reverence for the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, and my unwavering belief that everything which I have experienced during my whole life (as well the painful as the pleasant) has been so arranged by His infinite goodness and wisdom, as to result in good to me, by educating me to a higher state of knowledge, and to a more intense love of goodness, and so to prepare me for an eternity of happiness after death. If it is better for me to exist happy after death, I shall so exist, as certainly as there is a God of infinite goodness, wisdom and power: and if it is better for me to suffer some pain hereafter for the sake of further improvement, I doubt not that an infinitely wise and good Father has arranged that I shall so suffer.

"Heavenly Father, with unwavering confidence in Thy love, I commit myself and the whole human family, Thy children, to Thy holy keeping."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Almost a Heroine. By the author of *Charles Auchester*, *Counterparts*, and *Rumour*. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: For sale by G. S. Blanchard.

This list comprises the most remarkable works of the imaginative order, which have ever been published, and some of them surpass the limits of ordinary admiration. There seems to be no fit response to them but enthusiasm. A woman it is that writes them, for no man could be so entirely in the sacred circle of the ideal, without even an instant's transgression; and herein, perhaps, lies the "open secret" of these works. They have only to do with ideals, and consequently, as an artist, their author must advance to the highest place: indeed, like all persons of true genius, she is a soul astray — Heaven, the Heaven of our highest and rarest aspiration, is her home. Only from such a one could such a strain proceed as this:

"Let none envy the fate of the exceptional, those whose fate it is to weave rainbows into the awful web of being; whose fathomless heart-springs brim the fountains of imagination with eternal freshness, while the dream-flowers nurtured by that freshness only bloom to die. It is no characteristic, no destiny to be coveted by the selfish for themselves, or by the loving and unselfish for their children. If these exceptional beings are weak or false to their own estimates; if, on the least scrutiny a flaw is found, then they do evil in this evil world. If they are strong and pure, and shrink not to declare what they know — nay, all the more, if their mind's history is a page clean as drifted snow — then they must endure to the end, perhaps find that end the martyr's fate without his crown."

The above is from *Rumour*, in many regards her most characteristic work, which, however, no American publisher has been kind enough to issue.

Almost a Heroine is, every way considered, the least important of these works; and yet it is full of a life that would be overmuch for any but trained readers. In it a new gospel is given to fallen man, and — rare exception! — absolute purity is insisted upon. There must be no compromise whatever in any of our personal relations: these should spring from the Sovereign Law — Love. Any violation can not be so ritualized or certified as to save it from the deadly element of prostitution. The author especially dwells on the marital relation; since, if there be a flaw here, the discord enters into all other relations. A terrible sacrifice in this direction, made from a stern sense of duty, gives the work its deep interest, and is in distinct contrast with a perfect marriage.

We are aware that the circle of readers which these works will enjoy must be limited, and that Fame's brazen trump is not the appointed utterer of her merits. Indeed, we could not desire that a conventional, garish popularity should whisper the spirits, as the Arabs say, from this exceptional one. But we have never read her works, from that golden day when *Charles Auchester* bore us, as on magic mantle, from height to height in the pure ether, but there seemed to stand near the sacred triumvirate, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn; and they say, "Wheresoever we are recognized or remembered, this that she hath done shall also be recognized and remembered."

M. C. B.

The Marble Faun : or, the Romance of Monte Beni. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. 2 Vols. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati : For sale by G. S. Blanchard.

Amongst those "entertainingly constructed heads" of which Charles Lamb speaks, we have always reckoned Mr. Hawthorne's; and, after reading this, his newest and oldest romance, we feel much as if we had passed with torches through Weir's Cave, in which, for the time, the spirit of the Phantom Chamber, the Gothic Hall, the Tomb, the Fairy's Grotto seemed to be the stuff of which real life is woven, and the sunshine, oaks and bluebirds-illusory. Mr. Hawthorne passed out from the stage of Literature about eight years ago, in not a very graceful way; many a heart that had glowed over the "Twice-Told Tales," and kept ever fresh the "Mosses of the Old Manse," became cooler and dryer when his genius stooped to yoke itself with the party-ox which was dragging into the presidency a mere pretender. But let bygones be bygones—Richard is himself again. He bears, manifestly, a true Damascus blade; and though, whilom, folded up as if it were a riband, it comes forth bright and keen and magical as of old.

As a work of art, this Tale has superiorities and defects which the author has not exhibited hitherto. Despite the "tragical" nature of the work, as the newspapers term it, there is a moral purpose and a struggling into sunshine not to be found in the "Scarlet Letter" or "Blithedale Romance." Is it not time that we recovered from the dyspeptic idea of tragedy? Is it, for example, tragical when two spirits, having soiled themselves with evil, so gain the divine discipline, which every evil must have at the core, that they go cheerfully, hand in hand, to drink the cup they have mingled for their own lips? Is it not triumphal rather than tragical—a theme struck in the major, not the minor key? As if death were the one mournful thing! Few tragedies, thank Heaven, have ever been written; and those few are the sad records of souls selling themselves to a near success—taking their feet from the neck of the Fiend to give him their hands. Meanness is the only tragedy.

Besides this more cheerful tone, these gleams of a higher and definitely moral beauty, which pervade this work, amounting, in some cases, into that which few had ever expected of its author—a distinct expression of optimism—we have portrayals of real character. Donatello is not a stranger to the circle of any careful observer—furry ears and all. Arrested developments are found all along the way; voices from which the bleat or roar has not died—eyes which call forth the huntman.

But we spoke of defects in the volume, considered as a work of art. There is too much stage effect, of the Ravel style: where so many white doves fly about a Yankee girl, who devotes her congregational piety to keeping a vestal flame before the Virgin's shrine, instead of singing "Park Street" and "Smyrna;" when said doves fly from her tower down to her lover and back again; when said girl longs for her distant lover for a special emergency, and he feels at the moment a tug at his heart-strings; when, indeed, many things woven into this story, take place, we are so abominably sophisticated, in this age, as to think of slides and wire ladders, and invisible grapples—of men and boys behind there, in their shirt-sleeves, tugging at cranks and pulleys. A genius so prolific might dispense with these things.

Stories from Famous Ballads, for Children. By GRACE GREENWOOD. With illustrations by Billings. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. Cincinnati: For sale by G. S. Blanchard.

What Tennyson has done for old folks this lady has had the "grace" to do for the little folks; and we are not sure that she has not done it quite as well. It is an occasion for real joy that these rich old stories, the very nutriment which a Saxon boy might crave, are beginning to come forth from their hiding-places in the British Antiquarian Alcoves. We have for years believed that a Book is to emerge from Ellis' Metrical Romances and Bede and Froissart, which shall outshine even the Arabian Nights! The work before us is a pleasant beginning in this direction. We are not sure that the bloody scenes of Chevy Chase might not have been omitted. The story of Griselda is not told according to the best Chronicles, and we do not think that anything is gained by effecting a reconciliation of Griselda to her cruel Lord: her broken heart tells a higher truth. But we do not care to cavil at a work so full of exquisite interpretation of the grand old Legends, and one which, we would fain hope, is but the first sheaf from a fruitful field.

Passing Thoughts on Religion.

Night-Lessons from Scripture. By the author of *Amy Herbert*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co.

There is no particular fault to be found with these well-meant productions; though we can not help remembering the saying of Pythagoras that "one should be silent, unless he have something to say that is better than silence."

*How to Talk,
How to Write,*

*How to do Business,
How to Behave,*

*The Barn-Yard,
The Farm.*

New York: Fowler & Wells. 1860. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

We have before had occasion to speak of the admirable works, of practical utility, published in cheap form by the well-known phrenological firm of New York. The series now before us is in every way worthy of attention. Wherever there are young persons, it would be well to have them read the first four; and we can easily believe that many a farmer toils through many large volumes, or suffers many annoying experiences, ere he knows the facts and methods condensed in the last two.

A Trip to Cuba. By JULIA WARD HOWE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: For sale by G. S. Blanchard.

The chief interest which we have found in this work is the account it gives of Theodore Parker, in whose company Mrs. Howe went to Cuba. Under the name of Can Grande — a name furnished by Dante, the selection of which is not without its shrewdness — she gives a real and life-like representation of that true man, about whose pallid brow so many earnest benisons and hopes are now hovering. Mrs. Howe has long known and listened to Mr. Parker; and there is a racy Boswellism about this portion of the book. For the rest, one would say that she found very little in Cuba after Can Grande left. Mr. Hurlburt's Gan-Eden is a picture more alive. Indeed, we think that Mrs. Howe was so much disgusted with everything and everybody there, that she failed to get beyond the surly phase of a Cuban visit.

Eric ; or, Little by Little : A Tale of Roslyn School. By FREDERICK W. FAR-
NAR, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Columbus : Follett, Foster &
Co., 1860.

We never take up a work for the young without remembering the admonition of Fuller, the divine, to the judge who had the power of life and death : "Let him take care how he strike, who beareth a dead hand." The unen-
crusted young, how are they at the mercy of whatever teaching or impression
may come in authentic form ! for they are not yet trained to know that any-
thing in print is not necessarily a graven tablet, handed down from Sinai.

The present work is not a dangerous one to put into the hands of a child,
which is saying much. It records, with much truth, how easy and gradual the
descent into evil is. It is the picture of a good-hearted boy, who, when he
had once opened his heart's door to the importunate knocks of one of the
minor vices, could not shut it against other and larger ones. He is saved at
last — but so as by fire : he is renewed only in the pangs of death.

Although the chapters are rather ostentatiously begun with citations from
Greek, Latin, and German authors, the book is one for youths between the ages
of twelve and sixteen. We should advise all who have any rude young
Vikings, to administer to them some doses of reflection which they will find
prepared in these pages. If a child is inclined to be thoughtful, such a work
is not sufficiently bracing ; there are too many tombstones in it.

The Bible : Is it of Divine Origin, Authority and Influence ? By S. J. FINNEY.
Boston : Bela Marsh. 1860. Cincinnati : For sale by A. Hutchinson.

The Errors of the Bible, demonstrated by the Truths of Nature. By HENRY C.
WRIGHT. Published and for sale by the same.

The first of these pamphlets, as they may almost be called, although they
contain 115 pp. each, is quite forcible, and written in a candid spirit. The
writer says with truth : "I do not aim my shafts at the truths — the many and
beautiful truths — that lie amid its pages like diamonds midst the rubbish of
ages ; but only at the doctrine that it is the first and last revelation of the Di-
vine Will, of miraculous origin and infallible authority to us on all questions
of morals and religion." The reader will find that the subject has been pursued
with fidelity and research.

Mr. Wright's work has the faults incidental to a strong nature, which has
neglected old Foster's maxim, that "Genius is patience." He has not been
patient in his investigations, nor patient with conclusions which, however erro-
neous, have the respectability of being facts. Wherever there exists a high-
way, there was some reason for there being a highway ; if any body has found
out a better way, let him not fume and fret that, until it has been made pretty
clear of stumps, the general trade is on the old thoroughfare. Also, we think
that this work partakes of a fault too common with its class — the shooting at
dead sparrows with cannon balls.

☞ Mr. W. T. COGGESHALL, our industrious State-Librarian at Columbus,
is preparing a work on the Poets and Poetry of the West, and desires all mate-
rials, biographical sketches, poetic specimens, etc., which can be furnished.
The subject is one of deep interest to the West, and we trust that his request
will be at once responded to by all who can contribute to it.

THE DIAL.

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No. 5.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST.

[Fifth Article.]

JESUS AND HIS NATION.

JESUS was born of Joseph and Mary his wife, humble people who lived in Bethlehem, a small town in the vicinity of Jerusalem. Of his youth little is recorded, and nothing is certainly known. It was passed, probably, in obscurity—an obscurity rendered the deeper, perhaps, by the very circumstances which made his after-life distinguished, namely, his religious employment and character. As has been well said, “the contemplation of objects above the common pursuits of life frequently produces an indifference towards, and inaptitude for them, which in the eyes of most observers, and in many cases justly, place the recluse below rather than above the level of his fellow men. The active but petty engagements which would confer weight in a provincial town, were probably little sought after by one who was meditating on the prophets; and the respectable Nazarenes who filled the important offices of priest, ruler of the synagogue, or taxgatherer, might have smiled with contempt if told that their names would be eclipsed by that of the low-born, obscure and apparently useless citizen, who, disregarding civil eminence, was engaged in the contemplation of the kingdom of God.” * In early manhood he appears in public, announces himself as the Messiah, and proclaims the kingdom of heaven (Matt. iii. 15; xi. 14, 15; xii. 6, 8, 28, 32; xxi. 1-13). But his conception of the Messiah’s character, and consequently of the Messianic kingdom, seems to have differed materially from that which was popularly entertained. He made no account of royal lineage; he set up no claim as a descendant of David; he

* Hennel, *Origin of Christianity*, page 442.

planned no armed revolt against the Roman power ; he meditated nothing like an insurrection against established authorities ; he made no attempt even to collect a large body of followers. Not as Peter the Hermit summoned legions to the Crusade did Jesus call about him his little band of adherents. " One of his disciples said unto him, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. But Jesus said unto him, Follow me, and let the dead bury their dead."—(viii. 21, 22.) " If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven ; and come and follow me."—(xix. 21.) " If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."—(xvi. 24.) This rather looks as if Jesus was anxious to make his company as small as possible, and would strain out all those who did not understand and appreciate his objects.

The conditions of membership in the kingdom are certainly not such as a king or a demagogue would impose. Neither Theudas nor Barkochbar summoned the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peace-makers, the hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Those would have been strange materials to organize into rebellion. At the period when Christ lived, the hope of armed resistance to the Roman power must have been nearly extinct in the Jewish nation : none but the desperate could have thought of an appeal to war.

Jesus nevertheless seems to have counted on angelic assistance in establishing an outward kingdom upon the earth, a kingdom which should take the place of existing dynasties, and should appear during the life-time of his contemporaries, though not perhaps in his own. " The Son of Man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire : there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."—(xiii. 41.) And again, in the same chapter : " So shall it be at the end of the world : the angels shall come forth and sever the wicked from among the just, and cast them into a furnace of fire." Here is declared the outward and inward character of the kingdom, and the agencies by which it is to be established. With respect to the time of its coming, other passages distinctly speak : " For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels, and shall reward every man according to his works. Verily I say unto you, there

be some standing here that shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom.”—(xvi. 27, 28.) “I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until the day when I drink it new with you in my Father’s kingdom.” “Hereafter ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.”—(xxvi. 29, 64.) This is the only conception of the Messianic kingdom that we find attributed to Jesus; nor is there anything in the Gospel inconsistent with it. The parable of the mustard seed, “The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed which a man took and sowed in his field,” teaches that the empire of God is to commence with a small beginning, which shall rapidly increase in power and fulness till the end be come. The kingdom is to unfold itself in *time*, but how long the time may be is not specified; certainly we are not justified in reckoning it by ages and centuries, as if Jesus meant to broach any modern doctrine of development. The parable of the leaven, “The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened,” teaches, not that the kingdom of heaven is purely internal and spiritual, but merely that it is to expand outwardly, through the influence of the disciples. But could Jesus have entertained so visionary an idea as this,—that through him, by means of angelic power, the reign of righteousness should be established upon earth while those whom he addressed yet lived? The question is not, What *could* Christ have entertained? but, What *did* he entertain? Visionary such an idea may seem to us, like many other ideas which prevailed at that era of the world, but it did not seem visionary in Jesus, instructed to believe in the plan of the world, and the scheme of Providence which was taught in the Old Testament. The oft-repeated story of miracle, prophecy, celestial announcement, and angelic visitation, was to him simple, and true, and natural. The promise made to Abraham, and reiterated by the prophets, was literally accepted and surely believed. The personal conviction that he was the Messiah was to his mind a pledge that heaven and earth would be moved to accomplish his mission. Jesus, as a Jew, indulged no enthusiastic dream, no unreasonable expectation. He could not question the divine oracles. That he believed them, believed them so intensely as to stake his fortunes and even his life upon them, is a proof, not of intellectual weakness,

but of intellectual power ; and argues moral power, also, of a cast truly sublime. Events showed that he was mistaken, but only the noblest spirits are capable of making such grand mistakes. To cherish what to the Jew was the divinest of all hopes, to cherish it in the midst of suffering, and with the prospect of death before his eyes, to cherish it when death was certain and imminent, only modifying it then according to his altered circumstances ; not losing for a moment his faith in God, but with the growing need enlarging and extending his trust,—this is what Jesus did ; and if this be enthusiasm, God be praised for such enthusiasts ; for the wine with which they are filled is the wine of the Holy Ghost. Anybody can believe in the permanency and power of the Temporal, but only the supreme souls can believe in the permanency and power of the Eternal. Only the supreme souls can live so entirely in the atmosphere of immortal thoughts, can lean so confidently against the pillars of holy principle, can walk so steadily through the cloud-land of hope, can feed so satisfactorily on the words that fall from the mouth of God, can rely so implicitly on the omnipotence of the abstract laws of Justice and Love, as verily to believe that in the course of a man's life-time all the empires of the earth shall totter and crumble at the touch of an invisible finger ; that human history shall hurry on to its consummation and run into judgment at the end of the century. Faith in the Absolute Justice is commonly guilty of chronological blunders. The saint is a careless time-keeper. To him that dwells in the everlasting Now of Faith, a thousand years may well seem as a single day. The story of Jericho's walls tumbling at the sound of a trumpet, is no fable to him who is sure that God's breath blows through the tube.

One of the vexed questions among the Jews was the relation which the Gentiles should sustain to the Messianic Kingdom—whether they should enter it at all, and if so, upon what terms. The prevalent feeling, created and confirmed by centuries of war, exile and oppression, was one of most bitter hatred towards all the heathen nations, the Samaritans included. The majority, perhaps, were disposed to consign them in a mass to curses and destruction, shutting them out entirely and forever from the favor of God. Some were willing to admit them through a strait and narrow gate of initiation, if they came on their knees imploring the boon. The kingdom was for the Israelites ; if not for them

alone and exclusively, still for them prevailingly and substantially, and for no others, except such as became merged in them. The thought of offering the kingdom to the Gentiles was novel and startling enough — the thought of rejecting from it the Israelites was hateful and horrifying. Even the early Christians shared the national intolerance upon this point. Peter, according to the Acts, needed a special revelation to induce him to visit the pious Roman Centurion who had sent for him. The brethren and Apostles in Judea heard of this extraordinary act of tolerance: "And when Peter was come up to Jerusalem, they that were of the circumcision contended with him, saying, Thou wentest in to men uncircumcised, and didst eat with them;" however, they listened to his representation, and, having heard it, held their peace, saying, "Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life." But even after this, Peter, James, John, and the rest "that were of the circumcision," contended long and violently with Paul, who felt himself called to preach the Gospel to the heathen, and who favored their admission into the Church on the single condition of their faith in Christ. Indeed, the Gospel became an entirely new thing with Paul by reason of this one circumstance, that he delivered it to the Gentiles, and, in so doing, accommodated it to their intellectual and moral condition.

What, now, was the position of Jesus upon this deep question of the nation? We have his words and his acts to tell us. "I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven; but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." — viii. 11, 12. "And before him shall be gathered all nations." — xxv. 32. "Verily I say unto you, whosoever the Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her." — xxviii. 19. The parable of the laborers in the vineyard (xx. 1) teaches the same doctrine. Those who come last (the Gentiles) receive the same recompense with those who came first (the Jews). Of similar import is the parable of the wicked husbandmen — xxi. 31: God is the householder; the vineyard is the kingdom of heaven; the husbandmen who were intrusted with the vineyard, but who, instead of giving their master the fruits thereof, beat his servants, killing one, stoning another, and finally murdering their lord's

only son, are the Jews ; the servants are the prophets ; the son is the Christ ; the "other husbandmen " are the Gentiles : "Therefore I say unto you, the kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof." No less significant is the parable of the Marriage Feast, which has already been commented on. In chapter iv. 25, we read, that multitudes followed Jesus from Dekapolis, a district comprehending ten cities in the neighborhood of the Sea of Gennesaret, and peopled mostly by heathen. According to chapter viii. 28, Jesus went into the country of the Gergesenes, a heathen people, as their herds of swine would also indicate, dwelling in the region which lay southeasterly from the Sea of Gennesaret. Of course, Christ visited these people in his capacity of Messiah, and the casting out of the devils from the region of swine symbolically suggests that his ministry among them was not unsuccessful. From all of which it would appear, that Jesus unequivocally favored the admission of the Gentiles into the kingdom, nay, that he offered it to them on equal conditions with the Jews—namely, inward faith and inward purity. Nor is there anything in his teaching or conduct which may fairly be construed as at variance with this position. The interview with the Canaanitish woman is alleged (xv. 21) ; but Jesus, though at first declining to grant her request, immediately yields to her humble entreaty, saying, "O woman, great is thy faith : be it unto thee even as thou wilt." The exhortation, "Give not that which is holy to the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine," undoubtedly favors the narrower view of the Jews ; so does the direction given to the twelve apostles : "Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not, but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel."—x. 6, 7. But Jesus would naturally love his own countrymen most, and would have felt that his first duty was to them : why may he not, like Paul, the great apostle to the heathen nations, have addressed his own people before he addressed strangers, and have turned to those outside, when the "chosen people" had rejected him ? Surely, such a course, instead of being inconsistent, is precisely such as we should have expected him to pursue. The gospel of Jesus was not sectarian, even in the broadest sense of the term ; its character was such as to adapt it to the wants of all mankind ; it could not, in fact, have been confined to the Jews—the same freedom and spirituality which released it from the restrictions of Hebrew thought,

and the burdens of Hebrew ceremonial, must have emancipated it from the limits of time and space—must have made it cosmopolitan in its relations—must have commended it to human nature everywhere, and constrained its Teacher to spread it far and wide himself.

There was another problem which exercised the members of the early Church, in the age of the apostles, and long after: the Law of Moses, under any interpretation, was it to be perpetual and perpetually binding upon all alike, or was it preparatory to the Gospel, and to be superseded by it? On one side stood Paul, on the other the "apostles of the circumcision." The latter held that the law was irrevocable and unchangeable, all its precepts and practices being still in force, not for the Jews only, but for all who wished for salvation. The temple worship, with its orders of priests, its ordinances and sacraments; the numberless rites of solemn or trifling character; the sacrifices of all kinds, were not abolished or affected by the Gospel, which merely declared that the servants of the law were, after so long waiting, about to receive their reward. Paul, on the other hand, contended, as he must have done in order to preach acceptably to the Gentiles, that the law, though "holy" and "spiritual," was but "a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ"—a prophesy of Christ; a promise which Christ fulfilled—a beginning which Christ completed. The law was not abolished by the Gospel, but perfected by it; the bondage it imposed was taken off—the spirit it communicated was unfolded. Its rites were no longer efficacious, but its righteousness was to command the world, and its promise was free to all nations. After speaking very strongly upon the respective merits of the law and of faith (Rom. iii. 31), Paul says: "Do we then make *void* the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law." Language almost word for word like this is uttered by Jesus (Matt. v. 17): "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil;" and then he goes on to explain what he means by the law's fulfilment, with a boldness, a simplicity, a freedom and spirituality of tone which was immeasurably beyond anything that Paul attained to. If any one would know what Christ means by fulfilling the law, he has only to read the Sermon on the Mount. The Pharisees complained that he sat at meat with publicans and sinners. He replied: "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. Go ye and learn what that meaneth, 'I will have mercy, and not sacrifice:'—for I am

not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance" — and upon this follows the similitude of the new cloth and the old garment — of the new wine in the old bottles, hinting at the impossibility of compressing his Gospel into the limits of their traditional sentiments and forms. To the chief priests and elders who questioned him about his authority, he made answer: "Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots" — both belonging to the lowest orders of the people; the former reckoned as apostates, the latter as outcasts from Israel — "go into the kingdom of heaven before you. For John came unto you in the way of righteousness (that is, as a prophet under the law), and ye believed him not; but the publicans and harlots believed him: and ye, when ye had seen, repented not afterward, that ye might believe." — xxi. 31, 32.

Christ has no word to say in favor of circumcision, nor does he ever insist on the rendering of ritual worship. He violates without ceremony the law of the Sabbath, by journeying and performing deeds of mercy as on other days, calling himself Lord of the Sabbath, and greater than the temple. If a man has brought his offering to the very altar's foot, and at that last moment remembers that his brother has aught against him, he is to leave the gift before the altar, nor venture on offering it until he is reconciled with his brother. If he is described once as purging the temple from defilement, he is also described as predicting its downfall. He is perpetually rebuking the legal righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, counting it as nothing, and worse than nothing, as utterly worthless at the gate of heaven; he tells men that if they have nothing better than that, they must not hope to enter the kingdom. "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." He calls men's attention away even from the moral teachings of the law, and holds them to the natural sentiments of the heart, by which these teachings were at once fulfilled and transcended. In our age, truths like these have become the common-places of the street; but they were high revelations once. Could words be spoken to the ears of this generation as far above its ordinary level of thought, as were the words of Jesus above the understanding of his contemporaries, the speaker would be worshiped or crucified as a new Messiah — crucified first, probably, and worshiped afterwards. Nay, these truths of Jesus are high reve-

lations now ; for it is one thing to familiarize the ear to the sound of words, and another thing to familiarize the mind to the power of thoughts. Everywhere, in Christendom, these doctrines of Jesus are responded to as axioms ; but there are few men, to-day, who thoroughly comprehend and faithfully believe their import, and these are, with scarcely an exception, regarded as visionaries and fanatics. This Gospel of Jesus, we are told, is ancient—ancient as religion—ancient as the religious soul itself. Yes ; but Jesus made it new and fresh as if it had just been sent from above ; and to every individual it must still be made new and fresh before it can be appreciated or even apprehended. The antiquity of Christianity is pledge of its eternity ; it is evanescent only in its application to human affairs, which change from one generation to another. But the Truth outlives its relations as the law of production buries dead leaves every autumn. Whenever the Truth becomes freshly apprehended and incarnated, then it becomes freshly revealed ; and if the simple principles which Christ enunciated were applied to existing institutions as vigorously as he applied them to the vicious customs of his time, the very last thing we should say of them would be, that they were antiquated or trite.

There seems to be little reason for doubting that Jesus assumed a position of singular boldness and surprising freedom among his countrymen. They expected a revolutionist who should overthrow the government : the whole tenor of his conduct and teaching declared him to be none. They expected a “ native Israelite,” zealous for his own people, filled with holy wrath towards the Gentiles, and all who were not in allegiance with the race of Abraham : he proclaimed the kingdom of heaven to all who hungered and thirsted after righteousness. They expected a reformer, who would vindicate the laws and institutions of Moses, free the ancestral customs from abuses, and bring things back to the old standard, restoring the good old times : he, a regenerator, went behind the letter of the law, and penetrated so deeply into its spirit, that the ceremonial, or other forms which it had assumed, instead of being restored, were abolished, and the statutes, by the very process of purification, were abrogated. Jesus was something more than a Jew. Though born in a lowly estate, and nurtured, doubtless, in Hebrew prejudices—taught that the temple worship was to endure forever, and that men were saved by sacramental observances and legal obedience—he, though but a youth, clearly discerned and plainly

exposed the falsity of this venerated idea, releasing himself not at once, probably, but fully, at last, from the bondage of pious traditions, the holiest in the world, and of pious sentiments that all but made the substance of the Jews' nature. Springing up among a people whose proud hope of deliverance had become a frenzied expectation under the scornful oppression of Roman "dogs," he, apparently unaffected by the passion of the time, taught that the only deliverance men needed was from the domination of evil within, and that the kingdom of God was founded on truth, and love, and faith in spiritual things. Having in his veins the blood of a race so angry and self-righteous, so bigoted and so bitter that they never thought of Gentiles but to hold them accursed, and never spoke of them but to call them swine, this young Galileean proclaimed a brotherhood so wide, that in it were included not only the despised of his own nation, but the outcast of every other. Of course, no common person could have assumed a position like this — only one whose genius was prevailingly and transcendently religious could have done it in such an age and in such circumstance. True, the grounds for it existed already in the books of the Old Testament; the letter of the Gospel was but the manifest spirit of the law. The ancient Hebrew scriptures suggest, in many places, the views which Christ put forth. But the popular mind, hard, sensual, and inclined to formalism, had overlooked these great words. The Jewish people, crushed under the heel of despotism, forgot that Messiah was described as a Prince of Peace, and chose rather to dwell on the oracles which menaced the scornful Gentiles with wrath, than on the predictions which gave them a share in the divine mercy. They reveled in the prospect of an empire won with bloodshed — they derived a grim satisfaction from the exclusion and overthrow of their enemies. We must do justice to the wonderful penetration that could find those wells of living water beneath such rugged masses of prejudice and such rubbish-heaps of observance. It is not strange that a meditative, devout, and gentle mind, of pure sentiments, lofty principles and broad humanity, should have seized greedily upon the more elevated language of psalmist and prophet, and given to it the most generous construction of which it was capable; but it is strange that such a mind should have come up in that place to do this needed work. To discover such language, to ponder upon it, to consider it in its relations, to measure by it the practices cur-

rent among his contemporaries, might well have been the favorite study of one like Jesus ; and, if he believed himself chosen of God at all, he must have believed himself chosen to go forth and preach in the spirit of that truth which his intellect most readily accepted, and his heart most dearly loved. But the faculty of absorbing truths is kindred to the faculty which discovers them ; nay, it is the same faculty, for no prophet or sage does more than *bring truths to light*—God alone invents or originates truth. The loftiest souls are but seers into the word that He unrolls ; nor does it matter in the least whether the word be written in a book which we have read from our infancy, or whether it be submitted to us in an unknown tongue, or whether it be buried, as in some palimpsest, beneath mystic legends and fables, or whether it be wholly inarticulate and uninscribed in the chambers of the Infinite Mind. There needs a spirit to search out the spirit's meaning ; and often it is most difficult to detect that meaning in the letters to which our eye is accustomed, and the phrases which frequent repetition has rendered senseless.

It is, indeed, a singular fact, and one not easily to be explained, that the liberalism of Jesus should have produced no more effect upon his followers ; that after his death they should have clung as tenaciously as ever to their Jewish prejudices ; that they should have considered the gospel as sent to the race of Abraham only, should have adhered so jealously to the letter of the law, should have required a special revelation in regard to the Gentiles ; and even after it had come, should have been astonished at their conversion, and incredulous not only of Peter's assurances, but of the testimony of their own eyes and ears. It is singular, too, that in the controversy with Paul, respecting the admission of the Gentiles and the obligations of the law, the authority of Christ was never, so far as we know, by either party appealed to : a silence, however, which, fairly considered, proves nothing ; for, if Paul did not claim Christ as on his side, neither did Peter. James and John claim him as on theirs ; and we can more easily understand how Paul, who had never been acquainted with Jesus, and who had kept aloof from his followers, should from ignorance omit to quote such language as is contained in Matt. viii. 11, 12, xxi. 43, and xxv. 32, than how Peter, James and John should have failed to produce declarations like that of Matt. x. 5, 6, and xv. 24. That these men did not search their memories for every

utterance of bigotry that dropped from the Master, and fling them into the teeth of the Apostle to the Gentiles, would seem, on the whole, to indicate that the Master was not to be reckoned on their side.

As to the conduct of the disciples themselves, if anything recorded of them in the Gospel is to be believed, we ought not to be surprised at the largest amount of stupidity, misconception, intolerance, or infidelity, in men so rude, so ignorant, and so passionate. It is too much to expect that persons who could not understand the simplest words of the Great Teacher, when they were in daily intercourse with him, should have minds to comprehend, and souls to carry out his grandest principles, after he was dead. When, therefore, Mr. Hennell (*Origin of Christianity*, p. 429) argues from the behavior of the disciples that Christ took the more limited view of his mission and its consequences, he seems to estimate much too highly the wisdom and truth of those primitive followers. The opposite inference would be the juster one — that Jesus was precisely the reverse of what they believed him to be, and that it was almost enough to give us the assurance of his liberality, that such men supposed him to be illiberal. This is a point that will bear emphasizing.

In estimating the religious character and the religious sentiments of Jesus, it must be remembered that all our knowledge of him comes from those who were least able to appreciate the finest religious qualities, and the highest religious thoughts. When his personal attributes passed into history, they were bleared and clouded like constellations in a murky night. His light was colored by the minds through which it fell. The Jews first attempted to compress his large spirituality within the compass of their own law, and to shape his person into conformity with the national type of goodness. They would have him to be a Jew, with Jewish reason and a Jewish heart. They would do their best to exhibit him in the likeness of a Hebrew prophet. The Jews, from being a religious, had come to be a superstitious people, idolatrous of ceremonies and forms. Hence, in proportion to their veneration for Christ would be their falsification of him, and in their most enthusiastic praise he would suffer the most cruel injustice. But if Jewish biographers inevitably misapprehended and undervalued the moral sentiments of Jesus, the Gentiles paid very little heed to them. The Greeks, more speculative than spir-

itual, in their concern for the dogmas that were taught in the Redeemer's name, and their eagerness to assign to him his place among the deities, easily forgot his interior excellence, his nobleness, nor were too careful to preserve even the traditions of them. Hence the impression of Christ's finest ideas became more and more faint with the extension of his "Gospel" and the exaltation of his name. Nay, so dense were the vapors into which his pure light shone, so rapidly did men lose their appreciation of its beauty, that in the third and fourth centuries the Apocryphal Gospels, books written by Christians, with pious intent, too, represent him with scarcely a moral or spiritual grace that commands our respect. His dear humanity is lost completely.

While thus Christ's moral sentiments were losing weight in the estimation of his disciples, there existed a tendency to exalt his metaphysical attributes and accidental properties. In the lapse of a hundred years, Jesus, the humble Nazarene, the son of Joseph the carpenter, and of Mary his wife, was by the power of speculative thought raised to the rank of supremacy among the angels. First came the story of the immaculate conception and the super-human birth; next he was spoken of as a being from another sphere, the spiritual Man, the Lord of Heaven, personally preëxistent; then was assigned to him the rank of a Gnostic Æon, one of the personified attributes of Deity; next he was placed above all the angels; after this he rose higher still, and was philosophized about as the created Creator and Sustainer of the world, the final Cause of all existence; and at last he was dogmatized about distinctly as the Logos, the conscious Reason of the Infinite, with a soul in absolute and original concourse with God, and a body which was no frame-work of mortal flesh, but a phantom shape, that could come and vanish like a ghost. This rank is assigned to him within the covers of the New Testament. Later still, the theologians gave him the nature and the name of Supreme and very God, self-existent, eternal and infinite, with only a theoretical humanity, his mortal part being not so much even as the form of a man, but only a form of words. The end of this process was as lawful as the beginning. The Jews commenced by clothing Jesus with all the eternal and official attributes that were needful to qualify him for the duties of prophet and Messiah. The Gentiles concluded by clothing him with all the metaphysical and substan-

tial attributes that were needful to give him place among their sons and demigods.

This then being the disposition of the ages immediately succeeding Jesus, to exalt his accidents and to lower his being, it seems no more than just that, in sifting our mixed materials in order to discover the living Christ, we should place his metaphysical nature at the lowest point, and his spiritual being at the highest. We must depreciate his rank to the level of common humanity, and must elevate his character into the region of the divine. In outward grandeur and official dignity, in nobleness of birth, pomp of circumstance, and majesty of physical endowment, we must estimate him as below the Hebrew Messiah. In purity of sentiment and truth of heart, in breadth of conscience and clearness of spiritual intuition, in the human elements of fidelity and love, in the religious qualities of faith and hope, we must allow him to have been far greater than the Hebrew ideal. Had Jesus, by an angelic birth and nature, surpassed the national standard of the Christ, how can we conceive it to be possible that those wild, imaginative ages should have described him as a man at all? Unless he had surpassed this standard in his traits of personal goodness, how can we conceive it to be possible that those bigoted Jews should have represented him as so far above the standard of their law? We see how hard they tried to restrain him within the limits of their rigid ritual and righteousness, to make him satisfy at once the old predictions and the new hopes; how then can they have invented those benignant virtues, and put into his mouth those marvelous sayings, that flash out like stars upon the black firmament of their moral world? How, even, could they have admitted such incongruous excellences, had it been possible to suppress them? A Jewish fancy might easily metamorphose a man into an angel; but a Jewish conscience would find it a difficult task to magnify an orthodox Hebrew into a seer and saint for all the world.

Again, it is manifest that Christ was persecuted and put to death by those who formed preëminently the Jewish party — by the adherents of the ancient laws and institutions, the representatives of pure Hebrew ideas — in one word, by the chief priests and Pharisees and scribes, the influential of every class. His friends were of small account in Israel. Peter often doubted and finally denied the Master, who did not satisfy his expectations. Judas for the

same reason betrayed him. His accusers charged him with a proposition to overthrow the temple. The suspicious and unscrupulous Pilate could find no ground for complaint against him, yet the Jewish multitude clamored, "Let him be crucified." The fact stands forth boldly in the Gospels, that Christ stood in opposition to the native Hebrew party among his contemporaries. How is this fact to be accounted for, if he did not assail their most vulnerable points—namely, their gross conception of the Messiah, their exclusive claim to the kingdom of heaven, and their arrogant self-righteousness, based on a scrupulous obedience to the Mosaic law? Nor did this antagonism between Christ and his countrymen grow up in the latter stages of his career, as the result of disappointed expectations on their part: it began with his mission, and it gained in strength each year he lived, disclosing more and more fully the entire variance of his thought from theirs, and proving him to have been at issue with his countrymen, not in his fortunes merely, but in his ideas.

On the whole, then, must we not say that Jesus was a marvel of moral and spiritual greatness? Something more than a teacher, something above an exemplar, a wonderful being, whose virtue went imperfectly forth in words; a reformer, but more truly still, a regenerator; a king, and yet more justly to be entitled a brother of men; a voice, not of one crying in the wilderness, but of one breathing out the Holy Spirit in creative truths and sanctifying influences, himself an incarnation of the Holy Spirit?



EACH age has its own follies, as its majority is made up of foolish young people; its superstitions appear no superstitions to itself. But, after a short time, down go its folly and weakness, and the memory of them; its virtues alone remain, and its limitation assumes the poetic form of a beautiful superstition, as the dimness of our sight clothes the objects in the horizon with mist and color. The revelation of reason is this of the unchangeableness of the fact of humanity under all its subjective aspects, that to the cowering it always cowers, to the daring it opens great avenues. The ancients are only venerable to us because distance has destroyed what was trivial; as the sun and stars affect us grandly only because we can not reach to their smoke and surfaces, and say, Is that all?

R. W. E.

THE MAY-FLOWER.

I.

THE snow still lay in shady dells;
Still, nightly, Frost rebuilt his shrines,
And though all day in sapphire cells
Clepsydral drops rang crystal bells,
Chill night-winds moaned among the pines.

II.

Yet through the forest sped a sound,
As if of Dryad—whispering shrill;
A sense seemed crescent in the ground,
As if, awaked from sleep profound,
The Gnomes were working in each hill.

III.

Lo, Spring! with rosebuds in her hair!
Light-gloried Faith! and, as she swept
Along the wood-aisles, all the air
Took from her robes a perfume rare,
And May-flowers marked where she had stepped.

IV.

Dear Flower! I see the Pilgrim maids
First dare the fearful forest's edge:
What music fills the astonished glades,
What long-lost bloom each cheek pervades,
As thee they hail, kind Heaven's fair pledge.

V.

And still, when from Spring's soft'ning skies
The first rays pierce thy branchy screen,
Thy blossoms blush beneath blue eyes;
Still joyous laughter hails the prize
God sends to keep our memories green.

SPIRITUALISM AND GHOST-CRAFT.

Glendower — I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Percy — And so can I, or any other man ;

But will they come when you do call for them ?

WITH respect to the affairs of the other life, a large class of curious-minded persons have been, from time immemorial, like children before a show, longing to peep behind the curtains, and innocently creating in their teeming imaginations visions of splendor and grace, with which the realities forthcoming will compete at a great disadvantage.

At last the curtains rise, and the performance commences. It is thus with all the treasures of our ideal world, with all the glory and all the terrors evoked from the hours of our most passionate experience : those who have speculated seriously on the after-life of souls, have dramatized it like a romance, carefully excluding those chromatic shades that form the common-place of our present existence, and compose the background, on which a few strong passions and great events plough their rare furrows of glowing light.

But because the humdrum materialism of a very crude state of society outrages in souls of a finer mould the sentiment of art and harmony ; because their views of another life, left free to fancy's plastic finger, exhibit an intense reaction from the present into all that is most opposite—from fever into calm, from drudgery into rest, from material interests into sentiment, from barren intellection and coarse sensuality into an incorporeal refinement,—does it follow that the truth must lie at this other extreme, any more than in the false material life of the present ?—and, whatever be the allotted destiny of man, is it certain that he is to find it in the other life, before he shall have fulfilled it here in the sphere of material ultimation ? Why may there not be already a greater difference in the spiritual development and advantages of two individuals, both in this our present place of existence, than between either of them, as compared with himself, in the two states, before and after death ?—and if common sense, analogy and revelation unite in approving this view relatively to individuals, why may not the same considerations apply in the com-

parison of SOCIAL PERIODS ? May we not pass to some, as superior to our best civilization in their organization, and their influence upon the children born in them, as this summit of civilized experience is to the rudest savageism.

These remarks may serve as a caution to those who are accustomed to condemn bitterly and *a priori*, from the heights of their ideal, the trivial and often vulgar pretensions of modern Spiritualism. How would *the facts of our existing society* stand the same tests, of conformity with reason and with beneficent purpose, to which they subject the asserted communications from the other life ?

In entering upon this investigation, it may be well to review the range of powers with which we are already familiar, and to consider whether all — or, if not all, how many — of the newly-asserted facts, may be grouped under the old principles.

1st. *Mechanical Imposture and Jugglery*.—This reaches a certain number of the lowest class of facts in rappings and table-movings. Its range is very limited, and so incommensurate with the asserted phenomena, that only a man who is great enough, like Faraday, to be able to afford to make an ass of himself, or else one who is already an ass without taking this trouble, will seriously pause at such an explanation.

2d. *Subjectivity*—Under which head fall dream-creations, reverie and vision, somnambulism, clairvoyance sympathetic and independent, second-sight, prevision or prophecy, and in general those higher operations of the soul, which are performed like the pulsation of the heart and the functions of digestion and secretion, without either the consciousness or volition of our ordinary life, and which, like the ganglionic or organic nervous system and its functions, reveal, as it were, a second individuality bound up in the same skin with the one that we wot of. The higher phenomena of this sphere do professedly embrace, in many cases, sight of spirits and converse with them ; and the memoir published by a poor French artisan (Cahagnet) just before the rappings broke out, contains more interesting and worthier-seeming narratives of converse with the great departed, than any we have seen pretended to since. Those whose experience and mental constitution give them faith in the higher phenomena of clairvoyance, will regard these as no longer purely subjective, or “as powers within our tether, no new spirit power conferring,” but as forming the step of transition by which we mortals advance half way to meet the armies of the dead on neutral ground.

3d. *Electro-Genetic Faculties*.—These, exhibited in a very striking manner by the electric eel, torpedo, and a few other aquatic animals, exist in quiescence, yet often visible, among terrestrial animals, especially in the feline genus, and in certain human organisms. They differ from the magnetic or magnetizing faculty, and the two either may or may not be observed in the same person.

Thus are exhibited a regular series of phenomena, bridging over the gulf between the commonest experiments with a stick of sealing wax, and the loftiest of sleep-waking and clairvoyance.

Man, as somnambulist poet and seer, has evidently made all the advances which courtesy could require of him in view of establishing a cordial intercourse with other spheres or states of existence. Modern Spiritualism pretends that the ultramundane spirits have on their part done as much, and that amicable relations and intramundane hospitality, with all the etiquette thereto appertaining, is in the very crisis of fulfilment.

Let us now examine the objections urged by reason and good taste against the alleged style of proceeding, leaving out of view in the present article all sifting of evidence and special repetitions of what every one is already familiar with, whether they believe or not in what they see and hear.

Objection 1.—The trivial character of most of these pretended communications, whether by rappings or writing mediums.

The chief force of this objection is derived from our preconceived ideal of the dignity and solemnity of all that has passed the portals of the grave. The bat and the owl, emblems of superstition and of clerical imposture, and which greatly affect the scenery of tombs and catacombs, may furnish some useful lessons on this score. They are, when all is known, as silly birds or nondescripts as any other. For the rest, an *a priori* conclusion on this subject is invalid in logic, and if we condescend to accept strictly human analogies of conduct, we shall find the ghost addresses well enough in keeping with our own "How d'ye do," "Fine weather," and other insipidities of stereotyped greetings between either friends or strangers. If our own high converse is very rare, why quarrel with the ghosts for being as chary of their good things?

The obstacles of mediumship are strongly analogous to those of interpretation between interlocutors ignorant of each others' language. We know how much every discourse loses in fire and pith by this form of transmission, and how little of fluent spontaneity can exist

without the direct exchange of personal aromas or influences. Even after we have ourselves begun to speak a new language, and have acquired familiarity with its grammatical structure, we long keep fearfully to the shore, in the shallow waters of common-place politeness, nor dare to trust ourselves in the deeps of thought and sentiment.

Let us next take into account the phenomena of *passional catalysis*, a term borrowed from chemistry, or that mysterious influence by which one person emancipates all our powers by his presence, and another paralyzes them, while between these two antipodal impressions lies every intermediate shade. If we, well stuffed with grosser flesh and blood, are still so sensitive that a look can go through us like a dagger, a tone move us to wrath or to tears, and even a silent presence overmaster us; if suspicion mantles the cheek of innocence with shame, and hangs lead upon the lips of the just; if so few of us can act or speak without the encouragement of sympathy, or at least the courtesy of its seeming — should we feel surprise that those more delicate-bodied spirits, subtler than the quick nerve, should evince caprice as to their company, or hesitation in their answers? What must it be then, when the nearest and dearest ones doubt the identity of those who address them? Under such circumstances, it is the absence of embarrassment that would be matter of wonder.

If there is any general fact or law which impresses itself upon the mind, after listening patiently to all the stammering utterances of this babe new-born into our world of facts, it is that the social and spiritual affections, and not intellection or industry, chiefly preoccupy those whom death has emancipated from their servitude to *things*.

They do not seem to know much, but perhaps they love the better on that account; and if their additions to literature have not risen above the average of the silliest sophomore college themes, perhaps this gives just the hint of what they are, and that the new gospels now pouring upon us, like dirty water from the slop-tubs of the ghost-folk, are just the rudimental exercises in composition made by poor, ignorant working-people, who never got any chance of an education while with us, and who now take a comical revenge upon their literary superiors by enforcing on public attention, through the *prestige* of a mystery, and the assumption of renowned names, productions which would otherwise have dropped into oblivion without causing even a ripple. It is a common remark with us, that the conversation of lovers appears but silly talk to those who are not in love. Now, though I shrewdly suspect such lovers used to say silly things before

they fell in love, let us admit the same excuse in behalf of the ghost-folk, that we extend to the rest of society. It is certain that those who glow most warmly in their social affections, care less about intellectual brilliance, than others who polish with infinite zeal this outside of their cup of life.

The faculties which we now cultivate in action, sleep, perhaps, beyond the grave, while others, here deprived of action, wake and develop in their kind. What the ghost-folk can impart, being what they still have in common with ourselves, will only be their dreams, fragmentary and confused impressions of their waking hours.

Finally, let us remark, that in transition movements, generally, the inferior characters take the lead. Thus, to the ignoble bat and the ornithorhynchus are assigned the conspicuous posts of ascending and descending transitions between the world of beasts and the world of birds; and to grey twilight, shorn of the double glory of the day and night, it is given to announce the Sun or to reveal the stars.

Little as our civilization may have to show of wisdom or goodness, for an experience of some four thousand years or more, we should still consider it quite unfair to be judged by the manners of those frontier swarms which society throws off like its chaff or scum, and which constitute, as at Botany Bay, or about the *doggeries* of the far Southwest, the transition between the civilizee and the savage. Perhaps we might be equally unjust if we judged the population of the ghost-world by such communications as they have first extended to us. This is their transition; and what is ours? Are not the greater number of our sleep-wakers and persons endowed with ultramundane faculties, invalids, and very inferior types of our ordinary life?

Throughout this article it may be observed that we have avoided using the word *spirits* in speaking of the ghost-folk. It is because we consider ourself to be just as much a spirit as any of them; and we will not call them disembodied spirits, because we believe they have got bodies as well as the rest of us, although we can not always see them. That death does not affect a man's muscular strength seems to be sufficiently evidenced by feats in lifting tables and pianos.

To conclude, we are far from being satisfied that spirits or ghosts of any other sphere than ours are the causes of such effects; but we are willing to adopt the hypothesis, and use it like an algebraical x or y , in computing the bearings of a problem hitherto unsolved.

THE LATE LAWSUIT.

MEN AND WOMEN VS. CUSTOM AND TRADITION.

WHEN, in 1844, Margaret Fuller gave "The Great Lawsuit" to the pages of the first *Dial*, she stated with transcendent force the argument which formed the basis of the first "Woman's Rights Convention," in 1848. Nothing has since been added to her statement, nothing can ever be taken away from it, and every new step in the movement crowns her brow with a new laurel; for to her it was left to make a complete, scholarly exposition of a question, only the first third of which came to treatment under the hands of Mary Wollstoncraft.

The progress of the "Woman's Rights" movement seems rapid, only because we have not traced its gradual historic development. The law of Christ, involving perfect human justice, is constantly changing future possibilities into present facts. Previous to the time of Christ, and indeed for some centuries after his coming, eminent women in several countries had seized position and privilege. The oppressions and innuendoes of Vedantic lore could not annihilate the metaphysical and mathematical power of the Hindu Lilirati, but scores of commentators have wearied themselves for ages in explaining, in a miraculous manner, such an exception to her sex. Aspasia defied the insults of actors and play-wrights, and unveiled her features in the streets of Athens as freely as under the blue heaven of her native isle. It was doubtless due, in a great measure, to the Empress Theodora, that in the reign of Justinian the Roman law underwent a favorable change. Unhappy were the women who died before the invention of the printing press! What the character of this Empress was, the insight and patience of some woman may yet reveal; but certainly history so far has not enlightened us. The woman whose first thought, when raised from a life of infamy to the throne of the world, was to save the wretched companions of her early career, even though she could not solve the problem she set to herself; the woman whose courage and presence of mind saved not merely Justinian, but the peace of the empire in the alarming sedition of 532 A. D., was a woman worth saving. Procopius, who was not too tender to put vile stories of her into his anecdotes, praises her

in his history ; and contemporaries did not hesitate to call pious the woman whom her husband, weak coward that he was, unceasingly regretted.

But position and privilege, seized after this Old-World fashion, however pleasant they may have proved to the individual, secured no position, opened no privilege to the sex. Fortunately for us, no daily record of womanly life at that period survives ; only now and then long-buried walls, covered with the street drawings of Pompeii, or abominable decorations of Old-World cathedrals, give to the instructed eye some dim vision of the depths out of which woman has arisen.

In England, centuries later, the general corruption of manners which characterized the Stuart Courts brought its own remedy. Women of surpassing beauty, or more than average ability, born to wealth and station, fell in groups before the prevailing contempt which classic studies and continental habits had not failed to nurture. But these women fell to find the tyranny of license no better than the tyranny of law ; and to learn, by a bitter experience, that restraints may be divine in their nature and effects. The first cry of the tortured victims was for education—education which should raise them to a certain social equality, and should defend them from the inevitable miseries of worn-out toys, whose use departed with their beauty ; and this cry met with a certain sort of response : for education, vocation, and civil position, were not yet linked by logic in the public mind.

Among those who took a high rank in this movement was Mary Astell, a woman distinguished for theological and literary labors, and the intimate friend of a celebrated Platonist, John Norris, of Bemerton. "A Letter to a Lady," in "Defence of the Female Sex," went through three editions in the year 1697. "A Proposal to Ladies, for the Advancement of their True Interests," composed by her, was so effectively written that a wealthy friend, supposed to be Lady Elizabeth Hastings, immediately offered £10,000 towards the erection of a college for the education of women ; and the scheme would have been carried into execution, but for the bigoted opposition of Bishop Burnet. Her "Reflections on Marriage" were said by a contemporary "to be the strongest defence that ever appeared in print, of the rights and abilities of her sex."

Between the death of Mary Astell, in 1731, and that of Mary

Wollstoncraft, in 1797, a great change occurred in the condition of European women. The noble names which lighted up the times of Elizabeth and the Commonwealth, were the names of women, who, in lofty social position, aided by wealth and the emulation of gifted men, amused their leisure with learning, as other women frittered theirs away at tapestry. But while these exceptions shone like bright particular stars, the flood of social corruption which issued from the Court overwhelmed in its waves the mass of the sex. They were more unfortunate than men, for civil and social requisitions forced even the idlest of courtiers into a healthier activity.

When the revolution put an end to frivolous maskings and unwomanly revels, the women, whom the sword had startled, began to think, and were won to listen to any schemes for employment and respectability. Mary Astell found her peers upon the continent; and in France and Germany leading women began to demand publicly, not merely learning for the few, but a good education for the many of the middle class; not yet, alas! not even *now*—a hundred years later—the common school or the college for the million.

So it happened that in the eighteenth century some hundreds of women distinguished themselves in various kinds; and in London, Berlin, and Paris, unfortunate husbands found themselves more than once sustained, in bankruptcy and broken health, by the highly educated wives, whom a previous century would have left powerless under the same circumstances. So the same century which welcomed Lady Russell and Elizabeth Hamilton, which clasped the circlet of Necker, De Staël, and Recamier, with the precious name of Madame Roland, which gave Meta to Klopstock, the Frau Rath to Göthe, Emily Plater to Poland, which had already promised Rachel to Vamhagen, found Elizabeth Blackwell studying midwifery in London, to support a beloved but dying husband; and when the prejudice of the Faculty took the bread out of her mouth, devising at the early age of twenty-four the first medical botany, which she published with magnificent illustrations in 1736. This century, also, saw Sybilla Merian, eminent alike as painter, engraver, linguist, and traveler, publish with the one hand an Embroiderer's Guide, while with the other she unfolded skilfully all the mysteries of insect-life, in two magnificent volumes, issued at Nuremberg in 1679 and 1683. When political

storms overtook her husband, and she was forced to retain her maiden name, she sailed for Surinam, with no companion but her young daughter, and after three years of labor published, at Amsterdam, sixty superb plates describing the metamorphoses of the insects of Surinam. Her original drawings still hang in the Stadthouse of Amsterdam, and decorate with their beauty some of the best cabinets in Europe. Her shining honor lay in the fact that when she died, in 1717, she left two daughters able and willing to continue her work.

In the same century the Paris sun shone on the little daughter of the apothecary, Bihéron, who, working restlessly over dead bodies in her chamber, perfected the common manikin, and was the first to unfold, by the help of prepared wax, the inner mysteries of the human frame. For the deductions which gave special lustre to the name of John Hunter, he was indebted to the girlish observations of Mary Catherine Bihéron, made eight years before the publication of his book.

The same century saw the calm sense and womanly instinct of Elizabeth Nihell, contending in London against the obstetrical quackeries of Godalmin and Smellie; and sustaining, unassisted by the best London physicians, the dignity of medical science: while, in Germany, Madame Wittenbach made sweetmeats in her pantry, or wore away in the use of her needle the young hours of a life that was to culminate, ere its close, in the lustre of unchallenged Greek scholarship and professional distinction, accorded by the best qualified judges of her time.

These instances—not so remarkable, or they would be more widely known—show how the work went on, and also that it was chiefly educational in its nature, so that no honest womanly work could fail to help. Such was the aspect of affairs when, just one hundred years since, Mary Wollstonecraft was born—born to utter one wild, despairing cry for education; a passionate protest for her sex, against popular misapprehension and social injustice—born to melt, by the burning current of her words, the crust which had so long protected old insults and abuses. Few women of the present day know how much they owe to the strength and purpose of this one.

A “Vindication of the Rights of Woman” sounds like a hot argument for political rights; but read it, and you find only a claim for moral consideration—a protest against the sensual sen-

timentality which the public feeling still showed, when the name and sphere of the sex came under consideration.

Mary Wollstoncraft, it may be said, was no effective advocate, since a cloud rested on her own name, linked already to those of the French atheists; but when Mary Wollstoncraft published her book, slander and misapprehension had not had time to do their work, and it flashed upon the community with all the power of a noble effort made by a noble woman. True, wholesome words, spoken of life and marriage, of religion and duty, her appeal fell into the popular heart, redeeming what was left in it of soundness, and producing an effect, both social and literary, which may be traced emphatically for more than twenty years—and, by a discerning eye, to a far later period.

What did the public know of her? Only that she had succored a dying mother, sustained a bankrupt father, educated her sisters, and provided for her brothers—only that she was faithful to old friends, and grateful to new ones. So they read her book, and it did its work, let bigotry and the old church say what it might. Its historic significance was soon manifested, as the names of Maria Edgeworth, Sidney Morgan, Harriet Martineau, and Anna Jameson, dawned on the period that intervened between her life and that of Margaret Fuller. What an advance in the womanly ideal—what a change in the social atmosphere, is indicated by the mere mention of any one of them! The influence of Mary Astell and her compeers had roused woman to an effort after *general* education: Mary Wollstoncraft gave *special* impetus to this common effort. One of the first results of this impetus was the publication of hundreds of books concerning women, and the translation of the best works women had written, in any sort, in any tongue—such as the mathematical works of Cunitz and Agnesi, the theses of Wittembach and others. Then followed the special character of the culture which the women then developing began to show. As positively as Anna Jameson gave herself to art, and Maria Edgeworth to morals, did Harriet Martineau dedicate herself to political economy, and Von Heidenreich to obstetrics.

'Such lives on the Continent, no less than in England, roused the public mind to thought; and everywhere the "Sphere of Woman" came to be discussed, and much nonsense to be talked. Even the Hungarians, in the midst of revolutions, paused to dic-

tate to the sex, and French and English journals dilated with the theme, while in Sweden serious minds were turned toward the old abuses, and Frederika Bremer was preparing for that visit to the West, which was to strike the first blow for the effective emancipation of the daughters of Sweden. In the midst of a very general agitation in that western world, not yet culminating in conventions, not yet expressed through the desk, not yet justified in the medical profession by any distinguished name, Margaret Fuller grew up. Taught from the first to regard herself as the equal of men, totally incapable of considering the question of sex, so far as it concerned the fitness of thought, speech, or deed, it would have been strange if the world had not read her some hard lessons. Powers which would have challenged the homage of the world, directed by a manly energy, seemed at first only to arm that world against the loving, aspiring woman. Thrown by remote kinship, or personal proximity, into the society of some of the most distinguished men of her native State, she could not but recognize her own superiority to the best of them, in certain aspects. As a woman, it seemed impossible to accomplish anything; as a man, what might not have been achieved? But of this consciousness, such as it was, no bitter, unwomanly traces remain; only, on account of it, it was easy for her to interest herself in the "Great Lawsuit," and to round her statement later into the full proportions of the "Woman in the Nineteenth Century." Her personal feeling was fully met, when she laid her head upon the heart of her husband; and through him sweet mother Nature finally appeased the hunger which no classic lore, no æsthetic culture, no contact with the wide world of social welcome, or resounding fame, had power to sate. Nor let any woman blush to make this confession for her. What was true of her, has been as true of the best cultured manhood. Gibbon seized his pen, overshadowed by the majestic sweep of those historic periods which were to ring in the ears of untold generations, and wrote to his friend: "It is finished—but *I am alone*." And Göthe, who had mastered human experience, and glorified it in the eyes of a passing and rising generation—Göthe, who permitted himself to feel only so far as it would serve him to know, wrote in the same mood: "My life has had no fitting aim—I am weary of it all."

[From Margaret Fuller flowed forth the first clear, uncompromising, scholarly demand for civil rights for her sex. What she

wrote was the offspring of deliberate reflection, and took its place at once in the world of letters. The fearlessness of her suggestions, the mobility of her style, and the affluence of her illustrations, won her wide audience; and the effect of her paper was seen, not only in the inspiration communicated to minds of smaller grasp,—now by her thoroughly aroused to the work of emancipation,—but in that general demand for freedom of vocation, made evident to the public mind by names like those of Mrs. Griffith, Caroline Chisholm, Florence Nightingale, Janet Taylor, Mary Carpenter, Dorothea Dix, Elizabeth Blackwell, Mary Patton, and Harriet Hosmer.

Since Margaret wrote, the work has gone steadily on, and more and more all the labor of the world opens to woman's touch. The question of woman's work is at this moment in the ascendancy; and whatever relates to it, meets immediate welcome and response. "Let them be sea-captains, if they will!" has given the practical bias to all recent consideration of this subject.]

The women of whom we have spoken in this relation have been exponents of their age; the spirit of the time, the thought of the masses, crystalized itself in them.

"They builded better than they knew."

[Since 1848, when a small convention was held at Seneca Falls, in the State of New York, the demand for civil equality has been steadily pressed in the United States. It has been made with much eloquence, with varied ability, by women whose names are now familiar as household words; and without formal organization, there has come to be in these United States a wide-spread and generally acknowledged "Woman's Rights Party."

This party demand—

First, Absolute freedom in education; absolute, unquestioned access to all public institutions, to all libraries and museums, to all means of culture—artistic, æsthetic, scientific, or professional.

Second, Absolute freedom of vocation; and this freedom involves such a change in public thinking as shall make it honorable for all women to work, not merely for bread, for the support of husband or child, but for fame—for money—for work's own sake, as men work.

Third, Absolute equality before the law, which, of course, involves the right of suffrage.

Education and vocation have found their exponents in the past,

but there is still required a woman, capable of stating, from a woman's point of view, the present position of woman before the Law. When this is once fitly done, it will level the last defence of the feudal Past. Woman's past condition, in all civilized countries, has been the outgrowth of early oriental and later classic influences. The present attempt to emancipate her is a popular effort to overthrow them, and enthrone at their expense the Common Sense of the nineteenth century, the religious instincts of Jesus, and the intellectual aspirations which persist in the demand. With the first moment of victory will be inaugurated a new freedom for man also. Looking back through the ages, in the light of Christian love, he will criticise the spirit which has so far tyrannized over him. He will forget the coarse insults of the Greek comedy, and the Latin satirist, as he sees in his wife his fellow-citizen and fellow-laborer, as well as his friend.

Reaching forward to the future, he will claim for her, and not only for her, but far more for his daughters, that absolute inheritance of God's world, that absolute field for thought and action which no woman has yet known. And woman? Emancipated by Love and Faith, free to accept or reject the ministries about her, she will perceive more clearly than ever the relation of man's life to her own. Recognizing, as opportunity evolves them, her duty to society and the State, marriage will gain a still diviner significance, and the security of public virtue be found in the assurance of private happiness.

Margaret Fuller told the whole story when she said: "Let principles be once firmly established, and particulars will adjust themselves."

C. H. D.

THE VOICE THAT SINGS.

[From Constant.]

THE prayer of persevering faith is a hymn of sacrifice; the sigh of the sorrow that hopes is a chant of resignation, "the desire of the night for the morning," and the outgoing of charity is one prolonged canticle of love!

Glory to God in the heavens, and on Earth peace to the men of good will!

The Voice that Sings is the prayer of the world — it is the morning

hymn, announcing the awakening of the ages, as the song of birds heralds the opening of the day !

The martyrs sang amid their punishments, for the faith in their souls felt itself immortal, like the Phoenix, and resumed a new youth amid the flames of the stake. The poetry of the soul awakens harmonies in the last dying sighs of the just, and sings, like the swan of our fable, its passage to other realms of life.

All that smiles in Nature, all that blooms in the solar year, all that shines in the firmament, speaks and answers to the Voice that Sings. Beauty all robed in light, and crowned with flowers, warbles the overture to the opera of Love ; the Earth adorns herself like a bride in her May, and sings by the voice of her forests ; the Sea also lifts to the sky the stern bass tones of its billowy organ ; the Sun has seen all the woe of our world, and his brow is radiant still ; he listens to the music of the spheres, and sheds a soul of harmony and love in every beam of light and heat.

Leave, then, in tears those children of the earth who feel but present pain, nor dream of good to come. But you, children of heaven, poets of charity, of hope and faith — you, who could see the world broken to pieces without ceasing to bless God in the midst of its ruins, prophet consolers, sing, sing ever !

The Voice that Sings hushes to sleep the little babe's cry ; sing, poets, sing for the isolated hearts whom none understand nor console.

The Voice that Sings cheers up the laborer, and aids him to bear the burdens of the day ; sing, consolers of the people ; sing for those whose arms grow weary, while nothing smiles within their hearts.

The Voice that Sings perpetuates worship here on earth ; sing, little birds, for you have wings ; sing, little children, for you have a mother ; sing, poor captives and poor orphans, for you have a God who watches over you, and who counts your tears !

Ye who are happy, sing to bless the Father Eternal ; ye who suffer, sing to conquer pain, for it can not last forever !

That religions be confounded, and perish of decrepitude ; that philosophers grope amid the shadows of doubt ; that selfishness petrify the victims of its chill embrace — what matters it, while in your hearts we hear the Voice that Sings !

Let us love, and the life of our hearts shall be a song-burst of goodness towards all ; for love is all harmony : and if you ask me what is this Voice that Sings, I will answer — It is the Voice of Love, the Believer.

LIGHT AND NIGHT.

Our through the loom of light,
When comes the morning white,
Beams, like the shuttle's flight,
Other beams follow,
Up the dawn's rays so slant,
Forth from his roof and haunt,
Darts the swart swallow.

Back, like the shuttle's flight,
Sink the gold beams at night;
Threads in the loom of light
Grow dark in the woof;
All the bright beams that burn
Sink into sunset's urn;
Swallows at night return
Home to their roof.

Thus we but tarry here
A moment, a day, a year —
Appearing, to disappear —
Grosser things spurning,
Departing to whence we came,
Leaving behind no name —
Like a wild meteor flame,
Never returning.

Back to the home of God
Soul after soul departs,
And the enfranchised hearts
Burst through the sod;
Death does but loose the girth
Buckling them on to earth,
Promethean rack!
Then from the heavy sod,
Swift to the home of God,
The Soul, like the Shuttle and Swallow, flies back.

The Swallow, Shuttle, Soul, and Light,
All things that move or have a breath,
Return again to thee at night —
To thy dark roof, O ancient Death!

FEMININE SOVEREIGNTY.

INTERPRETED BY THE BIRDS.

It is the world of birds which offers to the observation of the philosopher the most numerous and charming examples of order in amorous liberty, of conjugal fidelity and maternal devotion. The history of swallows and pigeons, of swans, and even of house sparrows, swarms with inconsolable Artemisias and Niobes, who allow themselves to die of hunger and of grief beside bodies of their dead spouses or their slain children, and who do not make of their mourning the occasion of a crisis in business, like some who might be named among mortals.

Whoever has not seen the hen, the turkey, the partridge, and the quail, defend their young, can have but a moderate idea of heroism. A man who should display but once in the course of his career as a citizen, the tenth part of that devotion which these poor creatures exhibit at any moment of their lives to assure the safety of their tender broods, would have places of honor at all the theatres during his life, and statues in the forums after his death. A partridge that drags her wings and feigns to be wounded before the dog, that leaps in his face and picks at his eyes; a shrike that puts to flight, by the vigor of her resistance, the loafing truant who has meditated the invasion of her domicile; the swan, which will not let a cavalcade drink at the stream near her little ones — all these poor mothers, whose existence is one long series of heroic acts and sublime devotions, would have much trouble to understand our admiration for the Athenian Codrus or Roman Curtius. Is that all? they would say, when you had brayed into their ears, as into ours, the merit of these persons.

There is no case known among the feathered bipeds where a mother has willingly abandoned her young, except under main force. The cases of infanticide, so common with the sow, with the rabbit, and with the human species, are so rare with the birds that such of the learned as are most worthy of faith, contest their existence. These cases of infanticide, moreover, could not in any issue be attributed to the mothers: they must be exclusively due to the amorous brutality of the males, which destroy the young ones as they break the eggs, in order to regain possession of the females. If some birds of prey drive their young from the

eyrie too soon, it is because they have not the means of meeting the expenses of their education.

If infanticide is a crime unknown among birds, charity on the other hand is practiced among them towards lost children with a fervor which shames our philanthropy. Place in any window a young sparrow orphaned and lost from its home; immediately all the fathers and mothers in the neighborhood will come one after another to fetch it a bill full. Little creatures hardly weaned from their own nests, and yet without families, will profit by the opportunity to make their experiments in maternity. Noble and touching inspiration of the sentiment of universal solidarity, which man will not fail to exploit, with inexcusable barbarity!

Thus act most of the little birds friendly to man, the chaffinch, the linnet, the swallow. The vulgar idea that the parents of the captive orphan bring it poison in order to withdraw it by death from the torments of captivity, is as stupid a prejudice as that which supposes the children of the executioner condemned by the law to practice their father's profession.

The birds do not kill their children from tenderness — such Roman, Spartan, or Jewish virtues are repugnant to their manners; they are simple enough to keep the child with a cold in its head, rather than pull off its nose. The parents do not poison their young, as ignorance asserts; only when these ones have already tasted a little of the charms of liberty, instead of merely bringing them food and consolation, they bring them counsels to escape; and the poor captives, who are already but too much inclined to sadness, soon feed only on desires and ardent regrets, and end by sinking under a twofold weariness of spirit and body.

Maternal charity goes so far among birds that it degenerates into abuse and amounts to suicide. Thus the red-throat, the bunting, the hedge-sparrow, in whose nest the female of the cuckoo has laid her egg, sacrifice the interest and even the existence of their own families, to the voracity of the bastard parasite, introduced by fraud into their nest. The cuckoo is too faithful an emblem of the loafing classes, who are inefficient at any kind of work themselves, and whom Nature would condemn to die of hunger, if labor were not condemned to nourish idleness. The red-throat and the bunting, who rear the young cuckoo to the detriment of their own family, symbolize the poor country girls

who are obliged to refuse to the fruit of their own womb the milk of their breasts, in order to sell it to the children of rich strangers. The female of the cuckoo is the incomplete woman who despises the joys of maternity, and accepts love only under the aspect of worldly position.

The genius of maternal love which reveals to the female of the bird her eminent faculties as a workwoman and artist, endows her at the same time with courage to defend her young family, and with foresight to shelter it against the storms which threaten its safety.

Wisdom and love can not easily be allied with more firmness than is shown by the female bird.

Do not suppose that as soon as there is promise of marriage between two turtle-doves or sparrows, the lover is forthwith invested with all the rights of the husband. A word in the air, and a cavatina more or less well trilled, is not enough to triumph over her resistance. She does not understand trifling about such matters, and will only yield to the amorous entreaties of her betrothed after she has given the last stroke of her bill to her nest. Knowing that love will bring the family after it, she has the force to control her senses, and to retard her defeat until the day when the possession of a domicile shall have completely reassured her as to the consequences of her weakness, and the future of her young.

Every one understands the irony of the allusion, and knows the class of lovers to whom the bird here gives a lesson. I will not be so cruel as to turn the steel in the wound, and to send the epigram to its address. It is very easy, in fact, to impose constraint when it is known that the pleasure is only a little delayed, when for securities of our approaching happiness we have fortune, the spring-time, abundance of insects, and a house of one's own; and the birds who possess all this and the rest, speak of it quite at their ease. But I would like to know how they would listen to the voice of wisdom and of foresight, were they in our place, poor proletarians for whom love is the only consolation of this world, and the only luxurious fancy which does not transcend our means.

— From Toussenel, by M. E. L.

A DRAMA ON THE SEA-SHORE.

[From the Philosophical Studies of Honoré de Balzac.]

THE young have a compass with which they like to measure the future. When their will accords with the boldness of the angle which they open, the world is theirs. But this phenomenon of intuition occurs only at a certain age. From the twenty-second to the twenty-eighth year of man's life is the age of great thoughts, the age of first conceptions ; because it is the age of immense desires, the age when we doubt of nothing : doubt is but another name for impotence. After this age, transient as the season of seed-sowing, comes that of execution. There are, in a manner, two youths — the youth during which we believe, and the youth during which we act. These often coincide in men favored by Nature, who are, like Cæsar, Newton and Bonaparte, greatest among the great.

I was measuring the time required by a thought for its development, my compass in my hand, standing upon a rock, a hundred yards above the ocean whose waves broke upon its ledges, and I threaded the maze of my future, enriching it with works, like an engineer who on vacant ground traces fortresses and palaces. The sea was splendid. I had just taken a fine swim, and awaited Pauline, my guardian angel, who was bathing in a granite alcove floored with fine sand — the most coquettish dressing-room that ever Nature fashioned for her fairies of the surf.

We were at the end of the Croisic, a delicate peninsula of Bretagne. We were far from the port, in a place left unguarded by the revenue cutters, because it is regarded as too inaccessible even for smugglers. To float in the air, after having swum in the sea ! Ah ! who would not have launched into the future ! Why was I thinking ? Why does sorrow come ? Who knows ? Ideas fall on your heart, or on your head, without consulting you. Never was coquette more fantastic or imperious, than is conception for artists ; we must seize it like fortune, by its full-flowing locks, when it comes. Astride upon my thought like Astolfo on his hippogriff, I was galloping then through the world and disposing of all at my will. As I sought around me some presage for those audacious constructions which my mad imagination counseled me to undertake, a pretty cry, the note of a woman who calls you in the silence of the desert, the voice of a woman issuing from the

bath, reëminated, joyous, rose above the murmur of that fluctuating fringe which the billows ever wove upon the sallies of the beach.

This note, breaking fresh from the soul on my ear, seemed to show me in the rocks the foot of an angel, who, opening his wings, had exclaimed, "Thou wilt succeed." I descended radiant, light. I bounded like a pebble in glancing down the slope. When she saw me, she asked, "What is in you?" I made no answer, but my eyes were moist. Last night Pauline had understood my griefs, as now she understood my joy, with the magical sensibility of a harp which obeys the variations of the atmosphere. Human life has brilliant moments! In silence we moved along the beach. The sky was cloudless, and the sea as fair. Others might have seen but two blue plains one above the other; but we who heard each other's voices without having spoken; we who, between these two shores of the infinite, launched those illusions in which youth disports—we clasped each other's hands at the least changes presented, either by the sheet of water or the sheets of air, taking these light phenomena for the material translations of our two-fold thought. Who has not tasted in pleasures that moment of unlimited joy, when the soul seems to be freed from the bonds of flesh, and to find itself again as if restored to the world whence it came? Not pleasure alone is our guide into these regions. Are there not hours in which our sentiments intertwine themselves and bound away there like two children who take each other by the hand and begin to run without knowing why? Thus we went on.

As the roofs of the town appeared, a greyish line on the horizon, we met a poor fisherman returning to Croisic. His feet were bare, his linen breeches tattered in the legs, in holes and badly patched; then he had a shirt of sail-cloth, shreds of listing for suspenders, and a rag for a vest. This misery hurt us, its dissonance breaking upon our harmonies. We looked at each other plaintively for not having at that moment the power to draw from the treasures of Aboul Casem. We observed a superb lobster and a sea-spider hung by a cord, which the fisherman swung in his right hand, while with the other he held his baits and fishing tackle. We accosted him with the intention of purchasing his shell-fish—an idea which struck us both at once, and was expressed by a smile, to which I answered by a light pressure on the arm that I held, and which I drew nearer my heart. It is of these nothings that memory afterwards makes poems; when near the fire we recall the

hour this *nothing* moved us, the place where it happened, and that mirage whose properties have not yet been explained by physicians, but which so often plays over the objects that surround us at moments when life is light, and when our hearts are full. Sites the most lovely are but what we make them.

What man, ever so little a poet, finds not in his souvenirs some mass of rock that holds a place more cherished there than the most celebrated landscape, sought at great expense.

Near this rock, tumultuous thoughts ; there, a whole life employed. There fears were dissipated, and rays of hope descended into the soul. At this moment, the Sun, sympathizing with these thoughts of love, or of the future, has cast on the tawny sides of this rock, an ardent light ; some mountain flowers called attention, the calm and the silence enlarged this anfractuosity, sombre in reality, colored by the dreamer ; then it was beautiful with its scant vegetation, its warm chamomillas, its hair of Venus with the velvet leaves ; a festival prolonged, magnificent decorations, happy exaltation of human forces ! Once already the Lake of Brienne, seen from the isle of Saint Peter, had thus spoken to me ; the rock of Croisic will perhaps be the last of these joys ! But then what will become of Pauline ?

" You have had good luck this morning, my brave fellow ? " said I, to the fisherman.

" Yes, sir," replied he, as he stood and turned upon us a face sunburned by habitual exposure to the reverberation of light from the water. This countenance expressed habitual resignation, the patience and gentleness of the true fisherman, his voice had no coarseness, his lips were well turned ; no ambition in the face, but its whole expression enlisted compassion without forfeiting respect.

" Where are you going to sell that ? "

" In town."

" How much will they give you for the lobster ? "

" Fifteen cents."

" For the sea-spider ? "

" Twenty cents."

" Why such a difference between the lobster and the spider ? "

" The spider is much more delicate ! besides, it is as cunning as a monkey, and does not often get caught."

" Will you give us all for a dollar ? " said Pauline.

The man looked petrified.

"You shall not have it!" said I, laughing. "I will give two dollars. We ought to pay a fair price for our emotions."

"Well," replied she, "I *will* have it; I give two dollars, two cents."

"Ten cents."

"Two, fifty."

"Three dollars."

"Three, ten."

"Twenty dollars."

"Thirty."

I bowed; we were not at this moment rich enough to bid higher. Our poor fisherman knew not whether he ought to be vexed at a *mystification*, or to rejoice. We drew him out of his trouble by giving him the name of our hostess, and recommending him to carry her the lobster and the spider.

"Do you earn your living?" I asked, wishing to know the cause of his destitution.

"With trouble and misery enough," said he. "This fishing on the sea shore, without either boat or net, is an uncertain trade. We must await the fish or shell-fish there, while the big fishermen go after them in the open sea. It is such a hard life, that I am the only man who fishes on this shore. I pass whole days without getting anything, unless some sea-spider oversleeps itself, like this one, or some lobster be careless enough to remain on the rocks. Sometimes after heavy gales the seas strand large fish, and I grab them."

"Well, on the whole, taking luck as it comes, how much do you make by your day's work?"

"From a dime to a shilling. I could get along so if I were alone, but I have my father to feed, and the good man can not help me: he is blind."

At these words, simply uttered, Pauline and I looked at each other without speaking.

"You have a wife or a sweetheart?"

He raised his eyes on us with one of the most deploring expressions I have ever seen, answering, "If I had a wife, I should have to forsake my father; I could not feed him and a wife and children besides."

"Well! my poor boy, why do you not try to earn more by carrying salt at the port, or in working at the salt-marshes?"

"Ah! sir, I should not hold out three months. I am not strong enough; and if I died, my father would be left a beggar. I must keep to a business that requires only a little skill and much patience."

"And how can two persons live on twelve cents a day?"

"Oh, sir, we eat cakes of buckwheat, and barnacles that I break off from the rocks."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-seven."

"Have you ever been abroad?"

"Once I went to Guérande, to draw my lot for the army; and went to Savenay, to show myself before those gentlemen who measured me. If I had been an inch taller, I should have been a soldier. I should have broken down at the first fatigue and my poor father would now be begging his bread."

We walked on a little way in silence, both of us sounding the mute depth of this unknown life, admiring the nobility of that devotion which ignored itself. The strength of this feebleness astonished us; this generous poverty dwarfed our fairer fortunes beside it. I beheld this purely instinctive creature chained to his rock like a galley-slave, watching these twenty years for the shell-fish that nourished him, and sustained in the patience of his soul by one sentiment. How many hours wasted on the beach, how many hopes baffled by a flaw of wind, by a change of weather! Hanging to the corner of a granite ledge, his arm stretched out like a Hindoo fakir's, while his father, seated on a stool, awaited in silence and darkness the coarsest of shell-fish and bread, if so pleased the sea.

"Do you ever drink wine?" I asked him.

"Three or four times a year."

"Well, you shall drink some to-day—you and your father; and we will send you a loaf of white bread."

"You are very kind, sir."

"You shall dine with us, if you will guide us along the beach to Batz, where we go to see the tower that overlooks the basin on the coast between Batz and the Croisic."

"With pleasure, sir. Continue straight along; I will rejoin you after I have put away my fish and tackle."

We gave a sign of assent, and he sprang forward, lighter of heart, towards the town.

—This meeting sustained the passional altitude that we had reached, yet sobered its gaiety.

"Poor man," said Pauline, with that accent which extracts from a woman's compassion the venom of pity; "are we not ashamed to be happy in sight of such misery?"

"No cruelty like that of impotent desire," I replied. "These two unfortunate beings will no more know the keenness of our sympathy than the world knows the beauty of their life, for they lay up treasures in heaven."

"Poor country!" said she, pointing to the piles of dung laid symmetrically along a wall built of stones without mortar. "I was asking what they did that for; a peasant woman answered me that *she was making wood*. Can you imagine, my friend, that this is all these poor folks have to cook and warm themselves by? In the winter-time they are sold like motts of turf. And then what do you think the best seamstress is paid here for her day's work? — Five cents," said she, after a pause; "but she has her meals."

"These sea-winds, you observe," I answered, "dry up or overturn everything; there are no trees; the wrecks of condemned vessels are sold to the rich; for the price of transportation doubtless prevents them from burning here the wood with which Brittany still abounds. This country is only good for great souls; the heartless crowd can not subsist here — it can only be inhabited by poets or by barnacles. They had to establish the salt mart here, in order to fix a population at all. Before us, the sea — here, the sands — above, space."

We had already passed the town, and were in that sort of desert which separates the Croisic from the Bourg of Batz. Imagine a level of six miles filled with the glittering sands of the sea-shore. Here and there a few rocks raised their tops, looking like some gigantic animals reposing on the beach. Others below, around which played the billows, broke great white roses from their crests and crowned themselves with foam. Beholding this sea-girt savannah, the ocean to its right, and forming again to the left a lake between the Croisic and the sandy heights of Guérande, below which lie barren salt-marshes, I turned to Pauline, asking her if her courage could rise to the glow of this noon and her patience not sink in these sands.

"I have good gaiter boots on. Come, then," said she, point-

ing to the tower of Batz, which stood warden of the landscape like a pyramid — a pyramid withal so carved and tastefully ornate, that fancy was seduced to picture there the earliest ruin of some great city of the East. We soon gained a seat beside a rock, in the shade that ebbd towards noon-tide at our feet.

"How fine this silence is," said she; "how it deepens beneath the regular pulse of the sea on this beach!"

"If you surrender your mind to the three immensities which encircle us — the water, the air, and the sands,—listening exclusively to the repeated sounds of the flux and the reflux," I replied, "you will not be able to bear its language: you will seem to discern there a thought that overpowers you. It is Nature ignoring the personality of Man. It seized me yesterday at sunset — this sensation,—and it broke my spirit within me."

"Oh! yes, let us talk," said she, after a long pause. — "No orator is more terrible. I seem to discover the causes of the harmonies that ensphere us," she resumed. "This landscape, which has but three decided colors — the shining yellow sands, the blue sky, and the smooth green of the sea, is grand, without being wild — immense, yet not a desert — a monotone, yet not fatiguing. It has but three elements; it is varied."

"A woman only thus interprets Nature. You would be the despair of a poet, in dissipating that veil of mystery behind which he shapes his creations; yet you are worth them all, and in divining you, have I not robbed the Sphinx of all her terrors?"

"The glow of noon now casts on these three expressions of the infinite a fierceness of color," said she, laughing, "that renders the poetry and the passions of the East."

"With despair for their background," said I.

"Yes, this beach is a sublime cloister."

We heard the hurried steps of our guide. He had put on his Sunday's best. We addressed a few insignificant words to him. He perceived our change of mood, and with the natural delicacy of solitude and misfortune, forbore to break upon it. We proceeded then in silence, holding each other by the hand like two children; for under that heat and in those deep sands we could not have made a dozen paces arm in arm. There was no road to Batz; the wind effaced all tracks from day to day. Only the practiced eye of our guide could follow its windings, now seaward, now landward, or turning around rocks. At noon we were only half way.

"We will rest down yonder," said I, pointing to a promontory composed of rocks high enough to give the idea that we should find a grotto there.

The fisherman, whose eye had followed mine, gave a shrug, replying, "Somebody lives there. Passengers going and coming between Batz and the Croisic all make a circuit, to avoid that spot."

These words, in an undertone, implied some mystery.

"Is it then a robber, an assassin?"

Our guide answered only by a deep drawn breath, which increased our curiosity.

"But if we pass there, will any harm come to us?"

"Oh! no."

"Will you come with us?"

"No, sir."

"We will go, then, if you assure us that we run no risk."

"I do not say that," replied he, quickly. "I only say that the person you will find there will say nothing to you, and will do you no harm: he will not so much as stir from the place where he stands."

"Who is it, then?"

"A man!"

But never were two syllables uttered with so tragic an expression.

At this moment we were at twenty paces from that reef within which the waves were tossing. Our guide took the circuit of the rocks, we walked straight on, but Pauline took my arm. Our guide quickened his pace so as to meet us where the two roads joined.

Doubtless he thought that we should do the same when we had seen the man. This kindled our curiosity afresh, until it almost bordered on fear, as we knew by the beating of our hearts. Notwithstanding the heat of the day, and the fatigue of wading through the sands, the ineffable languor of a harmonious ecstasy still possessed our souls, the very music of pleasure, pure and copious, such as Mozart's *andiamo mio ben* diffuses with its notes. For two pure sentiments that blend, are they not indeed like two fine voices that sing in unison?

To appreciate truly the emotion we then felt, you must share the half voluptuous state into which the *events* of our morning had plunged us. Admire for a long time a pretty turtle-dove, swaying

on a limber branch near a spring, in the woods : you will utter a cry of pain on seeing a sparrow-hawk pounce upon it, bury its talons in its breast, and whirl it away with the murderous rapidity of a bullet. When we had stepped into the space before the grotto, a kind of balcony a hundred feet above the sea, and defended against its rage by a cascade of steep rocks, we started, as in hearing some strange and sudden noise break upon the silence of midnight. On a block of granite sat a man who had looked at us. His glance, like the flame of a cannon, issued from blood-shot eyes, and his stoic immobility could only be compared with that of the granite piles around him. His eyes moved slowly, his body remained fixed as though he had been petrified ; then, after having cast that look which had so startled us, he lifted his eyes again over the expanse of ocean and gazed on it, notwithstanding the dazzling gleam of its reflections, as eagles gaze upon the Sun, without winking. Call to your mind one of those old scathed oaks whose knotty trunk, recently stripped of its branches, raises its weird pillar on a deserted road. It was one of those Herculean forms, ruined, a face of the Olympian Jupiter, but marred by age, by the rude labors of the sea, by sorrow, by coarse food, and withal as if charred by lightning. The sinews of those hard and hairy hands stood out like veins of iron.

In a corner of the grotto lay a pile of moss, and on the ledge of the rock, a stone pitcher, covered with a broken loaf. Never had my imagination, in visiting the deserts where the first anchorites of Christianity fixed their abode, drawn me a figure more grandly religious, nor more horribly penitent, than was that of this man. Yet this remorse itself was drowned in the waves of prayer, the ceaseless prayer of mute despair. This fisherman, this mariner, this rough Breton, was sublime by an unknown sentiment. Had those eyes wept ? Had that half-sculptured hand once struck ? That rude brow, stamped with a ferocious probity, and on which strength had yet not failed to leave the traces of that mildness which is the attribute of all true force ; that brow ploughed with wrinkles : was it in harmony with a great heart ? Why this man in granite ? Why the granite in this man ? Which was the man, or which the granite ? A flood of thoughts descended. As our guide had anticipated, we passed in silence, quickly ; he saw us moved with terror or fixed with astonishment, but simply said, " You have seen him ? "

"Who is this man?" I asked.

"They call him *the man of the vow*."

At these words our questioning eyes were bent upon the fisherman; he understood their mute language, and responded in the narrative which follows:

"Madam, the people of the Croisic and of Batz believe that this man is guilty of some crime, and that he is doing a penance imposed by a famous rector, before whom he went to make confession, beyond Nantes. Others believe that Cambremer (for that is his name) has a mischance which is catching by anybody that passes in the wind of him. Thus many folks look well to see from what quarter it blows, before going near his rock. If it is a *galerne*" (the sailor's term for northwest), said he, "they would not continue their route; if they were going to fetch a piece of the true cross, they return—they are afraid.

"But the rich folks of the Croisic say that Cambremer has made a vow; so he is called *the man of the vow*. He is there night and day, without change. Do you see, to the left, that wooden cross? He has planted it there as a sign that he has placed himself under the protection of God, of the Holy Virgin, and of the saints. He need not have used that sign, sir, for the fear he causes people makes him as safe from intrusion as if he were guarded by a regiment of soldiers. No word has passed his lips since he shut himself inside that rock. He lives on bread and water, which his brother's daughter brings him every morning. She is a dear little thing, twelve years of age, a pretty creature, gentle as a lamb, a very darling child. She has got [showing on his thumb] blue eyes *that long*, under curls like a cherub's. When you ask her, 'Tell me, Pérothe, (that means among us Pierrette, because she is vowed to St. Pierre, (St. Peter,)—Cambremer's name is Peter, he has been her god-father,)'—*'Tell us, now, Pérothe, what does your uncle say to you?' 'He don't say nuttin,' she answers; 'nuttin 't all, nuttin.' 'Ah, well, what does he do to you?' 'He kiss me on my forehead, Sunday.' 'You ain't afeard on him?' 'Wat I 'feard for? ain't he my god-fader?' He would not have any other person fetch him food.

* "Dis donc, Pérothe, qué qui te dit ton oncle?" "Il ne me dit rin," qu'elle répond; "rin du tout, rin." "Eh, bien! qué qu'il te fait?" "Il m'embrasse au front le dimanche." "Tu n'en a pas peur?" "Ah, ben! qu'a dit'il est mon parrain."

Pérotte pretends that he smiles when she comes ; but it's like the sun at midnight, for they say that he's always under a black cloud."

"But," said I, "you excite our curiosity without satisfying it. Do you know what has brought him here? Is it grief? Is it repentance? Is it madness? Is it a crime? Is it"—

"Ah, sir! only my father and I know the truth of this matter. My dear mother, dead and gone, was servant to a magistrate who received Cambremer's confession, by order of the priest who gave him absolution only on this condition. My poor mother heard Cambremer, without meaning to do it, because the magistrate's kitchen is next beside his office: she listened to it! She is dead; the judge is dead also. My mother made us promise, my father and me, not to say anything about it to the country folks; but I can tell you that the evening my mother related that, it shrivelled up the hair on my head."

"Ah, well, tell us that, my lad: we will speak of it to no one."

The fisherman looked at us, and continued thus: "Peter Cambremer, whom you have seen there, is the eldest of the Cambremers, who are sailors from father to son; their name tells it—the *sea* has always bent beneath them [*Cambrer*, to arch or bend; *mer*, the sea]. The man you have seen was a boat fisherman. He had barques, went to fish for Sardines; he caught also large fish for the merchants. He would have fitted out a vessel for the cod-banks, but he loved his wife too well. She was a beautiful woman, a Brouin of Guérande, a splendid girl, and had a good heart. She loved Cambremer so dearly, that she had never been willing for him to leave her more than long enough for the Sardine fishery. They dwelt down yonder. See," said he, climbing up the rocks, to show us an isle in the little mediterranean, that lies between the downs where we were walking, and the salt marshes of Guérande; "do you see that house? It was his. Jeannie Brouin and Cambremer had but one child, a boy, whom they loved . . . like what shall I say? dame!—as one loves an only child; they were crazy about him. How many a time we have seen them at the fair, buying the prettiest trinkets for their little Jack! It was folly, every one told them so. The little Cambremer, seeing that everything was allowed him, became as wicked as a red ass. When any one had said to father Cambremer, 'Your son has nearly killed little Harry, or little Frank,' he would laugh and say, 'Bah! He will be a tall sailor! he will command the king's fleets.' Another: 'Peter Cambre-

mer, do you know that your boy has spoiled the little Pougard girl's eye?' 'He will like the girls soon enough!' answered Peter. He found everything good. Then my little wild cat, by his tenth year, was fighting every body, and amused himself with cutting chickens' heads off; he would open the bellies of pigs, he rioted in blood like a weasel. 'He will make a famous soldier!' said Cambremer; 'he has a taste for blood.' I remember all that, —and Cambremer does too," added he, after a pause.

"At fifteen or sixteen years of age Jack Cambremer was — what?—a shark. He used to go and amuse himself at Guérande, or to court the girls at Savenay; made the specie fly. Then he went to stealing from his mother, who durst not speak of it to her husband. Cambremer was a man honest enough to walk twenty miles to return a few cents, that might have exceeded his due in settling an account. Finally, one day, the mother had nothing left. While his father was off fishing, the son took all the furniture and bed-clothes out of the house, leaving nothing but the four bare walls; he had sold everything, to go and frolic at Nantes. The poor woman wept over it day and night. She would have to tell that to the father on his return. She was afraid of the father; not on her own account, though; bless you! When Peter Cambremer returned and saw his house furnished with the things folks had lent to his wife, he said, 'What does this mean?' The poor woman was more dead than alive; she said, 'We have been robbed.' 'Where is Jack, then?' 'Jack, he is on a spree.' No one knew where the scamp had gone. 'He amuses himself too much,' said Peter. Six months afterwards, the poor father knew that his son was about to be seized by justice at Nantes. He makes the journey on foot, gets there sooner than by sea, puts his hand on his son and brings him back here. He did not ask him what he had done. He said to him, 'If you don't behave yourself for two years, here with your mother and me, you will have an account to settle with me.' The besotted youth, counting on the folly of his father and mother, answered with a grin. Peter, thereupon, struck him a slap in the face that laid Jack in bed for six months. The poor mother was near dying with grief. One evening, she was sleeping quietly beside her husband, when a noise roused her; she arose, and received the blade of a dirk in her arm. She cried out. They struck a light. Peter Cambremer saw his wife wounded; he believed it was a robber—as if there

were any in our country, where you may carry ten thousand francs in gold from the Croisic to St. Nazaire, without having any one ask you what you have under your arm ! Peter looked for Jack. He did not find his son. In the morning this monster had the impudence to return, saying that he had gone to Batz. You must know that the mother could not tell where to hide her money. Cambremer kept his with Mr. Dupotel, of the Croisic. The follies of their son had consumed hundreds of francs and louis-d'ors — they were nearly ruined ; and this was hard for people who had owned something like twelve thousand francs, with their little island. Nobody knows what Cambremer paid at Nantes to get his son back. Ill luck was in the family. Cambremer's brother had been unfortunate and needed help. Peter told him, to console him, that Jack and Pérotte (the daughter of the younger Cambremer) should marry. Then, to help him earn his bread, he employed him in the fishery. Joseph Cambremer's wife had died of the fever, and he had to pay for getting Pérotte nursed. Peter Cambremer's wife owed a hundred francs to different persons for this little one. She had saved up a Spanish coin in the wool of her mattress, writing above it, *For Pérotte*. She had had a fine education. She wrote like a notary, and had taught her son to write : this proved his ruin. No one knows how it happened, but that greedy Jack had snuffed out the gold, had taken it, and gone to frolic at the Croisic. The good man Cambremer, by a special chance, was sailing home in his barque. On going aboard, he saw a bit of paper, floating, picked it up, brought it to his wife, who fell backwards on reading her own written words. Cambremer said nothing, went to the Croisic, learned that his son was at the billiard table. Then he asked for the good woman who keeps the Café, and said to her, 'I had told Jack not to use a gold piece that he will change to pay you : return it to me — I will wait at the door and give you silver for it.' The good woman brought him the piece. Cambremer took it, saying, 'Good !' and returned home. The whole town knows that. But here is what I know, and what they only suspect in a general way. He told his wife to clean up their lower room ; he made fire in the chimney, lighted two candles, placed two chairs, one beside the other, and on the other side a stool. Then he told his wife to make ready his wedding suit and her own. He dressed himself. When he was dressed, he sought his brother, and desired him to watch before

the house, to give him warning if he heard a noise either on this shore or on the Guérande marshes. When his wife had had time to dress, he came in, loaded a gun, and hid it in the chimney corner. Here comes Jack; he came home late, he had drunk and played until ten o'clock; his uncle heard him hail from the point of Carnouf, went for him to the bank of the marsh, and rowed him over without a word. As he entered, his father said to him, 'Sit down there,' pointing to the stool. 'Thou art before thy father and thy mother whom thou hast offended, and who have to judge thee.' Jack began to blubber, for Cambremer's face was set in a singular fashion. The mother was stiff as an oar. 'If you cry, if you budge, if you don't hold yourself like a mast on that stool,' said Peter, pointing the muzzle of his musket at him, 'I kill you like a dog.' The son became dumb as a fish. The mother had not spoken. 'There,' said Peter to his son, 'is a paper that was folded round a Spanish gold piece; that gold piece was in your mother's bed; only your mother knew the place where she had put it. I found the paper on the water on my way home. You gave, this evening, that Spanish gold piece to Dame Fleurand at the Croisic, and your mother has not found her piece in her bed. Explain yourself.' Jack said that he had not taken his mother's gold piece, and that this one had been left over from Nantes. 'So much the better,' said Peter; 'how can you prove us that?' 'I had it.' 'You have not taken your mother's?' 'No.' 'Can you swear that on your eternal life?' He was going to swear it; his mother raised her eyes upon him and said, 'Jack, my child, take care; do not swear if it is not true; you can amend, repent; it is still time.' And she wept. 'You are a this and a that,' said he to her; 'you have always borne me ill-will.' Cambremer grew pale, and said, 'What you have just said to your mother will swell your account.' Come to the point! Do you swear? 'Yes.' 'Hold,' said he; 'was there a cross on your piece? that cross which the Sardine merchant who gave it to me, had made on ours?' Jack sobered down, and the tears came. 'Enough,' said Peter; 'I do not mention what you have done before this: no Cambremer shall have to die on the gallows of the Croisic. Say your prayers, and let us make haste; a priest is coming to confess you.' The mother had gone out, so as not to hear her son condemned. When she was gone, Cambremer the uncle came with the rector of Piriac, to whom Jack would say

nothing. He was cunning—he knew his father well enough to know that he would not kill him without confession. ‘Thanks; excuse us, sir,’ said Cambremer to the priest, when he saw Jack’s obstinacy. ‘I wished to give my son a lesson, and ask you not to mention it. For you,’ said he to Jack, ‘if you do not amend, the first time now, it shall be the last, and I will make an end of it without your confession.’ He sent him to bed. The child believed that, and imagined that he could make up with his father. He slept; the father watched. When he saw that his son was sound asleep, he covered his mouth with tow, bandaged it tight with a strip of sail-cloth, then tied his hands and feet. ‘He raged, he wept blood,’ said Cambremer to the magistrate. The mother cast herself at the father’s feet. ‘He is judged, help me to put him in the boat.’ She refused. Cambremer put him in alone, bound him to the bottom of it, tied a stone around his neck, rowed out of the basin, gained the sea, and reached the rock where he is now. Then the poor mother, who had made her brother-in-law bring her over, cried in vain for grace! It was of no more use than feeding grass to a wolf. The moon was shining, she saw the father heave into the sea her son, who still clung to her entrails, and as there was no wind, she heard . . . blouf! Then nothing—no trace nor bubble: the sea is a famous guard, I tell you! In landing there where his wife was moaning, Cambremer found her almost dead; the two brothers placed her in the boat which had served for her son, and took her home round by the pass of the Croisic. Ah, well! *La belle Brouin*, as they called her, did not last eight days; she died, asking her husband to burn that cursed boat. Oh! he did it. He came to have as many minds as a girl; he did not know any longer what he wanted; he was unsteady in his gait, like a man that has drunk more wine than he can carry. Then he made a journey of ten days, and came back to set himself there where you saw him, and since he is there, he has not said a word.”

The fisherman gave us this story very briefly, and still more simply than I write it. These people make few reflections as they go along: they bring out the fact that has struck them, and render it as they feel it. This narrative was as sharply incisive as the blow of an axe.

“I shall not go to Batz,” said Pauline, as we arrived at the upper turn of the lake. We came back to the Croisic by the salt-marshes, through the perplexities of which the fisherman

guided us, holding his peace. The disposition of our souls was changed. We were both of us deep in the gloom of reflections which explained too well our first presentiment on seeing Cambremer. We had both of us sufficient experience of life, to divine, of these three lives, all that our guide had omitted. The misfortunes of these three beings were reproduced before us like the scenes of a drama, crowned by the father's expiation of his necessary crime. We dared not look towards the rock whence that fatal man spread fear over all the country. Some clouds dimmed the sky, a mist rose on the horizon, we walked in the midst of a Nature the most bitterly sombre that I ever have met with. Under foot, the ground appeared to suffer, to be diseased with those salt-marshes, like a strumous blotch.

There the soil is divided into squares of unequal form, all walled in by enormous banks of grey earth, laid and beaten in talus, full of bitter waters, upon which the salt forms. These ravines, formed by the hand of man, are divided within into beds, along which walk the workmen, furnished with long rakes, with which they skim this brine, and fetch upon round platforms, made from space to space, the salt, when it is fit to be stacked.

We coasted for two hours along this sober chess-board, where the salt chokes vegetation, and where we only saw, from distance to distance, a few *paludiers*, as the workmen who make the salt are here called.

These men, or rather this clan of Bretons, wear a special costume, a white jacket much like that of brewers. They marry among themselves, and there is no instance of a daughter of this tribe having married any other than a *paludier*. The gloomy aspect of these marshes, of which the mud was symmetrically raked, and this grey soil shunned by the Breton Flora, harmonized with the mourning of our souls.

When we arrived at the place where we pass the arm of the sea formed by the eruption of the waters into this bottom, and which feeds the salt-marshes, we perceived with pleasure the meagre vegetation that garnished the sands of the beach. In crossing it, arose amid the lake the island where the Cambremers had dwelt. We turned away our eyes.

On reaching our hotel, we remarked a *billiard table* in a low hall, and when we learned that this was the only public billiard room

at the Croisic, we made during the night our preparations for departure : the next morning found us at Guérande. Pauline was still sad, and I already felt the flame that burns my brain. I was so cruelly wrought upon by visions of these three beings, that she said to me : " Louis, write that, and throw it off from you."

I have obeyed.

M. E. I.

DR. EINBOHRER AND HIS PUPILS.

CHAPTER III.—THE HUMAN HAND.

I SHALL introduce this subject, said the Doctor, by an Ichthyomylth. My learned Belgian friend, Dr. Megalosaurus has sent me this, with the following note :

" Megalosaurus to Einbohrer — Greeting :

"I send you this fragment of Fish Mythology, and would know what you can make of it. It was found in the diaphragm of a fossil saurus which was recently discovered in the hollow of a fossil tree in the Jura. It was translated from the Aqueous into the Terrestrial language by myself."

The fragment reads as follows :

" Saturn was a conservative, and during his reign made nothing but oysters. [Three cheers for Saturn, said Peter the pinstler, for which he was sent out of the room.] An oyster was the first-born of Chaos and Night ; there was thus no higher being beneath the gods than an oyster, for many æons — Saturn being afraid that if he once began creating higher forms, there would be no end to their improvement ; and some of them might at length be great enough to dispute his own throne. But when, after the lapse of many Saturnian ages, the shoals of oysters were so great that they arose out of the waters and formed the dry land, Jupiter dethroned the old gentleman, his father Saturn, and being of the progressive party known as " Young Olympus," made a Fish. Thus commenced the Reign of Fishes in the earth. Saturn and his oysters were the standing jest of the Fishes. The idea of the earth's being filled with dumb Mollusks, when such an exalted being as a Fish was possible ! Then there were perpetual comparisons of the laughable fixedness of the one, his softness,

imprisonment in a shell, general stupidity, with the activity, acumen, and freedom of the other in themselves. The Fishes believed the creation had at length reached its culmination. Pisces was in the zenith forever.

"Now, the Fishes celebrated every year the day on which Jupiter had dethroned Saturn. They believed, also, that he visited them every year, and was incarnated in the biggest Salmon they had, which was worshipped accordingly. It was a general day of holiday and thanksgiving. (In confirmation of the statement that the Fish have such a day, please see PLINY, *Piscatorius de Flybaito Hookiendis*. Tom. 1000, Sec. 7th.)

"On one occasion, in the year eight-billionths, when this festive day was at its height, and whilst Messrs. Gudgeon, Sturgeon, Pickerel, and Trout, were about to lead off a grand quadrille with Mrs. Capt. Cuttle-fish, and the Misses Pike, Perch, and Porpoise, under the brilliant light streaming from three 'wills-o'-the-wisp' hung tastefully about the room, suddenly a hissing sound was heard, and something passed swift as an arrow through the waves into the midst of the astonished group. Every one recognized Mr. Flying-fish, an unusual visitor at such gayeties. He was always clothed with a veil of mystery and suspicion, since it was known that he was in the habit of leaping out of the water, the orthodox fish-element, into the atmosphere of the Unknown above. He was the transcendental Fish; and anxious mammas, such as Dames Shad and Mullet, regarded him as dangerous. On this occasion every fin trembled with emotion, and his eyes shone with the light of the Empyrean.

" 'O my brothers,' he cried, when he had recovered his breath, 'what have I seen! what have I seen! The great Jove hath made a new King!'

"The music ceased, the dancers were paralyzed with terror. Then did the Salmon, the Incarnate Jove, rise with cheeks puffed out in wrath, his gills gleaming red lightnings. 'A new King!' shrieked all, 'something higher, nobler than a Fish!' 'Nothing *can* be higher, nobler than a Fish,' broke in Mr. Shark; and then continued in a strain of eloquence which has long been considered the climax of piscatorial oratory, the concluding sentence of which was, 'What a piece of work is Fish! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a

god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" . . . It is a little singular that this paragraph should be supposed to have originated with Man. It has been ascribed, I have heard, to one W. Shakspeare. Everything about that gentleman has become so shadowy, of late, that it will be readily seen that the mistake originated from the fact that the Fishes have always been governed by a House of Peers. After the name of each member of this House his title was written: thus we have frequent record of Perch-peer, Herring-peer, Sturgeon-peer. Mr. Shark, at the time of the making of that speech, was a member of this House, and therefore his name was written Shark-peer. There being some difference of opinion as to how Mr. Sharkspeaker's name was written, the names of the great thinkers were confused. . . . With this note the mythologic fragment proceeds: "The multitude was much wrought up by this address, and were on the point of giving Flying-fish a coat of eel-slime and sea-weed, but the fiery gleam of his eye arrested them. Some of the older shook their heads significantly, looked at each other, touched their foreheads against each other's noses, and whispered, *Poor fellow!*

" 'Strike, but hear,' said the Flying-fish: 'As I passed near the shore where the syrens sing, as I leapt up to catch, if possible, a glimpse of those mysterious messengers from the spiritual spheres, I saw, at that point where the sea meets shore, a wondrous animal: its head and shoulders out of water!!! Examining closely, I discovered that instead of its having fins, these fins had swollen with flesh and blood, and then separated into prongs, or fingers, on each side. This is a new being; and as fingers are higher, more cunning than fins, it must rule, and the Reign of Fishes pass away!'

"A shriek followed this from every gill. The Salmon then first spoke: 'Am not I Jove? Do not I know what I myself must have created? I say there is no such being as thou hast described.' Then, alas! for his impudence, this transcendental flyer replied: 'Then either thou, Mr. Salmon, art not Jove, or there is another creature beside, for I surely saw a Reptile. Remember, once the Oyster thought that the world's ultimate and centessence flowered in it; but the Fish arrived: what reason now that the Fish should not be surpassed by Reptile, where fins climb another step toward arms and hands?'

"This being considered blasphemy by the Rev. Dr. Cat-fish,

was adjudged worthy of death. A court was called by Judge Mullet, and the prisoner being called on to state why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, declared that he had rather die than live with such a set of old fogies. 'But,' he continued, 'the hand now exists where only the fin existed hitherto, and that hand is the seal of a new and greater kingdom.' Whereupon they all, laughing to scorn the idea that they were not the highest in the scale of creation, fell on him and devoured him. The commotion made a whirlpool which swallowed up Charon's ferry-boat, before in good sailing condition. . . . A year passed on, and the festival day returned. But when they all gathered around the Salmon to pay their adoration to him, two huge reptilian claws came down and fixed upon him, and destroyed him, whilst the others sped as arrows from the bloody scene. Then they knew he must have been an impostor, and Mr. Flying-fish a true prophet. They supposed that the spirit of the latter had fled from martyrdom to inhabit some form of the new race of Reptiles, and he was ever after paid divine homage, and a temple of coral built to him, and a Salmon sacrificed on each returning anniversary of the day when the descending claws were seen. The family of Flying-fish were ordained a perpetual priesthood, and their opinions obeyed as oracles."

Here ends (said Einbohrer) this somewhat strange paper. You will doubtless conclude that my friend Megalosaurus is a strange fish; but for all the strangeness of his rather riotous whims, they sometimes play about truths. Science does see that from the fin upward, through the claw, foot, wing fingered with quills, *the Hand* has been the aim of Nature. Every animal genus has been arranged in the scale in accordance with the perfection of this appendage. Hand is sceptre—is given for control. It constitutes the distinction of man. Linnæus, in making out his catalogue, could find no place for the Ourang-utan, except under the genus *man* or *homo*. Later naturalists flustered a great deal about monkeys being classed with men; but when asked, *What was the difference*, could not reply. The characteristics of the two, Man and Monkey, are to be given hereafter; but for the present, it may be stated that the only essential difference of man from the monkey, and, therefore, of all lower animals, *a fortiori*, is in the hand. The monkey has five fingers, the man has four fingers, and a thumb

opposite them. Five fingers do not make a hand ; they can only hold on to a thing around which they fold : nothing but a thumb to work opposite each finger gives the power to fashion and mold things. Man alone was designed to fashion and mold things. The hand is therefore the condition of a brain to will and design. It is the essentially Human feature.

That Head and Hand go together, and mean the same thing, may be easily illustrated. Göthe declared, in 1791, when, on walking in the Jewish cemetery at Lido, near Venice, he found the skull of a ram, the great fact that the skull is vertebrated — which Oken afterward proved. In that idea of Nature, repeating the vertebration of the body in the skull, there are folded immense results. Here is one : Van Stammer, I wish to show this affair on your body. [Here poor Van S. gave several nervous motions.] Will you stand on this table ? said the inexorable Doctor. Take off your shoes and stockings, Van Stammer. [I don't believe Stammer has any feet inside 'em, said Peter, and was again driven off.] Now, sir, will you be good enough to place your hands side by side before you, with fingers outstretched as prongs : now stand as nearly as possible on your heels alone. Erastus, support Herr Stammer's back with one hand. Now, if you please, Van Stammer, bend over until your hands meet your toes as nearly as possible. [After much nervous reluctance, and many blushes, Van Stammer assumed that altogether striking and beautiful posture.] Now, gentlemen, I will place this skull beside him. You will see that they are the same : that the gentleman's body is but another skull : the shape is the same, — the fingers and toes are the upper and under teeth meeting each other.

Making allowance for a certain stiffness which seems to have penetrated the subject, you will see that the general outline of Stammer and skull are identical. This is the philosophic fact underlying statements in the Police Court, "That said Polly flew at him tooth and nail ;" for you see the upper and under teeth are but reproductions in another sphere of fingers and toes. Fingers procure food, teeth eat it. I may mention that this relationship of Head and Hand was discovered and carried out into further details by Baron Quoderatdemonstrandum, of Hanover. He has also discovered, philologically, that it was for this reason that the face was called *handsome*. Beauty sits about the mouth, where the pearly fingers meet. This originated the good old fashion of kiss-

ing the hand—it was a meeting of fingers,—one flesh, the other bone. When in course of time the kiss was transferred from hand to mouth, the tendency of life being from hand to mouth, it was only a shaking of hands in a higher sphere—the teeth of the two osculatory objects being in reality fingers.

Gentlemen, nearly all naturalists have something wherewith their highest views and hopes are entwined—something upon which they take their scientific stand. Some take their stand on the understanding; some on eyes; others stand on the foot. I take my stand on the hand. How does man establish the prophecy of the Flying-fish, and rule over the fishes? Why, he either makes some iron fingers into a prong and pierces them, or makes a curved forefinger into steel, and, baiting it, hooks them for breakfast. What is the power by which he rules Nature, rides the seas, subdues all difficulties? By a series of hands. Spades, drags, rakes, grates, dental instruments, are but hands and fingers in iron or wood. A hammer is an iron fist doubled up: a rope but an elongated hempen finger. When men come to pistols or swords, they are but pointing at each other fingers, somewhat projected. [“What,” broke in Peter House, with great excitement, “what is a crooked pin, O Van Stammer, but a sinuous finger of brass?” Dr. Einbohrer ordered Stammer to put Peter out again; Peter used his flesh-hammer vigorously on the occasion; others joined in the melee, using both the hands of the first and second spheres, tooth and toe-nail; and so the lecture, like the aqueous tribes, ended in claws.]

It is not generally known that Swedenborg anticipated Gütthe's Theory of Colors. In the *Arcana*, § 1042, he writes: “In order to the existence of color, there must needs be some substance darkish and brightish, or black and white, on which, when the rays of light from the sun fall, according to the various temperature of the dark and bright, or black and white, from the modification of the influent rays of light, there exist colors, some of which take more or less from the darkish and black, some more or less from the brightish and white, and hence arises their diversity.”

EOLA.

SHE kept the fountains of the air,
Mid forms aerial and fair,
And skiey echoes rich and rare.

The Monsoon swept its fiery course,
The North-wind answered loud and hoarse;
Both gladly fed sweet music's source.

Her heart-strings bore a charmed life;
On them sweet chords flowed out of strife,—
Ages of Peace from drum and fife.

O Eola, my goddess pure!
Emboldened by thy lyral lure,
Preluding Love that shall endure,—

My heart, earth-saddened, to thee brings
Discord that chills, and grief that wrings,
To change to music on thy strings.

Though every note should be a tear,
Yet every woe I gladly bear,
If but some certain strain I hear!



THE CATHOLIC CHAPTER.

SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS.

CHEE says, if in the morning I hear about the right way, and in the evening die, I can be happy.

A man's life is properly connected with virtue. The life of the evil man is preserved by mere good fortune.

Coarse rice for food, water to drink, and the bended arm for a pillow—happiness may be enjoyed even in these. Without virtue, riches and honor seem to me like a passing cloud.

A wise and good man was Hooi. A piece of bamboo was his dish, a cocoa-nut his cup, his dwelling a miserable shed. Men could not sustain the sight of his wretchedness; but Hooi did not change the serenity of his mind. A wise and good man was Hooi.

Chee-koong said, Were they discontented? The sage replies,

They sought and attained complete virtue ;— how then could they be discontented ?

Chee says, Yaou is the man who, in torn clothes or common apparel, sits with those dressed in furred robes without feeling shame.

To worship at a temple not your own is mere flattery.

Chee says, grieve not that men know not you ; grieve that you are ignorant of men.

How can a man remain concealed ! How can a man remain concealed !

Have no friend unlike yourself.

Chee-Yaou inquired respecting filial piety. Chee says, the filial piety of the present day is esteemed merely ability to nourish a parent. This care is extended to a dog or a horse. Every domestic animal can obtain food. Beside veneration, what is the difference ?

Chee entered the great temple, frequently inquiring about things. One said, who says that the son of the Chou man understands propriety ? In the great temple he is constantly asking questions. Chee heard and replied — “ This is propriety.”

Choy-ee slept in the afternoon. Chee says, rotten wood is unfit for carving : a dirty wall can not receive a beautiful color. To Ee what advice can I give ?

A man's transgression partakes of the nature of his company.

Having knowledge, to apply it ; not having knowledge, to confess your ignorance : this is real knowledge.

Chee says, to sit in silence and recall past ideas, to study and feel no anxiety, to instruct men without weariness ;— have I this ability within me ?

In forming a mountain, were I to stop when one basket of earth is lacking, I actually stop ; and in the same manner were I to add to the level ground though but one basket of earth daily, I really go forward.

A soldier of the kingdom of Ci lost his buckler ; and having sought after it a long time in vain, he comforted himself with this reflection : “ A soldier has lost his buckler, but a soldier of our camp will find it : he will use it.”

The wise man never hastens, neither in his studies nor his words ; he is sometimes, as it were, mute ; but when it concerns him to act and practice virtue, he, as I may say, precipitates all.

The truly wise man speaks little ; he is little eloquent. I see not that eloquence can be of very great use to him.

Silence is absolutely necessary to the wise man. Great speeches, elaborate discourses, pieces of eloquence, ought to be a language unknown to him ; his actions ought to be his language. As for me, I would never speak more. Heaven speaks ; but what language does it use to preach to men, that there is a sovereign principle from which all things depend ; a sovereign principle which makes them to act and to move ? Its motion is its language ; it reduces the seasons to their time ; it agitates nature ; it makes it produce. This silence is eloquent.

From the Hindoo Heetopades.

Our lives are for the purposes of religion, labor, love, and salvation. If these are destroyed, what is not lost ? If these are preserved, what is not preserved ?

A wise man should relinquish both his wealth and his life for another. All is to be surrendered for a just man when he is reduced to the brink of destruction.

Why dost thou hesitate over this perishable body composed of flesh, bones, and excrements ? O my friend, [*my body,*] support my reputation !

If constancy is to be obtained by inconstancy, purity by impurity, reputation by the body, then what is there which may not be obtained ?

The difference between the body and the qualities is infinite ; the body is a thing to be destroyed in a moment, whilst the qualities endure to the end of the creation.

Fortune attendeth that lion amongst men who exerteth himself. They are weak men who declare Fate the sole cause.

It is said Fate is nothing but the deeds committed in a former state of existence ; wherefore it behoveth a man vigilantly to exert the powers he is possessed of.

The stranger, who turneth away from a house with disappointed hopes, leaveth there his own offences, and departeth, taking with him all the good actions of the owner.

Hospitality is to be exercised even towards an enemy when he cometh to thine house. The tree does not withdraw its shade, even from the wood-cutter.

Of all men thy guest is the superior.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Life of Jesus: A manual for Academic Study. By Dr. CARL HASE, Professor of Theology in the University of Jena. Translated by James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1860.

The publication of this work by the firm which issues the regular works of the American Unitarian Association; its translation by the Secretary of that Association, as a work which he hopes "may be useful as a manual for theological students, Bible classes, and perhaps for the more advanced scholars in Sunday Schools;" its endorsement by Doctors of Divinity in high standing, both Unitarian (Dr. Osgood, of N. Y., and E. E. Hale, of Boston,) and Orthodox, (Barnas Sears, D.D., of Providence, and Dr. Schaaf, President at Mercersburg,) through letters prefatory in the book; all unite to make the appearance of this work of significant import in the theological horizon.

Twenty years of objurgation as to right and left wings; fifteen years abuse of Theodore Parker, have then resulted in presenting as the denominational standpoint a *Life of Jesus*, that sees contradictions between Matthew and John, "which make it impossible for both writings to have proceeded from Apostles" (p. 4); which declares that "an assumption of infallible accuracy in the sources . . . would make all historic research unnecessary and impossible, and bring back upon us only the constraint and untruth of the old-fashioned Harmonies" (p. 12); which speaks of Osiander introducing into the Lutheran Church "the superstition that each of the Evangelists was an organ of the Holy Ghost" (p. 29); which regards the stories of the nativity, miraculous conception, massacre of the innocents, guiding star, &c., as "legends of the later Church" (p. 42); which affirms that it does not "appear providentially credible that the purest of all men should have been born in violation of the moral order which God has instituted" (p. 46); which speaks of Jesus as the "religious genius" (p. 54); which conjectures concerning the turning of water into wine, "that an occurrence not originally regarded as a miracle . . . became transformed afterward in the remembrance of the Church and of the Apostle under later feelings and views" (p. 104); which finds that Jesus "took the most joyous moment of earthly gayety as a symbol of the highest communion" (p. 121); which holds that "he describes his oneness with God as dependence on God, and as destined for all mankind" (p. 137); which supposes, in reference to the stilling of the tempest, that Jesus "may, in his figurative manner, have commanded the storm in the Apostle's mind to be at peace, and that they afterward, when the storm had allayed, had misunderstood the ground of his confidence" (p. 147); that the herd of swine might have been frightened into the sea, and that the supposition of the devils being in them may have originated with the lunatic himself" (p. 148); that a friendly banquet, in which a multitude ate together, "grew into a legend of miraculous increase of food" (p. 153); that the walking on the lake is allegorical for the most part (p. 156); that Jesus did not prophecy of his Resurrection, or expect it (p. 173); that the tribute money found in the mouth of the fish is akin to the apocryphal stories (p. 176); which *hints* that the death of Lazarus was an "apparent death" (p. 184); which, speaking of the Passover question, declares that "the synoptical account unconditionally contradicts any supposition which might be favorable to the accuracy of John" (p. 193); that the withering of the fig-tree was a parable or metaphor which grew into a legend (p. 197); that amongst Christ's prophecies we find "predictions which were not fulfilled" (p. 202); that "it is impossible to demonstrate absolutely the death

of Jesus, since there is no certain criterion of death in any case, except the commencement of decay, or the destruction of an organ essential to life" (p. 228); that "the story of guarding the grave, which is only told in the first Gospel, is so improbable as to the reason given, and as to the behavior of all those implicated, that it must be considered a legend, the motive for which Matthew himself has given in the Jewish rumor of the body being stolen" (p. 230); which declares, concerning the saints rising from their graves, at the crucifixion, that the historical basis of the statement "vanishes as soon as we try to conceive of it intelligibly" (p. 238).

These admissions are all the more remarkable as coming from one who has no objection *a priori* to miracles, though he takes as a postulate that miracles can not "contradict the laws of the world, which are the constant expressions of the Divine Will." But the significance of the translation is that it must be regarded as the standpoint where cultivated supernaturalists in America wish to be met. We think that our readers will agree with us, that the trial of the case between that standpoint and rationalism is not worth the costs.

Yet we should grieve to have any reader to suppose that in taking up Dr. Hase's *Life of Christ* he was entering into an atmosphere of controversy. The criticisms we have indicated for a special purpose are merely incidental, and do not at all represent the spirit of the work, which is an earnest, reverent, and tender portrayal of the Divine Man and his relations with persons and things around. Its criticism is better than Neander's, its spirit better than Strauss'; in reading we seem to breathe the very air of ancient Palestine. Every word is real: what some one said of Montaigne's style—"Cut these words and they would bleed"—may be well applied to this work of Carl Hase. The more that we divest the Son of Man of the shreds and patches of superstition which cling, like relics of old and barbarous costumes, about him, the more does he shine forth the religious representative of the race who can not be dethroned, until the crown of man also is torn from his brow and trampled in the dust.

Esperanza; My journey thither, and what I found there. Cincinnati: Valentine Nicholson. 1860. For sale by A. Hutchinson, and Rickey, Mallory & Co.

When a rope, at which a number of persons are pulling with their full strength, suddenly snaps, the children and weak-kneed persons will be likely to tumble farther than they designed, and measure their length in any ditch that happens to be near. Only men keep their balance when the rope gives way. In this country, and especially in the West, men and women are struggling with manifold cords which have too much bound them: one by one they are snapping. The mind of man struggles with creeds. Woman is galled with the practical results of her legal non-existence. Amongst these binding cords we certainly believe that marriage, as it holds in most of the States, is one; the result is, that the relation of the sexes under it, because of the absence of spontaneity and truth, frequently proves a scourge to both. But it becomes those who are exercised to reform the world in this particular not to pull so violently as to tumble into the ditch. Paul was evidently thinking of such liabilities when he declared that those who strive are not crowned, except they strive lawfully.

These reflections have been suggested by the perusal of "*Esperanza*"—the Land of Hope: a work written on the gospel of Free Love. Perhaps the name of the author might as well have been on the title page, since it is quite generally indicated that it is the work of Dr. Nichols, late of the community of Memnona, at Yellow Springs, O., later still of the Roman Catholic Church. In what light that Church will regard the publication of this posthumous novel from the pen of its convert, we are not prepared to say.

We have heard that the author had concluded his account of *Esperanza*, by introducing a Catholic Father who converts them all to the Mother Church; and that the publisher, having some authority in the premises, is responsible for the substitution of the weak and diluted *Dream* which concludes the book, in which a Spirit inculcates the *one love* theory so feebly as to make the free love portions of it all the more dangerous.

It is a pity if the publisher compelled this alteration; the other would have been, in every way, truer — truer in philosophy and fact.

Memnona, when in its most flourishing condition, numbered about twenty inmates. They were generally Eastern and English people; and, we have been credibly informed, were persons who had met with disappointments and griefs in the life of the affections, — the unrequited or the divorced. It was represented to the country chiefly through the terrible denunciations of Horace Mann, whose imagination, excited by its proximity to Antioch College, pictured it as, to use his own words, "the superfetation of diabolism upon polygamy." This community, however, had reason to know that Mr. Mann was mistaken; and that so far from Memnona's being a seat of sexual license, it inaugurated in its actual life the asceticism and celibacy which afterward carried its leading characters into the Church of Rome. Daily confessions and penances were prescribed and obeyed. And when through pecuniary embarrassments, — for the community ruined every one who made any investment in it, — and the jealousies of human nature, this false thing burst like a bubble, the eight leading persons (including those named in *Esperanza*, Harmonia, Vincent, Angelo, Eugenia, and the beautiful Melodia) immediately went into the Romish Church. Melodia (Miss H.) is now a nun in Cuba.

We have taken pains to trace, from sources entirely reliable, the above facts, which are the most significant commentary on this book. Any association not based upon the sacredness of the family, is not only fluid, but foam. Sir John Suckling's comparison of Love to a sun-glass, which, moved about to various points, burns not, but when held still kindles a flame, has had many ages to test it, and has become ever the more established. Indeed, the experiences and observations of the profoundest hearts and minds have tended to prefer Swedenborg's doctrine of the immortality of special loves, to the saying of Jesus, as commonly understood, that in heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

Hearts die, hearts' loves remain.
Hearts' loves shall meet thee again.

Napoleon III. in Italy: and other Poems. By ELIZABETH B. ARRETT BROWN-ING. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1860. Cincinnati: For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co.

Mrs. Browning is always sure of her audience; for she has created it. She has not only made poems, but poets; her intensity of utterance, her culture, her emotion, have proved contagious with the thinkers of her sex. For a long time it was inquired if Mrs. Browning had written "Philip my King," or "My Last Dance," or this or that fugitive piece which appeared in some magazine. It was published that they were written by other hands; yet close readers knew that they were none the less written by Mrs. Browning.

But the difficulty with E. B. B. is, that she can not stand the fiery draughts of her own emotion; she is intoxicated by them, and lacks that peculiar and celestial quality of the Poet — the ability to see things as they are. Therefore, she is not so much a Poet as a Pythoness. "Aurora Leigh" was not a poem, it was a romantic oration on Laws, Castes, Statesmen, Chartism, etc., etc.

In the present little work there is a sad lack of health. In reading the

Laudation of Napoleon (the little) by this noble woman whose very heart-beats are measured by the march of Freedom — the Laudation of Napoleon, the Liar and the Serpent who crept into the heart of Rome *when she was free* — crept there by a Lie — and strangled the Divine Babe in its cradle — one knows not whether to burst into tears or laughter. Is it not plain that some villainous little Puck has been making use of that flower which Cupid's falling arrow made, called, "Love-in-idleness," on our poet's eyes, and Louis N. is the Bottom she beholds on waking, and must perforce love? How else could she have written thus:

"Nay, but he, this wonder,
He can not falter nor prate,
Though many around him and under,
With intellects trained to the curve,
Distrust him in spirit and nerve
Because his meaning is straight. (!)
Measure him ere he depart
With those who have governed and led;
Larger so much by the heart,
Larger so much by the head,
Emperor
Evermore."

We give the Shakesperian commentary on this:

Tiawia. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamored of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear I love thee.

Bottom. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbor will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tiawia. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bottom. Not so neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Yet we are not sorry that Mrs. Browning has had the amiable credulity to write this book: it is a part of that coercion which a bad man needs to commit and bind him to an important policy, to which the mere instinct of self-preservation would have guided any one in his place, but which he would evade by any blind way, so soon as his self-interest could be shown to jump with the temporal authority of the Pope. Therefore let there be a lock and bolt on every swerving byway. He can not be a man; he *shall* be a scourge.

The other poems in this little book, seven in number, are all political; and though they have the pallor of the first, they, like it, abound in passages of rare depth. "Christmas Gifts" is a production of exquisite Art. The rebuke of the United States for her faithlessness to liberty is given in thoughts that lighten and words that thunder.

The Hierophant: or Gleanings from the Past. Being an exposition of Biblical Astronomy, and the symbolism and mysteries on which were founded all ancient, religious and secret societies. Also an explanation of the Dark Sayings and Allegories which abound in the Pagan, Jewish and Christian Bibles: also the real sense of the doctrines and observances of the modern Christian Churches. By G. C. STEWART, Newark, N. J. Cincinnati: For sale by A. Hutchinson.

In giving at length the title-page we have given the table of contents of this very curious and very entertaining work. The reader will at once guess that it is an addition to that half-true, half-extravagant literature of speculation made popular by such works as Taylor's *Deodecius* and Higgins' *Anacalypsis*. It is a region which grievously befogs any but the clearest vision. We think our author more of a philosopher than any who have preceded him. He is a glorious pagan and terribly in earnest; since

the day when Taylor, the English translator of Plato, was solemnly converted to the religion of ancient Greece, and was brought before a magistrate by his landlady for offering up a bull to Jupiter in her back parlor, we have heard of no such case of deliberate and devout heathenism. He is a believer in Christ, because Christ is the greatest interpreter of the spirit of the ancient signs and hieroglyphs, the spiritual Champollion. The following paragraph will perhaps give some indication of the plan and character of this queer book :

"In all religious systems, in order to fulfil all righteousness, the founders must needs organize them in accordance with the method adopted in the earlier ages. Then as there were twelve domicils of the Sun, there must be twelve teachers or leaders, and when one was lost, another must be chosen to supply his place. When Levi was selected for the priesthood, another tribe was divided to maintain the perfect number; and when Judas fell, another was chosen to fill his place. All the worship of the ancients, when performed systematically, consisted in imitating the movements of the heavenly bodies and the action of the elements, and in celebrating the labors of the Sun, together with bloody sacrifices, to appease a supposed angry God. Jesus was, no doubt, well acquainted with these customs of the ancients, and conformed to them, externally, when he began his career; for we find him acknowledging them in his baptism and forty days fast, in which he imitated the passage of the Sun through the Constellation Aquarius, where John, Joannes or Janus the baptizer, had his domicil, and baptized the earth with his early rains. Having been baptized in the Jordan, he fasted forty days in the wilderness, in imitation of the passage of the Sun from the Constellation Aquarius, through the Fishes to the Mutton of March. During the forty days when the Sun is among the Fishes, the faithful Catholics, Episcopalians and Mahometans, abstain from meat and live upon the fishes, during the season of Lent, as did the Jews and Pagans."

A Voyage down the Amoor: with a land journey through Siberia, and incidental notices of Manchouria, Kamschatka and Japan. By PERRY MC DONOUGH COLLINS, U. S. Com. Agt. at the Amoor river. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co.

We have never read a more agreeable book of the kind. Mr. Collins was appointed March, 1853, by President Pierce, but as the result of his own interest in these little known regions of Asia; armed with his official authority, and many letters from the Russian Ambassador at Washington, he went forth and traced the Asiatic Mississippi from its source to its mouth. We assure the reader that the space we have to notice this rich work is fearfully out of proportion to its value. Mr. Collins knows just what sketches and observations will be entertaining; he has a good humor that never surrenders; an eye for all beauty, from the smallest flower to the bloomiest Goldee maiden. Nothing seems to have escaped him, and we must even imagine him to have slept with one eye and remained on the watch with the other. The style is as piquant as some fine Oriental soy. The external execution of the work, including the drawings of ancient monuments on the Amoor, are very creditable to its publishers.

Friarwood Post-Office. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860. Cincinnati: For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co.

A book of invalids and afflictions; of diseases of mind, body and estate; diseased views of life, and an invalid theology exhaled as consequences. We doubt if there be a healthy thought or word in this book; therefore, since we can not give the professional, i. e., medicinal, criticism which it demands, we have labeled it with Dr. Johnson's savage remark: "Sir, every man is a rascal when he is sick!"

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THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST.

[Sixth Article.]

THE INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF JESUS.

JESUS plainly belonged to that class of minds which manifest genius under its highest form — minds largely gifted with the intuitive faculty, capable of indicating the primal laws, and of stating the fundamental axioms of thought. What Plato was in the department of metaphysics, what Kepler and Newton were in the region of astronomy, what in the realm of the human heart was Shakspeare, that was Jesus in morals and religion. He was a Seer whose clear eye gazed into the vast expanse of Truth, and saw, as through no misty atmosphere, but immediately, the central principles and ruling orbs of the spiritual world, as plainly as the keenest vision sees the stars. He dealt with abstract and absolute ideas, and these he enunciated in the simplest and most comprehensive form. Not as private opinions, but as universal facts; not as human thoughts, but as divine things; not as what his intellect believed, but as what his soul knew. With the relations of Truth in detail he concerned himself little. Its more minute and specific applications did not interest him. The oracles of Wisdom which he utters, the practical intellect must interpret and transmute into serviceable common sense as it can. "I say unto you that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." "Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed

like one of these." "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And not one of them falleth to the ground without your Father. Fear ye not, therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows." These are great thoughts, simple and profound. They are not reasoned out in their evidence. They are not explained in their practical relations. They are not recommended by proofs. They are simply affirmed as verities, independently of all proof. They are necessary and universal Truths.

Minds of this class, eminent for the vividness and depth of their intuitions, do not often excel in the department of what we call the Intellect, whose function it is to reduce sentiments to ideas, and ideas to systems. They are commonly defective in logical faculty which gives form to Truth, and are but poorly supplied with the rules, methods, formularies, and dialectic processes, by which abstract propositions are wrought into shape and made tangible as digested science to the common understanding of men. They can generalize better than they can analyze. The Prophet is rarely a logician. The Poet and the Critic are not always nor frequently united in the same person. Indeed, the pure Reason and the analytical Intellect seem, in their perfect development and full action, to be incompatible with each other. They demand different organizations and different culture. One needs a finer texture of brain, a more delicate and responsive nervous system, than the other. The Seer loves the solitude of meditation; he communes with his own thoughts, cherishes his imaginations, lives in his dreams. He cares little for books, neglecting all save the writings of inspired Prophets, and the oracles of the Poets. He cares little for men, but loves best to be alone on the mountain top or the wilderness, where he can meet the Eternal Spirit face to face. The Theologian must possess an educated intellect, vigorous, agile, discerning, a mind well versed in the history of opinions, richly stored with erudition, free from prejudice, and independent in judgment. These in sufficient measure are all the qualifications requisite for the duties of dogmatist or professor.

But the *Revealer of Truth* needs nothing but the prophetic soul. He requires no academic training. On many accounts he is better without the cramping logic and the cumbrous lore. The critical apparatus will not aid his eye-sight. Books of hermeneutics will not

furnish him with wings. The rules of criticism will not facilitate his spiritual movements. The qualities essential to him are a lofty and lucid Reason, in whose serene vault primitive ideas and central principles shine like moons ; a heart warm, true, and deep ; a conscience delicate, quick, and responsive to the faintest suggestions of good ; a will that never consciously swerves from perfect rectitude, but with persuasive force compels every form of passion to be obedient to the holy law of God ; and a sensibility of religious feeling that makes the soul tremulous under every movement of the Divine Spirit. Such a person will see Truth as with the naked eye ; he will be guided to it by sympathy ; he will grasp it by an instinct of Faith ; he will declare it with words of authority, not as some private opinion of his own, but as the living Word of the Eternal. Spiritual verities come through the spiritual nature, through the heart, the conscience, the soul. They are profound convictions, certain knowledge, which the Theologian, according to his ability, must submit to sharp analysis, resolve into its parts, and array as doctrine. Take as an illustration the idea and the dogma respecting God. The idea of God as the First Cause, infinite and absolute, is a universal fact of Reason. We find it unaccountably in our soul, and deeper, stronger, clearer, as our soul is finely organized and fully developed. This uncreated idea, abstract and vast, the heart invests with its dearest sentiments and its tenderest affections, the conscience robes it in its divinest conceptions of truth, the religious spirit crowns it with mercy and loving kindness, does homage to it as the supremely good and fair, and regards the Being it represents as the living substance of all perfection. Thus Faith beholds God ; knows Him ; looks upon His face ; lives in His presence. God *is*. His Being is the absolute fact of the world. His attributes are the real energies of all that is beautiful and good. But this pure sentiment, this simple idea, becomes wonderfully complicated when it falls under the eye of the critical understanding. Its unity at once falls to pieces. It is discussed — that is to say, it is shaken apart. The Intellect starts questions like these : Does God exist in Trinity, or in simple Unity ? Is His “being” at all affected by his “becoming ?” Is He immanent in the world, or permanent, or transient ? How can He reveal Himself ? How is His personality compatible with His absoluteness ? Does His foreknowledge predestinate, and if so, what is its relation to human will ? Is His action on the universe

of matter mediate or immediate? Is His providence general and particular, or is it also special? How is His perfect justice to be reconciled with His perfect love? How can He pardon a sinner, how can He punish one?

These, and a multitude of similar questions, the Intellect is compelled to urge. Hence arise various theologies; various opinions and dogmas respecting God, not in the least affecting man's *faith* in God, but serving to render Him intelligible to the understanding, and bringing Him within the compass of discourse.

Now, it is evident that here are two quite separate functions: the function of Faith, which presents to us Truth in its absolute form and substance; and the function of Intellect, which renders this primitive Word into doctrines.

It must be evident, then, that one may have a perfect faith in God, and yet be unable to give an intelligible account of his faith. He may feel the living Deity in every movement of his heart; may pray to Him, trust Him, love Him, obey Him, reveal Him in daily conduct, speak of Him in tones of solemn earnestness that might impress even a thoughtless mind; and yet he may be perplexed by the simplest questions about the nature of Deity, be unable to apprehend the very plainest distinctions, and be utterly at a loss in attempting to communicate to another mind, in any adequate or definite form of words, the separate thoughts which are so vital to his experience.

On the other hand, a person may be a master of scholastic disputation, thoroughly acquainted with the mysteries of metaphysics, able to analyze, refine and distinguish, to deduce, to demonstrate, and to dissect, until the whole matter, cleared of obscurity, is laid out in syllogism and formula, and yet be wholly without faith in the living God, lacking all pious sentiment towards Him, and enjoying no knowledge or spiritual vision of Him whatever.

Nor is this all. It may happen that a person's faith is directly contradicted by his belief; or, as the common saying is, one may believe better than he knows. Faith may be fresh, and progressive, while opinion is fixed and dead. Reason may be awake and free, while Intellect is still cumbered with error, and trammelled with tradition. The Soul may range over the entire domain of the spiritual world, while the understanding is helplessly entangled among the briars and creepers that infest the common earth. And this discrepancy between the intuitive point and the critical mind

usually continues for many years, and frequently is never abolished. How often it is the case that one who loves God with the whole heart, to whom God is all that is pure, sweet, gracious, and forgiving; who can weep on His heart, and come to Him like a child in the darkest hour of sorrow and sin, will nevertheless *describe* God in language expressive only of gloom and fear. Faith's Father is Dogma's Dæmon. The grace which the heart welcomes, the understanding declares is unattainable, save to the "elect." The righteousness which the holiest reveres, becomes hideous when explained by the theologian's logic as inexorable and pitiless law. People, and profoundly pious people too, will speak of God as a Being of perfect love, and in the same breath insist upon it that He condemns those whom death finds impenitent, to the horrors of everlasting perdition. We must often deplore such contrasts as these. But they are natural—they are unavoidable; for experience as well as reflection teaches us that the swift and free spirit easily outstrips the lagging understanding, and in proportion to its elevation and its range, breaks through the boundaries of definition and the limitations of logic, and drags on the blundering intelligence as best it can. After all, the man who suffers through the want of intellectual training alone is an infinitely nobler person than the man who suffers through the want of spiritual discernment. It is immeasurably better to be able to feel God truly, than to be able to talk about Him exactly; to have an entire faith in Deity, than to have an ingenious theory of Deity. In the former case, God will be revealed to men in spite of stammering tongue and incoherent speech. In the latter case, God will not be revealed at all: only the name of God will glide with glib movement over the frozen surface of the thoughts.

Applying what has now been said, perhaps at needless length, to Jesus, it will be conceded that his highest mission did not require intellectual perfection, and that any defects that may be discovered in his logical understanding do not necessarily detract from his personal dignity or his prophetic wisdom. Jesus was uneducated, according to our standard, and of course was destitute of the advantages which education alone bestows. He had not enjoyed even the teaching of the rabbins, poor as that was. Whence should he learn logic? Whence should he get instruction in regard to the laws of thought? Do dialectics come by intuition? Does the Holy Spirit give lessons in criticism? Jesus

was uneducated. Of course, he was ignorant in some things, in some he was prejudiced, in some he was mistaken. A brief examination of one or two of his speculative views will show him to have been so. Having accepted the first Gospel as containing our only authentic information respecting Jesus, we must, of course, seek his opinions there, taking the book as we find it, and interpreting the language fairly. We may wish that some things we read were omitted, and that some things which are omitted could be supplied. But there is the Book. We must take it as it is, neither adding nor subtracting aught. It is not for the student to misinterpret or evade. It is not for the believer persistently or perversely to discover his own sentiments in the New Testament, and then to protest that he believes with Christ, when in fact he makes Christ believe with him. This kind of interpretation, "Whose problem is not simply to gather an author's thought from his words, but from among all *true* thoughts to find the one that will sit the least uneasily under his words," has too long been the opprobrium of English theology. "No doubt," says a brilliant writer,* "many good and well-instructed men have persuaded themselves that by such exegetical sleight-of-hand they could save apostolic and other infallibility. We can only say that when piety supplies the motive, and learning the means, for bewildering veracity of apprehension, two rich and noble endowments are spent in corrupting a nobler, which is the life of them both."

Let us first examine the expressed beliefs of Jesus respecting God. To that filial heart God appeared as the sum of all spiritual perfection. Faith in God was remarkably clear and firm; *conviction* of the Divine reality was as absolute as the truth itself; *feeling* of the Divine Spirit was deep, trusting, and tender, almost beyond expression. Jesus seems to have thought and purposed, to have lived, moved, and had his being in God. God was to him Law, and Light, and Love. In this elevation of soul what blessed words fall from his lips. God is no awful, jealous Jehovah, but the "Father celestial," who "maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." He is "ready to give good things to them that ask him." He sees the deed that is done in secret, and heeds the unuttered prayer. He reveals himself to the pure in heart; the peace-makers are his

*Martineau, *Westminster Review* for January, 1852, p. 109.

children. But He has compassion, even better than love, for the erring who are penitent, and for the guilty who implore. "Love your enemies," says Jesus; "bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven." God is everywhere, extending His care to the smallest thing. "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father." "The very hairs of your heads are all numbered." It was a saintly spirit that out of its joyous trustfulness could say, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat and what ye shall drink, nor for your body what ye shall put on." "If God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." It was a truly child-like spirit that could discover the Divine glory and graciousness in the lilies and the grass, and could reason from their delicate but guarded beauty to the Providence which oversees human life. The Father's ear is perpetually open to His children's cry. Nothing could be more beautiful than words like these: "Ask, and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." One who could speak thus must have had himself a natural father and mother; for how could he have learned the meaning of those dear words, save in a human frame?

But faith in God is manifested by actions better than by words; and judged by this sign, the faith of Jesus stands unparalleled, as yet, and unapproached. He whose benignant presence was a breathing benediction upon all that met him; he who could speak compassionately to the adulteress,* and could extend his comforting and healing sympathy to all, without distinction of nation, sect, class or condition—through this universal kindness did but express his conviction that the Heavenly Father likewise blessed all His creatures; that He pitied the guilty, and was long suffering towards the sinful; that He, too, knew no distinction of persons, but could love all alike. We can not doubt, therefore, that Christ's

* According to Fabricius, the story of the adulteress, told in the eighth chapter of John, and decided to be ungeniue there, occurred in the "Gospel of the Ebionites," which is supposed, and not without reason, to have been the original of our Matthew.

feeling towards God was wonderfully pure, and that his faith in God was absolutely perfect. But this beautiful sentiment seems never to have become exact philosophy. And when we take up Christ's intellectual apprehension, or dogmatic theory of God, we feel painfully its inadequacy to convey a feeling so pure and simple. For example, the intelligent belief in an Infinite God, infinite in power, in wisdom, and in goodness, seems inconsistent with such a belief in Satan as was entertained by the Jews; for the admission of a spirit essentially evil into the economies of the universe in a measure qualifies every one of the Divine attributes. The realm allotted to the Devil must be snatched from the dominion of God. That portion of the world, like the castle of an insurgent baron, is not actually in the Lord's possession, and is even fortified against his approach. There is a Power that can maintain itself against the Supreme, which therefore is no longer Supreme. A king, one-half whose empire is in a state of permanent and successful revolt, is neither omnipotent nor omniscient. Now Jesus, so far as we can judge, believed in this Evil Spirit. Not only when he may be accommodating himself to popular opinions, but when he must be supposed to enunciate his own, he asserts, or at least never so much as by implication denies the existence of a personal Power of Malignity, a dark and dangerous Being, who disputed with God the empire of the earth. The least ambiguous proofs of this occur in the third Gospel, but in the first Gospel they are not wanting. The Prince of Evil is called Satan, Devil, Beelzebub, the Wicked One, and most of the hellish attributes are ascribed to him. "Then was brought unto Jesus one possessed with a devil, blind and dumb, and he healed him;" and said, "If Satan cast out Satan, he is divided against himself: how then shall his kingdom stand?"—Matt. xvi. 22-26. "When any one heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the Wicked One and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart."—xiii. 19. "He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man; the field is the world; the good seed are the children of the Kingdom; the tares are the children of the Wicked One; the enemy that sowed them is the Devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels."—xiii. 38, 39. If the belief in Satan had not prevailed among the Jews, in the time of Christ, we might say that he merely made use, as a poet, of figurative language. But since the words that are put into his mouth

express a belief which was commonly entertained, even by the wise and learned and pious of that age, we have no right to say that when Jesus used them, as in the cases cited above, he meant something else, or meant nothing. We have no right to presume that while he employed the popular speech, he discarded the popular prejudice.

It was during the Persian Captivity that the Jews, as appears from books produced after the Exile, adopted the *dæmonology* of the East, and found a place for evil spirits in the order of Providence. In the Apocryphal writings the existence of "*dæmons*" is a fact assumed. They are described as dwelling in desolate and ruinous places. They have intercourse with men, and possess them, and can only by occult agencies be expelled. One of them, a lustful *dæmon*, occupies the body of a beautiful maid and kills her seven husbands on the marriage-night. These *dæmons* were not supposed to be the departed spirits of evil men, which were allowed to haunt the earth and disturb the peace of its inhabitants, according to the notion that widely prevails in modern times, and in defence of which the believers in spiritual intercourse have much to say. They were fallen angels, born in heaven and born good, but plunged by their own transgressions into hell. This is the belief that plainly appears in the New Testament, and that is fully stated in the following passage, Matt. xii. 43-46: "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none. Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there. And the last state of that man is worse than the first." The Jews, in common with other nations, ascribed to the influence of evil spirits the more mysterious and uncontrollable maladies, such as epilepsy, convulsions, paralysis, dumbness, blindness, more especially madness, lunacy, delirium, idiocy, and melancholy. The Jewish physicians or Magi resorted to various methods of exorcism for the restoration of such as were thus afflicted, using incantations, prescribing charms, talismans, and mystic formulas, which evil spirits could not withstand. When the sufferers in this kind are brought to Jesus, he rebukes the spirits and expels them "by his word," always humoring the patient's whim, but apparently, too, sharing in his delusion. Did he share in it? This is

the question. In the absence of any intimation to the contrary, we must presume that he did. And in the whole New Testament there is not a single suggestion, however faint, of any disagreement on this matter between Jesus and his contemporaries. More than this, his own words carry an assent to the popular belief. He bids his disciples "cast out devils" (Matt. x. 8)—quite a needless direction and a barren authority, if he deemed there were no devils to cast out. In a particular case which his followers had been unable to manage, he rebukes them by saying "this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." (See Strauss' *Life of Christ*, vol. ii., p. 241-2. The whole chapter is admirable.) In one place (Matt. xii. 26-29) Christ speaks of a "kingdom" and a "household" of the Devil, in language which one talking figuratively would hardly use.

If we are reluctant to grant that Jesus shared a superstition so fanciful as this,—which, after all, is held to be no superstition to this day by the majority of Christendom,—we must remember that it was the general and deeply rooted persuasion of his age and country. The rabbins believed it as much as the vulgar, as pleasing to the imagination, and suggesting an obvious explanation of the facts of natural and moral evils. How should Jesus question a doctrine that was dear to the popular heart, that was countenanced by the national literature (1 Sam. xvi. 14-23), and that was expounded in the leading schools?

[To be concluded.]

RUDIMENTS.

Must realize his Can't, not cast it off.—JOHN STERLING.

THERE is a vulgar belief that our Revolution conquered for our nation its liberties, and that each generation of Americans inherits a free country. Of course, revolution can no more conquer Freedom for a people than it can conquer scholarship or regeneration for it. All the Americas can not make, of inborn serfs, freemen. It becomes us, therefore, to start from the fact that the phraseology of Freedom is as yet Cant; that the reading of the Declaration of Independence, the celebration of the birthdays of our heroic rebels, the holidays of Radicalism, glorified by Con-

servatism, are Cant. By this I would say, that these, our early traditions, are like the unevoked compositions left by Beethoven, in a score beyond the power of any instruments to which they are given for rendering. Instead of giving us that great music, our orchestra mingles in it the clank of chains and the yelp of the blood-hound. When, again and again, we hold up the luminous page, and say, "This is the score we gave you to execute," the players stammer at first, then, being pressed, honestly say that their instruments can not perform those "glittering generalities," nor the dancers keep step to them.

I fear that the Reformers are hasty in charging dishonesty and hypocrisy where there is disloyalty to Freedom. There is no denying that the truths which Jefferson and Henry declare to be self-evident, are not self-evident at all; they are the last refinements of civilization; not the world's seed nor stem, but it's flower—one, too, whose fragrance is to be inhaled with the flower of the mind. Our fathers had the quick heats of personal oppression and revolution to bring them to this result; but what can we expect of a generation of maggots, the sole ambition of each of which is to be a fatter maggot than the other, and all seeing nothing beyond their special old Stilton? We must begin low enough even with the best. What is the highest position which the Republican party in 1860 can bear? Only that slavery is quite proper where it exists, but very bad where it does not exist! How many of those who fancy themselves friends of Freedom, do we find laying down Wall Street and Kansas land-lots, as the corner-stones of her temple? And surely, to a real freeman, this association with liberty of the advantage of free labor or equal power of the general government, is as low as one who should mingle with vows of love inquiries as to the bulk of his lady's purse, or the extent of the betrothed larder. That brotherhood of freemen, who join hands through all lands and ages, must teach others the *RUDIMENTS*; looking upon professions of devotion to Freedom as Cant,—yet Cant, in which line for line a real face is masked; Cant to which the people must be held fast, until the flood-tide shall come to make it *real*. For this end we must be content to go far down on the dry beach and foster the faintest, feeblest wave that beats in the right direction in every mind; nor despise it because it is not floating ships stranded up by the high-water marks.

—It was in the autumn of one of these late years that I received from an old classmate the following note :

W —, VIRGINIA, Oct. 20.

DEAR C. : — Do come over and see us ! I hear that you have become a fearful Abolitionist, and my wife says she's afraid of you ; but still, come ! That topic shall be sunk in the river Styx.

Yours, as ever,

PHILIP.

Something moved me to comply. A week after, I entered, by the familiar old stage and the same old driver, (always much "tighter" than the reins he held,) the grass-grown streets of one of the oldest towns of Virginia. I found my friend surrounded by the luxuries of a new, neat cottage, and a happy honeymoon, which were shared by an interesting young wife.

The afternoon had passed pleasantly, and we had seated ourselves comfortably beside the glowing hearth ; already deep in memories of old friendships and earlier scenes, forgetful of the chasms by which we were separated, and, as it were, grasping hands once more tightly before a parting, which promised to be for many a long, sad year, we gave ourselves up to the pleasure of the occasion. Then, suddenly, close to the door a sob was heard,—and then, in quick succession, a sob, a groan, and a low voice said, "Oh, my poor Tom !"

The young wife, pale as marble, was at the door in an instant. On opening it a young colored woman stood in view, sobbing violently. She had just heard that her husband, to whom she had been married about two months, had been sold that morning to the far South, by his master, who lived a few miles off. The poor thing was in despair, and sank upon the floor, moaning. My friend's wife knelt down by her, speechless, her arm placed kindly about the neck of the unfortunate. Then came a silence that was mournful, indeed. Presently this young woman, Philip's wife, arose and turned upon us, her face wet with tears, — strode across with the dignity of Rachel, and gave me her hand, — "Now, sir," she cried, "I am not afraid of you ! You see it is all Satan's own ! No, no, dear husband, don't speak to me. I hate it ! hate, hate, hate Slavery ! Go back and tell them all that we are in Sodom ! I will go out into the kitchen and tell every servant to go, go, go — where they shall live in some peace !" And out she rushed, her husband after her. (I think I have preserved the *ipsisima verba* of this Pythoness.)

For a full hour I was left alone with the fire, which burnt without and within, whilst I mused, interrupted only by quick, high voices, which occasionally reached me from another part of the house. At length my friend stepped softly in. He was sorry the scene had occurred; his wife was sorry also; was aware of the weakness she had shown before a stranger; had not been very well, lately; desired to be excused for the rest of the evening. Then followed a pause, broken first by Philip.

"Your Anti-Slavery friends would, I suppose, make much of such an incident as this."

"There are some subjects, it would seem, that the river Styx can not keep down, Philip," I said, wishing him to open and direct the conversation. "There are, I know there are, a great many evils about the system. Many evils beset every position, however well defended, [and here I saw the vision of the young wife, with arm encircling the slave's neck, mingling her tears with hers,] which is outside the protection of the holy mother, Liberty."

My friend gave an equivocal smile.

"Does that sound to you like Cant?"

"I must say it did, a little."

"And yet for this Cant I have untwined so many arms of affection, unclasped so many warm hands which held mine, that I must ask you to believe it something more, Philip!"

"Forgive me," he answered, with a slight tremor in his voice, "I do not mean to distrust you. But, truly, this idea of Liberty seems to me more or less a phantom. I can feel concerned for special cases of oppression and cruelty, and admire special cases of heroic rebellion against injustice and arbitrary power; but Liberty, in itself, is vague: few persons, on earth, are free, and those by no means happiest or most furnished with the means of doing good."

"I might reply to this last remark in the lines of the poet, —

He that feeds men serveth few;

He serves all who dares be true.

It is as true of an idea as of a man. But pray bear with me whilst I disclose what it is that we mean, and show you that our idea of Liberty is no speculation or enthusiasm, but a positive, historic, and mathematical necessity."

"That is just what I have never seen."

"Observe, then, that it has become an axiom of natural his-

tory, that the higher the organization the greater the freedom. The animals of lowest structure fasten themselves to rocks, or in the river-shallows, for protection ; they move about slowly and with difficulty ; their lives are at the mercy of external elements, their only escape from which is in the prison of a shell. Each step in the scale of rising life differs from the first only in greater independence of external things by the growth of a stronger self-sustaining apparatus ; each higher animal form, as it came forth in the ages, was simply a revolution for Freedom. Thus you see the idea of Liberty is as ancient as the most conservative could desire, and began with the primal pulses of Nature. Is it wonderful that man should inherit it ; that what was in the stem should prevail in the fruit ? For the naturalist shows us that man's form is the triumph of physical Freedom.

"Now, then, at this point, we enter another sphere—that of man, wherein stratum rises on stratum, with the same old music. Here we find the axiom, *The higher the race, the greater the freedom*. The races of men are classified with regard of their historical efforts toward Freedom, and the false assertion of the ignorant concerning the lowest races, that *they are fit only to be slaves*, reveals that this is the test of higher and lower. We say of the Anglo-Saxon, he is highest, because he has never submitted to be a slave. The Jew in Palestine is a nobler man than the Jew in Egypt.

"Then we pass into a higher formation,—into inward and spiritual life. Thought is thought by reason of Freedom. The structural bondage of the animal to the earth is an outer sign of the inner trammel to animal instincts ; but an animal which should show that it could act as a free agent, from rational and conscientious motives, would be human, though a quadruped, and would be so recognized ; and, on the other hand, if any one, apparently human, shows that he is unemancipated from the animal, he can not be treated as a freeman,—such being the case with idiots and criminals. Moral, intellectual, and personal Freedom are, then, as essential conditions of any true, upright manhood, as the preservation of the centre of gravity is essential to the upright posture of the body.

"And so upward, quite through the Universe, runs the law. All superiority, heroism, genius, are but greater Freedom ; that is, they are the results of extreme individuality, which is Freedom. This progress of animal forms, from the imprisonment of a mol-

lusk to the liberty of man, is at the same time a progress from without *inward*; the sun and air were the nerves of the jelly-fish, but the fish has nerves gathered in independent centres; the shell of the oyster is absorbed into the skeleton of the reptile. What else is genius but the latest workings of this law, where the mind *originates* ideas, whereas lower minds fasten on others as barnacles? What else is character than self-sustaining force, in contrast with servility and conventionality?

“For this reason I spoke to you of Liberty as the holy mother of all earthly good. I speak but the refrain of the chorus of all the best men who have lived; for not one great man is known in history who has not, in some form, borne witness in favor of Freedom. The early Christians had a motto, *Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty*; the old British bards were named, *Those who are free throughout the world*; the mission of America, on earth, is to realize the full glory of these words: *All men are created free and equal*! For of all these, Liberty has been, and is the miracle-working Genius.”

* * * * *

A few years have passed since this night. My friend lived on and gave no sign. Recently he died; and the following is the substance of a note received from his wife: “Perhaps it would please you to know that, by his will, Philip has emancipated his slaves. I think the lesson of poor Sally, which occurred during your visit, was never lost upon him. When he was dying, he took the hands of both our little boys and mine, and said, ‘Dear Margaret, teach them as I had intended to do had I lived — *to live for Freedom and hate Slavery, at any cost.*’ These were his last words.”

I have concluded that I have been too often impatient of *rudiments* — to which, in this case, I was led by personal feeling. Have you not been so also, brother? I have somewhere read a fine German epigram of the witless man, who, when fortune is near his *right* hand, is sure to thrust out his *left*. Perhaps Fogysism is not the only folly; and surely God could have created no mind without some handle, which is at the command of whatever grasp of evidence and truth is adapted to it.

AN APRIL ORPHIC.

I WALKED to-day to the mountain-ledge
Skirting a gorge where dark alders grow,
And, climbing close to the dangerous edge,
I saw a pale, sweet flower below.

There it had blossomed year by year,
Cheering the home of the newt and toad;
Never had mortal step drawn near
To break its ancient solitude.

Shut from the sunlight, hid from the dew,
And shunned by the winds it loves so well—
Yet its rhythm of beauty daily grew
To a wondrous golden canticle.

"O pitiful flower," at once I cried,
"Blooming where never an eye can see!"—
I heard no voice, but something replied,
And this was the purport that came to me:

"Man, proud-hearted and unresigned,
Beating in vain thy spirit-bars!
Seek meanest duties, if thou wouldst find
The shining stairway that leads to the stars.

"Learn, O soul by Ambition tossed,
Content is forever to Joy the key!"
— Truth and Beauty are never lost,
Teacheth the little Anemone.

CONCERNING PHRENOLOGY.*

—

WHAT is there of truth in phrenology? This science has been and still is laughed at by some, spurned by others, treated as materialism by great minds, considered by many as a cabalistic science, and on the other hand vaunted and extolled by its adepts; but for the greater number it is but a problem—a vague question about which one knows not what to think—a ground on which there has been much fighting in the dark, and where the light has not yet shone. In this state of things, here is a learned and religious man, calm in his bearing, skilful in his practice, who brings a torch upon the ground and invites us to see.

I.

One first reflection presents itself in opening M. Cubi's work: Why should phrenology exist?

In all things we must begin at the beginning—that is to say, by the end; for the end of a thing is its aim, its why and wherefore, its reason of existence.

Man, they tell us, is above all a creature of education: a child, he is educated by his parents and his teachers; a man grown, he educates himself. Now all education supposes the knowledge of the capacities of the subject, and every master begins necessarily by ascertaining those of his pupil: whether for good or for evil as regards their tendency, then their energy or vivacity, in order that he may calculate his measures of encouragement, repression, or modification. So the gardener studies the nature and force of young plants, to trim the stem if it bend, to thin the branches that draw too much sap, to trim for fruit this bough which can produce it, or spare the other which appears too feeble.

To know the tendencies of the subject is the first step of education. This knowledge may be drawn from four sources: hereditary transmission, circumstances, actions, and the physical constitution. Let us neglect the first three, and pause at the physical structure. This is the ground of phrenology.

The skilful phrenologist feels the head of your child, and in five

* *Lessons of Scientific and Practical Phrenology*, by Don Mariano Cubi I Soler, Translated from the Spanish. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: J. B. Ballière. 1858.

minutes he informs you what can be expected of it, what vices are to be guarded against, what faculties ask for exercise. Thus you can satisfy the vow of Socrates, *γνῶθι σεαυτον*, *know thyself*. At the end of a certain time you may renew the experience and see what you have gained upon your pupil, what you have gained upon yourself. You can follow thus step by step the progress and the delays of education.

— But the foundations of phrenology, are they true ?

II.

Few persons remember now that, before the works of Doctor Gall, physiology was still localizing the passions as in the Homeric times ; and, as Plato had reëdited the matter, anger was located in the liver, courage in the heart, sadness in the spleen, and so on of the others. Gall has shown in the brain the organ in which the directing faculties of animality are found, and where the passions, inaccessible in their organic fountains, reveal themselves at least through their instrumental faculties. But after having localized the animal faculties in the brain, there remained a step which Gall did not take : this was, to have removed from the brain the intellectual faculties, leaving to this organ functions purely animal. In this nomenclature of the cerebral functions, he makes the metaphysical spirit and theosophy to enter. Hence the materialism into which some phrenologists have fallen, and which has injured their science. They would have *thought* a mere function of the brain, *reason* and *will* organic phenomena of the cerebral tissue.

Spurzheim, who was to Gall what theory is to experience, did not depart from his master on this point. He draws no distinction between the intellectual faculties and the animal faculties.

M. Cubi is of another school, and forms the third stage in this science. With him, Materialism dethroned, Reason is disengaged from the organic function, and human liberty resumes its legitimate empire. With Gall, phrenology was empirical ; with Spurzheim, it became philosophical ; with M. Cubi, it becomes reasonable, ethical and religious. In his grouping he seems to change but little in Spurzheim's system, but in spirit he is quite different : there is a gulf between them.

Gall and Spurzheim, in localizing the intellectual and moral faculties in the antero-superior lobes, made of them neither more nor less than organic functions, equal in value of position to the genera-

tive faculty or to combativeness : thus the intellectual faculties were materialized. If, instead of this view, you state the antero-posterior faculties as only secondary, as are, moreover, all the cranial faculties, governed by one superior principle, whence each derives at once its intelligence and its impulse—the superior principle, not localized, directing and harmonizing them,—then you issue from materialism. Such is the system of M. Cubi.

The defect of this work is its labyrinthine maze of explanations that need in turn to be explained, and which might have been avoided by acquaintance with certain great works of scholastic philosophy, whose statement may thus be resumed : The brain is the central organ of the animal faculties. Its functions are complex because the animal faculties serve at once the vegetative and the intellectual faculties : the first, in aiding nutrition and generation by sensibility and motion ; the second, in permitting the abstract idea by the sensible idea and in translating abstract conceptions by sensible acts. Thus the brain serves at once the vegetative and the intellectual faculties, without containing either class, and fulfils only acts of the sensible order. Thus is the point of departure clearly defined for phrenology, and its fundamental basis squarely laid.

III.

All Phrenologists start from the principle that the containing indicates the contained, and for them every cranial development corresponds to an encephalic development. Is this an axiom ? It has been contested, and objections have abounded. For phrenologists, however, the exception has seemed to confirm the rule, and even in the exception they find signs that warn them against deception.

In M. Cubi's work long answers are given to his adversaries, with the relation of curious facts wherein he has proved his ability. He maintains that malconformations of the skull can be discerned, as well as their particular nature. A far more serious objection lies in the neglect by phrenology of the deep-lying parts of the brain at its base.

Again : while it places amativeness and philoprogenitiveness in the cerebellum, physiological experiments prove that the function of this organ is to coördinate movements. The ground taken by Flourens has been substantiated, as any one may see by reference to Mr. Carpenter's *Physiology*. One of the ablest phrenologists of

America, Dr. Wm. Byrd Powell, has shown within a very limited region of the occipital bone, at the sides of the vertebral canal, what is more probably the true localization of the generative instinct.

The lines of demarcation made by phrenology upon the skull do not correspond to the natural anatomical divisions of the brain. Thus phrenology has been of no use to physiology in obtaining a knowledge of the cerebral functions. It has thrown no light upon the office of the corpora striata, the thalami, the insula, the vault, the nates and testes, the pineal gland, and many other parts of the brain.

On the chapter of pathological anatomy, M. Cubi, in answer to the numerous facts that one hemisphere of the brain having been injured the faculties have nevertheless persisted, maintains, with many physiologists, that either hemisphere may act vicariously for the other, its symmetrical counterpart. But he might have found in Mr. Longet's first volume on the Nervous System a much more embarrassing case; to wit, that of the complete destruction of both the anterior lobes of the brain, with absolute preservation of the intellectual faculties; and, on the contrary, the loss of the intelligence in connection with the preservation of the anterior lobes and destruction of the posterior lobes. How get out of such a difficulty as this? The fact is, that abolition of the memory, of intelligence, and of speech correspond to lesions of parts so diverse, that no physiologist can in the present state of science be sure that a certain part of the brain corresponds exactly to such or such a function. Thus in the mystery of the functions of the brain, *UNITY* seems to be everywhere, and *Variety* is only in its acts.

Phrenology, dethroned from the physiological daïs where Gall had fondly placed it, is not, then, in a position to control Psychology, to judge Aristotle or St. Thomas. So much pretension ill suits a science that is struggling to assure its own existence. The head is all, it pretends: it is the master of the body, the compend of its faculties; and the head is the skull. All that it is, all that it can, all that it resumes, is translated by the conformation of its case,—and of this conformation phrenology is judge.

Let us not go so fast, not so far.

The brain is not, properly speaking, an *instrument* of the soul; the soul is united with the body as form—not as a motor to that which is moved, but as *substantial compound, all whose acts hold at once* to both of its components.

The soul resides in no special part of the body, but entire in each part, the variety of her acts in the different parts depending only upon the necessity of having different organizations for the different organic functions. Thus the *faculties*, which are the powers of the soul, essentially differ from the functions, which are the acts of living organs. In the language of St. Thomas: "Substantial forms immerge the less in matter, as they are of a superior mechanical order; so that in man the soul overflows matter, and preserves a power beyond it."

IV.

Phrenology stands outside of Physiology, without exact relations to it; it is isolated, and unclasped among the sciences. This ambiguous position seems to cause no uneasiness to phrenology; and its adepts, convinced of their results, say, We are a fact, and against a fact no argument holds good.

Here we enter into another order of ideas. No more metaphysics, philosophy or physiology; nothing but to see, to measure and to weigh, and experience alone can decide. Certain minds there are whom the absurd repels, and who, considering phrenology as such, will refuse to it even the appeal to experiment. We shall not be so rigorous. If experiment assures as clearly the truth of phrenological deductions as it demonstrates the power of infinitesimal doses, why not accept the results? Do infinitesimal doses fail to act because their action is not to be imagined? If phrenology is a fact which experience assures, we must submit and let reason make the most of it she can.

Those who are led by the authority of men will find large satisfaction in the work of M. Cubi, which the Emperor of France himself caused to be translated into French and published there, after he had had a long conference with the author.

Spurzheim, whose system is generally adopted, sensibly modified that of his predecessor. He increased the number of faculties recognized up to thirty-seven, he changed their denomination, and he classified them. Feeling acutely the justice of many censures on the denominations of Gall, he changed them in order to substitute for an appreciation too narrow and special, another more general and philosophical.

"The acts of the soul proceed rarely from a single faculty, but very often from abuses of the faculties; wherefore Gall's nomenclature has always appeared to

me defective. No organ ought ever to be denominated by its action. The names *theft* and *murder*, given at first to two organs, have lent arms to our adversaries. There are, it is true, individuals who from their childhood steal, or who have a strong propensity to murder, and a certain region of the head is salient in these persons; but all who have this region salient are not robbers or assassins. Gluttony and drunkenness depend on some organic cause, but no one has spoken of these maladies. The abuses of physical love depend on a certain organic irritation, but it would be the height of absurdity to speak of an organ of adultery. Gall committed an error in adopting *faculties* for acts, and naming them accordingly. It was necessary to modify this manner of considering phrenology. I shall try to specify the nature of the mental actions or manifestations of the soul, and to name the faculties abstracted or independent from all action and application, distinguishing completely what belongs to each faculty considered in itself, exclusively, from what is to be referred to the action of the same combined with other faculties."

In proceeding to his classification, Spurzheim observes that all the faculties belong to either the affective or the intellectual group. Then he subdivides the affections into impulsive propensities and emotional sentiments, while his intellectual group comprises the perceptive faculties. This tabular arrangement and mapping is familiar to the public.

In this nomenclature, memory is suppressed — every faculty, as Spurzheim teaches, having its own memory. Remarkable fact! The first observation of Gall is considered as false; the first step of phrenology is regarded by the phrenologists as an error! This is not the first lesson the sciences have taken from the game of blind man's buff.

Cox censures the distinction into propensitive and motor, observing that every faculty is an inclination. But we will not stop at Cox, nor at Combe, nor at Caldwell, still less at the Fowlers, *et id genus omne*, but come at once to M. Cubi, who forms another school.

M. Cubi objects to Spurzheim's classification, not only because the sentiments are inclinations, but also because all the faculties are essentially both affective and intellectual, and all possess memory and attention. He does not accept, like Gall and Spurzheim, the independence of the faculties; he considers them as harmonizing together in mutual excitement and alliance, and even in their oppositions. Finally, he admits an abstract reason superior to them all and presiding over them. This reason he isolates from the *will*, which he associates with the faculty of comparison. He admits forty-seven faculties, arranged in four classes:

1. Faculties and organs of internal contact, corresponding to the five senses.

2. Of external knowledge, corresponding to language, form, extent or surface, individuality, locality, weight, color, order, number, movement, direction, tone.

The fourth group comprises the faculties and organs of universal relation — comparison, causality, and deduction.

The third group he calls the group of faculties and organs of perception and of moral action ; corresponding to procreation, conservation, nourishment, destruction, conflict, conjugality, love of offspring, constructiveness, acquisitiveness, secretiveness or strategy, precaution, adhesiveness, love of home and country, mirthfulness, reform or improvement, sublimity, approbateness, concentration, suavity, imitation, marvellousness, effectiveness, rectitude, superiority, benevolence, inferiority, continuation.

Whether there be in this nomenclature a little more or less method than in that of Spurzheim, it is not worth while to discuss : we can not find in either a rational classification of the faculties of the soul.

We agree with M. Cubi in his first statement. All the faculties are passional, the intellectual as well as the social, and it is chiefly the discipline of each individual subject which differentiates them in their capacity as motors of conduct, recipients of feeling, more or less abstract or concrete and practical. Either metaphysics or anatomy, for example, is perfectly capable of forming the nucleus of a ruling passion, to which men will sacrifice fortune and life. The intellect has here become the sphere of all passional evolution.

Before making our own classification, let us glance at the statements of scholastic philosophy, the classic formulas, which innovators would do well to study.

In the *Philosophia divi Thomæ*, which M. Roux Lavergne has recently reëdited, three orders of faculties are indicated, the vegetative, animal, and intellectual. The last is purely spiritual, the two former only are subjects of phrenology. The vegetative faculties comprise the *acts* and the *appetites*. The acts, which are nutrition and generation, are localized in the organs which execute them, and phrenology does not trouble itself about digestion, hæmotosis, the secretions, the ovular or the spermatic formations. The vegetative appetite which gives impulsion to nutrition and to generation is only evidenced in man by the sensible concupiscences which it occa-

sions in the animal faculties. Not only do the vegetative and the spiritual, but some of the animal faculties escape the grasp of phrenology. Such is the case with *irritability*, which is a faculty localized in the tissues; the sensibility and reflex motion which respond to it, are localized in the spinal cord, and equally escape phrenology,—as does contractibility, manifested in the circulation and respiration. The external senses and motor powers come but very imperfectly under the cognizance of phrenology.

The internal senses and animal propensities certainly fall within the domain of cerebral, if not always of cranial, explorations.

The internal senses, says classic Philosophy, comprise the common sense, memory, imagination, and estimation or judgment. What has phrenology done with these? Does she not know them? Can she not find them?

We come to the appetitive faculties. "*Appetitus sensitivus est veluti quidam vitalis impulsus, quo animal se movet ex iis quæ per sensum apprehendit, ad fugiendum, vel prosequendum objecta.*"*

It is this appetite that the vegetative reëchoes; for it exist the two concupiscibles of nutrition and generation. To the concupiscible sensible belong the inclinations and instincts towards society, friendship, the family, the home, common to man with many animals. From it proceed those impulsions which respond to the desire of knowing, under all its forms, to the need of acquiring, of combat, defence, of precaution, and of speech. To know, to act, to speak, all derive their impulsion from the sensible appetency, whether for its own satisfaction, or in responding to the need of the vegetative appetite, or to those of the intellect. Many of the *faculties*, so called, of phrenology, are but different forms of this impulsion, whether the internal senses or the external senses be employed.

Practical psychology, like practical physiology, is less a science of statics than of fluxions and dynamics, and experience teaches that the most remarkable developments of a faculty—specified, for example, as Concentration—may be produced and sustained under one combination of motives and circumstances; while under others its deficiency is equally notable. This reminds us that Dr. Gratiolet, in dissecting the brains of Aztec children, found a great

* The sensitive appetite is, as it were, a vital impulse whereby the animal is moved from those things which it apprehends through the sense, to seek or to shun certain objects.

and disproportioned cerebellar development. These children were marvellous for their agility of movement during life, and for absence of all power of *concentrative attention*; thus confirming the observations of Flourens, and discrediting the usual phrenologic locations.

In the sensible appetency, there are, moreover, passions, vicious and virtuous, of which phrenology says nothing. According to the impressions which the sensible appetency receives from objects, it is thrown into the different states of love, hatred, desire, aversion, joy, sadness: these are the concupiscible passions, while the irascible comprises hope, despair, fear, audacity, and anger. Vices and virtues of this animal order result from the moral state of the impulsion. The four chief virtues are prudence, justice, temperance, and courage. Each has its opposite vice.

There remains to be examined in the sensible appetite, whether the habitual impulsion be hereditary or individual; and the impulse that of deliberate volition or animal spontaneity. We merely indicate problems, this being no place to discuss them at length. But is not this sufficient to show how strangely phrenology deceives itself, when it pretends to map out completely the faculties of the soul?

Phrenology has good intentions; and in the work of M. Cubi, which, from his point of view, is very able, it exerts no slight seductions; but as a science, it has the very great fault of being isolated, which is next to being lost; for all human sciences must blend in harmony. In physiology, where it ought naturally to be ranked, no place is found for it — at least not in its present condition; for each attempt to theorize upon its data has been promptly defeated by anatomy. It pretends to teach philosophy the faculties of the soul, while in truth it could but gain by learning them of this elder sister.

Not only is phrenology isolated, but it is not constituted in itself, and its language denotes this chaotic condition. It is with sciences as with peoples — the language of either attests its constitution.

The nomenclature of phrenology is a confused mixture of all sorts of things, floundering in the vague between the incomplete and unfixed, or drowning itself in multiplied explanations and comments upon those explanations. It has indeed invented words, an ill-fledged and graceless neologism; but these are not a language.

It lacks formulas. Let it harmonize and formulize itself: this is the language which it ought to undertake. Since it takes ground as an experimental fact, let experimenters multiply, and *flat lux*.

DRS. F. F. & M. E. L.

THE SACRED ARK AND THE HOLY FIRE.

[From Constant.]

ACCORDING to the Bible, when the Jews went into captivity, Jeremiah, the prophet of tears, hid the sacred Fire in the bottom of a cistern, and the holy Ark in the hollow of a rock, the entrance of which he closed with care. The Bible resembles that deep cistern in which the prophet buried sacred fire. Truth hides there at the bottom of symbols, and liberty under the allegories of the Law. The first human writing was formed of pictures, and the first human language composed of analogies. The essence of the WORD is judgment. Judgment implies discretion; the word is then essentially free. When man, deluded by the folly of power, began to tyrannize over speech, the word was fain to conceal itself in mysterious allegories, to seek analogies more abstruse, images less accessible to the common mind. Egypt then invented her hieroglyphics, and seeking in animal forms for passional analogies, composed that human synthesis of which the Sphynx resumes the mystery, standing unmoved before the doubt of Science, and which raised to the heavens, through the divinity of their trials and their love, the radiant spouses, Isis and Osiris.

The lyre of Orpheus, which enchanted the stones and softened the heart of oaks, symbolized to Greece the power of Harmony: He sang, and the divine words issued from his mouth so living, so perfectly beautiful, so powerfully colored, that they rose to the skies, dived beneath the waves, slipped under the bark of oaks, and became nymphs, genii, goddesses and gods.

"For the world was built in order,
And the atoms march in tune;
Rhyme the pipe and Time the warder
Cannot forget the sun, the moon.
Orb and atom forth they prance
When they hear from far the Nine;
None so backward in the troop,

When the music and the dance
Reach his place and circumstance;
But knows the Sun-creating sound,
And, though a pyramid, will bound."*

The vulgar saw only the form, and materialized the thought. Idolatry was at all times and in all religions the worship of the dead letter; but for free and intelligent men the form is nothing without the thought that gives it life.

The words that I speak to you are spirit and life, said the first hierophant, in formulizing the divinest symbol. Christ spoke of the fraternal bread and wine as his flesh and his blood, which he gave for the salvation of the world. To eat of this flesh, and to drink of this blood, is to fulfil in uses the pledges of affection; it is to commune with Nature through humanity, with the earth in accomplishing our industrial destiny, through friendship, the life-spring of the new social order.

Brahminism, Hivāism, the hieroglyphical worship of Osiris, Hellenism, Mosaism and Christianity are the successive envelopes of one religious truth, the symbolic expression of which becomes more clear and is simplified in proportion as the human Word becomes diviner through emancipation.

At an epoch when humanity seemed ready to perish, buried beneath the ruins of Roman despotism, a man was born whom our religious symbols call the incarnate Word. The intelligence and the love of antecedent ages were resumed in him, and his teachings opened a new career to enlarged intelligence and to regenerated love; and he was called the God-made man, because by him Humanity was deified.

He was the type of human unity, and deserved, by his perfect devotion, to become the religious chief of universal association. He renounced willingly, through his affection for us, that flesh and blood which he had received from his mother; he gave his flesh to the torture and his blood to the earth, which drank it up, choosing only the bread and the wine of fraternal communion for his undying body and incorruptible blood. He was the incarnate *word*, as being the human form of the creative thought. This is not other than God, and the thought of God fixed in the human form may well be called God-made man.

Christ has come to teach the world that the highest human per-

* See "The Talking Oak" of Tennyson.

fection lies in the greatest love ; and in seeking to conform us to that perfection of which he is the type, he desires that we should become God, like himself, in the perfect expression of the creative thought, and the fulfilment of his will. Great and holy idea, of the communion of all men in kindness, justice and truth, of their union with God through the mediation of their spiritual Chief, on whose cross was nailed materialism, by whose agony selfishness was ruined, and from whose tomb ascended and diffused itself, the passion of humanity, of Human-Unity ! *

Liberty had visited the world on that day, when it was said : Call no man master, for all ye are brethren ; ye have all but one master, even God. Yet the emperors could hope, when they offered to the Church a shred of their purple and the shadow of their diadem, for a time when the Vicar of Christ would be called most Holy Father, and when the successors of the Apostles would graciously permit themselves to be addressed as "My Lord." These things exist, but the word of Christ has not changed, and it is this which will change the world. "Heaven and earth will pass away, but my word shall not pass away until all be fulfilled." Word of liberty and of fraternity ! Eternal testament of martyrs ! Sacred contract of human emancipation ! Immutable Code, in which slaves and tyrants are condemned together ! Divine title of universal nobility ; woe to him who doth not understand thee ! Woe to him who can doubt or dispute thee ! But thrice woe to those who would corrupt thee and compel thee to lie in the interest of slavery !!

With the promulgation of the Gospel proceeds the true emancipation of the human race ; and as the tree is known by its fruits, so where man is still oppressed by man the Gospel of peace and good will has not found rest for the sole of her foot. The republics of Sparta and of Rome were but military tyrannies that lived and that perished by the sword. The republics of our modern age are but commercial tyrannies that live and that perish by the purse. The intelligent association of Christian industry will seal their death warrant. Let the Gospel, then, be for us all — the Sacred Ark and the Holy Fire.

Let us not understand it like idolators, who worship the letter ; let us remember that Christ has enveloped the growing truth in

* The synonyms of this word are no other than Christianity, or Christ-Unity, and Deity, or Divinity, from *Deus*, or *Diens*, and *unitas* : God-Unity, or Godhead.

parables, as a babe in swaddling clothes. Initiated into their dear Lord's secrets, his disciples understood that when he died for man he lived anew in the human heart; wherefore, taking him as the symbol of unity, they wrote his mystic legend in the language of comparison and parable, familiar to the East. Thus to express the removal of that curse which rested over the birth of man, they preserved in their tradition the honors of virginity to the mother of Jesus. They showed the Holy Ghost itself as influencing the mysteries of conception, in order to teach men that true Love comes from God, is God himself, and that they will be the children of God, whenever they shall be born of true Love-unions. It is thus that they showed us Jesus surmounting alike the temptations of pride and of animal lusts, and ministered unto by angels in the desert, after having put to flight the evil spirit. Thus, in order to show us the power of the word, which creates the new Social World, they show us Jesus appeasing the tempest, healing the sick, reviving the dead, and multiplying food to nourish the people; for the word of the Gospel appeases the storms of rage, cures the moral diseases of humanity, and can multiply, by fraternal association, that necessary food which is still insufficient for all.

Our Father who is in Heaven has not spoken to reason in order to confound reason! He has not descended from Heaven in order to set snares for men's souls! He has not deceived Humanity by pretending to desire the salvation of all, while rendering the greater number responsible for truths which he had not taught them to understand! He has not died at last, upon the cross, in order to ransom all men, then left the greater number to be lost, reserving merely a few priests and their imbecile acolytes!

It is because the Ark of the Holy Word has not yet been freed from its swaddling bands, because the lamp is covered by the bushel, that the people are sickened by this nonsense. It is because Liberty, soon banished from the corrupted Church, as Christ had been from the Synagogue, has wandered eighteen hundred years from solitude to solitude, and from exile to exile. And when she presents herself in cities where guardians of the old oppression watch, seated in their chairs of state, the doors are closed against her. When she would speak, they stifle her voice; and those who know her still speak of her only in symbolic and figurative terms.

THE NEMESIS OF UNITARIANISM.

THAT goddess whose ensigns are the wheel and the rudder, — indicating her power to overtake the evil-doer by land and by sea, — has not tired with the flight of the ages: when the smoke of battles has cleared away, when the conflicts of Truth and Error, Right and Wrong, have paused, there she sits in serene triumph, and the false thing bites the dust. It is an error to suppose that Nemesis was a Destroyer: rather, as the word indicates, she was a Divider, one who ever proved and sifted each thing, and severed the transient from the permanent. She was as much pledged to preserve the good as to destroy the evil; a daughter of Erebus, she yet bore her progeny to Zeus, or Life.

Unitarianism — a thing is an *ism* so long as its aim is private, not universal: in the stem, not the flower — began its struggle in America about forty years ago. In these days, when thought is to some extent coördinate with the steamer and the telegraph, forty years is a pretty long life; besides, it is to be remembered that Unitarianism was the result of many ages of gestation. It was called new, but it was the oldest of movements, and rested upon some æons of experience and investigation. It came into a world which was athirst for purer spiritual fountains; indeed, it was evoked by the spirit of the age to supply a demand which the liberal conditions of Western Society for the first time suffered to be distinctly announced. What has Unitarianism done for man? What would the world say if steam should be to-day confining its blessings to a few companies, or if the telegraph should be called “a Boston notion,” which is the best name Dr. Bellows could give to old-fashioned Unitarianism? What would a philosopher say if a considerable number of cities, which had been furnishing themselves with water on the principle that water rises to its level everywhere, should conclude to tear up their works and try the system of ancient aqueducts? Surely the great movement for free-thought, the conception of God as a Father, the idea of the emancipation of man from superstition and wrong, were no less magnificent than their contemporaneous physical studies; and yet the Unitarian movement is filled with doubt and confusion. Never was there such a cry of *Lo here*, and *Lo there*. One is

rushing back to Calvinism, another to Romanism, another to Swedenborgianism : Spiritualism reaps its harvest, and Atheism also, we fear. The masses no more think of identifying their spiritual fortunes with the church than of taking stock in the projects for a line of aerial ships to Europe.

We have many and plausible excuses for this. It is said that "most people are not fit for anything but Orthodoxy," and "Catholicism is the best thing for such and such a class."* Of course, Orthodoxy or Catholicism is best for its adherent, until a higher thing has the grace to create and answer a higher want ; but that a religion of Freedom, Justice, Reason, and Love, is a religion for any one set or class, is a purblind and fatal conceit. Rather is it certain that there is a Free Unitarian in every man's heart ; very few of our orthodox brothers are there who are not troubled with this inevitable inmate. "The very marrow of this accursed human nature is saturated in heresy," exclaimed Father Ryder. We welcome the impatient confession, believing as we do in the divinity of Human Nature, and knowing that for the highest religion nothing higher could be said than that it is the light that enlighteneth every man. Let any one read St. Austin and Calvin, and afterward Dr. Channing, and he will see that it is impossible that the yearning hearts of men could be separated from the beautiful faith of the latter but by some misunderstanding or trick. Men are not constituted to be satisfied with the terrible tenets of Calvin, any more than they are to assuage their thirst with melted lead. We are not deceived by the vehement utterances of the revival ; we have long recognized man as the Inconsistent Animal. We have seen a minister who had grown red in the face with declaring that all men were born in a state of utter corruption, go home and take his little mass of corruption from its cradle and call it an angel. We do not believe his people went home to bewail and repent of Adam's transgression. The people have long since been divorced from the old theology ; they do not care to fight the fight of dissent, but they will flock about any Beecher who laughs at it, and preaches about freedom. Thus the great audience of the Unitarian movement was already prepared for it ; and it was adapted in its essence to the hunger to appease which it was sent. Also its success, so long as it was a real thing,

* The inference is that Unitarianism must be the religion of the enlightened few ; that being the modern translation of the doctrine of election.

was equal to that of the preceding real movements, as those of Fox and Wesley. Its effect was not so apparent, for ideas are not so demonstrative as nerves and emotions; but the warning voice had been heard by all Churches, and we suppose that a *thoroughly and logically Calvinistic sermon was not afterwards preached in New England*. Edwards, Emmons, and Hopkins have become an extinct clerical species.

Again, in estimating the dimensions of Unitarianism at the present, we are loudly warned not to be deceived by size, nor imagine it a guage of power, — to remember that a pyramid is not so great as a watch. It is true that it is only the religious fillibusters who imagine that the power of a Church consists in quantity rather than quality; and yet there is a great deal in the old Jeffersonian motto, "The greatest good of the greatest number." There is something in expansion, something in the democracy of Ideas: they are a trust for Humanity, and their place is not under a bushel, but under a candlestick, where they may give light to all who are in the house. This radiation is an attribute of quality more than of quantity.

The plain fact concerning Unitarianism is this: before it was placed the alternatives — to be free and human, and have an expansion equal to the ever-growing thought of Man, which had already sent up the wave which prophesied that level for its flood; or to become an additional sect and inherit Boston. It selected the latter, so far as a personality is permitted to limit itself. Then Nemesis proceeded to her work.

— It began about fifteen years ago, when Theodore Parker, a legitimate child of the movement, preached a discourse in South Boston, at the ordination of a brother minister, on "The transient and the permanent in Christianity." At that time, and in preaching that discourse, Mr. Parker was *par excellence* the representative Unitarian; for, if a man has knocked his father down, the son most like him is the one that knocks him down. It was plain to the orthodox that Parker was a logical chip of the old block which Freeman and Channing had introduced into Boston; so they began with fierce joy to put questions to Unitarianism. "Is this man Parker one of you? Will you acknowledge him or disown him? Under which King, Bezonian? Speak, or die!" Then the Unitarians with one accord began to curse and to swear, saying, "We know not the man." Ralph Waldo Emerson, of the Hanover-

Street Church, had been excommunicated, some time before, on account of his heresy, — for he, after all, was the first of the Unitarian heretics, — but he was treated gently, on account of a certain saintliness about him, because of which “no man durst lay hands on him.” Parker was no saint, but an earnest and upright Puritan, with a willingness to fight the good fight, — a kind of theological John Brown.

The verdict of Unitarianism on the tendencies which itself had legitimated, soon began to be rendered in facts which were much louder than words. Dr. Channing, even, during his life had seen some indications of what he called “a Unitarian orthodoxy,” bent only on “keeping the ground it had gained;” and thus soon after his death did this orthodoxy come with lock and bolt to close up the glorious portals he had flung open. In November, 1844, Rev. Mr. Sargent, then minister of Suffolk-Street Church, was unsophisticated enough to exchange pulpits with Theodore Parker! The Fraternity of Churches made a formal protest; the city was set on fire, theologically; Sargent lost his Church. Soon after, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, not having the fear of the Churches before his eyes, and the affliction of his brother Sargent not having been sanctified to his good, made the rash proposition to the said Parker that they also should exchange pulpits, as they had been in the habit of doing before this Boston trouble. Immediately Mr. Clarke’s Church was divided into halves, and the seceders built the Bedford-Street Church. Thenceforth we have in this Jerusalem of the Unitarians two distinct classes: the old lock-and-bolt set, and the open-communion set. Parker stood alone under the Unitarian tent, so far as theological opinion went; but a goodly number stood by him who had not bowed the knee to the new dogmatic Baal. These would have it that Parker, though an egregious heretic, was a faithful and an honest man, and should be allowed to think his thought and say his say. There is reason to think that Parker did so.

Then the wheel of Nemesis was swift on those who disowned the old Unitarian principle, and closed their pulpits against the Heresiarch. The life of their Churches had oozed out. The Hanover-Street Church, which excommunicated Emerson, has passed under the hammer to the Methodists. The Suffolk-Street Church, which drove away Mr. Sargent for exchanging with Parker, has passed, in the same way, to the Baptists. The

Bedford-Street Church (Church of the *Savior*), which was built out of spite to James Freeman Clarke, was obliged to disband and merge its remnants with the Old Second Church. The Indiana-Street Church, once under the ministry of Mr. Fox, who has since avoided any settlement, became so reduced that they had to unite with James Freeman Clarke's Church of the Disciples. King's Chapel, the very cradle of Unitarianism, the Faneuil Hall of religious liberty, consecrated by the nobility of James Freeman, can not now settle a minister because of its recreancy to that progressive spirit which bore the Unitarian movement. The Thirteenth Church, foremost in its denunciations of the more liberal tendency, has lost its minister, (Mr. Coolidge,) by his conversion to Episcopacy. Boston presents, to-day, a series of stranded Unitarian Churches, high and dry, awaiting the tide which will never reach them. They have galvanized, for a pastime, the bodies of dead questions — the Trinity, Eternal Punishment, and the like, — and talk of them as if they were talking to live men of live things. Their darling ministers, Huntington and Sears, have become disgusted, and have fled, one to the Episcopal, the other to the Swedemborgian Church, for dear life.

— All this owing, rhetorically speaking, to a "Suspense of Faith ; in sober fact, it is the result of the growth of a Great Principle beyond the limitations which sought to confine it. The acorn grew in the small jar quietly enough at first ; but the cry came for a larger jar, — nay, that the sapling should be transplanted from any conceivable jar out into the field, which is the world, where under the free light and winds of Heaven it might rise to the possible stature of the germ that was in it. But Boston Unitarianism would persist in retaining the oak in its jar ; and the jar lies in fragments about its roots.

But what did Conservative Nemesis preserve ? She established in Boston a Central Broad Church, into which the life of all the rest passed ; a Church whose average congregation is nearly as numerous as all the rest put together. She has brought the stones which the builders rejected to the head of the corner. Emerson has become the intellectual teacher of their teachers. The Unitarian Association, when at length it lay all becalmed, must needs call on the once ignored J. F. Clarke to bring the currents of his genial and catholic spirit to its sails : there he is passing from the Secretary's Chair to minister to Theodore Parker's people ! What has

Nemesis done for the Independent Pulpit in America, inaugurated by Parker? It is but fifteen years, and on the platform where he stood alone twenty-five ministers stand. Where is a stronger or healthier babe for its years than the Free-thought of the Unitarian Church? "Joseph is a fruitful branch." These independent ministers are nearly all settled over large and worthy congregations. But what is more, the posture of this freer element has necessarily placed it in a leading relation to the powerful institutions which represent the Spirit of the Age. It edits the *Atlantic Monthly*; it animates the literary club; it is a central figure on the arenas of Reform; it wields the Lyceum in every city of the Union. It was asked formerly, in England, "Who reads an American book?" The many European editions and translations of the works of Emerson, Parker, Margaret Fuller, and Curtis, have given the only sufficient reply. Transcendentalism in New England was the first Catholic Power of American Intellect.

The Unitarian movement in New England was essentially a negative movement. It was an Intellectual Revival in the Church whereby the dogmas of Trinity, Incarnation, Atonement, and the Future Life were shown to be out of relation with the culture and Science which had been reached. It was a protest *against* something; not much, if at all, a protest *for* anything. The leaders of the movement did indeed inculcate a high and pure morality; but the orthodox had always inculcated a morality just as high: indeed, it is evident that Morality is a constant thing in the world, like the atmosphere by which men live, and is stated in almost the same words in the Codes of Moses, Menu, and Christ. The Unitarians, therefore, could add but little, though they may have stated it more clearly and applied it more practically.

It is plain, therefore, that the value of the movement was the incorporation into a Christian Body of the negations which had been maintained outside of any such organization by Paul, of Samosata, Arius, Pelagius, Socinus, Servetus, and others. But the progress of every pilgrim must be from the land of the Eternal Nay to that of the Eternal Yea. Manna from Heaven will indeed fall down to those who are necessarily in the wilderness; but the manna will not keep for all time, in whatsoever jars secured; it must be left for the permanent support — the land flowing with milk and honey. The free portion of the Church, therefore, is that which is leading

it on to the Positive and Affirmative. Every denial implied an authority which could deny ; every judgment implied a standard somewhere uplifted. For a long time, the special denial or judgment was discussed ; it was not recognized that these were but signs of a new principle which had come into action, or changes wrought by another authority claiming superiority to text and tradition. That Affirmation now reveals itself, as, after the American Revolution, it came out that the war was not against a tax on tea, but for entire Independence. And what is this Affirmation ? Simply, the entire sufficiency of the Human Spirit to attain the highest truth, and, by a fulfilment of spiritual laws, enjoy the highest communion. Thus the reigns of reptilian ceremonies, of Saurian Sabbaths and miracles, pass away before the reign of the Spiritual Man. This explains why the Christian freethinkers can not be floored by a text, nor put down by logic ; they are interested only in Man. You shall miss them at the Theological Conclave, and find them at the Anti-Slavery Society ; they 'leave a Greek accent falling the wrong way, to lift up a falling man.' Indeed, when one hears the phrase "right and left," it suggests the line of the German poet : "Keep near the left — there beats the heart."

A word to this "left wing" ere we close this article. Very much has Nemesis,—the Law of Conservatism,—done for us. The growth of the free ministry and its audience has surpassed the growth of its parent in the same length of time. It is in the closest union with the great human thoughts and tendencies which constitute the vitality of the age : it has access to the fountains of inspiration and eloquence ; for none can be eloquent for slavery, for fetters,—only for the large and free. Nevertheless, we must not forget that we stand amidst thirty millions of men with only one free voice to the million. The warning comes to us, "Enlarge the place of thy tent." For this, we must have more communion and coöperation. Individuality is never to be lost, even to a hairsbreadth ; but there is a sphere as well as an atom. "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the tents of Jacob." He was with each in his own tent, but when hearts and hands were knit, then came victory. "Spread out the thunder," exclaims Schiller's Fiesco, "into its single tones, and it becomes a lullaby for children ; pour it forth together in one peal, and the royal sound shall move the heavens." We must bear witness to one another ; we must

not allow any free brother to be so isolated and unheeded that those who hear him shall say of a truth dear to us all, "It is but one man's view; he is very odd and eccentric."

We must take greater care of our young men. Those who are familiar with theological Schools know to what painful ordeals the young "Parkerites," as they are termed, are subjected. We do not mean to charge professors with having a spirit of persecution—we believe that they have this more rarely than is supposed; but, whilst their more orthodox fellows are called out, from Sunday to Sunday, to fill the vacant pulpits, during their senior term, and welcomed to large congregations when graduated, they are kept in the background, their talents have no play, and when they come, at length, to stand before a congregation, it is without that self-possession and tact which the others have gained by experience. They come forth from the School to linger about the Association-rooms, with no means of getting face to face with the thousands of hearts which are yearning for just such free and earnest words as these youths could give them. If the new heretic reaches a settlement, it is over hot ploughshares of opposition; since there are so many ministers nowadays who know so much better what this or that Church needs than the Church itself knows. And some, wearied out with this tedious process, are sorely tempted either to deny the holy Lord within them, and go to warm themselves by the fire with the Servants of the High Priest, or to satisfy the stirring life within them by rushing off on swerving orbits. Of how many noble and eloquent teachers have Politics, Speculation, and Office-seeking robbed us? Can we not help give these aspirants welcome, incentive, work?

Much less complex is the duty of the Christian freethinkers toward the Truth which is organizing itself in them, as into hands, feet, and tongues. We have but to work steadily, by the light of God's lamp within us. We have but to pull steadily at the cord which is placed in our hand: the world is at its other end. In Charles Reade's last story, "A Good Fight," it is related that a tower, to the window of which not even many ladders joined together could reach. What was to be done? Why, this simple thing: an old huntsman shoots an arrow up through the window; instead of a ferrule, the arrow has a long skein of silk bound around its end. The hero is told, by a pencilling attached, to tie

his knife to it, let it down, and, when he feels a change in the weight, to draw it up again. He lets down the slender silk; he draws up with it a twine, such as the silk could bear, with that a whipcord, such as the twine could bear, until at length in a great rope-ladder he holds Liberty in his hand. The principle is perfect for any extent: that silk thread could have drawn up, by going through the gradations, stairways of iron and granite. It is perfect, too, for any department. We must take our little thing and draw away until the larger and stronger thing comes. Please God, if we can send into a single window of Superstition's Dark Tower where a Human Soul is imprisoned, an arrow which bears a tie to freedom, it will be worth all our labor.

DR. EINBOHRER AND HIS PUPILS.

CHAPTER IV.—PARENTHESIS.

INSTEAD of a lecture from Dr. Einbohrer, the Editor proposes to report a communication from the Devil. He trusts that no one will be incredulous as to the possibility of conversation with the inferior orders of creation or even the infernal,—as he has one yet to report from an ape.

He will only premise that he has been several times in his life in a state of trance. He does not claim for these states the dignity of the raptures of the Sybils and Pythonæ, or of Platinus, Paul, Behmen or Swedenborg; neither are they the results of opium or hasheesh. At moments when he least expects such visitations there comes upon him something like a cool breath on the forehead, which then forms into a current along the spine; a flush then flows over the face, and every sense seems refined intensely; then usual objects seem to become framework or vista for a new set of beautiful visions.

The following is from his Diary:

“On the present occasion I had gone out in the afternoon to a favorite shade to meditate on the subject of the morning's lecture—the Human Hand. I lay down on the grass, leaning my head on one hand as a pillow, the other stretched out before me. The

summer was just intimating its approach in the fresh feathering of the wood willow, whereon a thousand little honey-bee Gabriels sounded their trumpets in token of its advance. A small stream could just be overheard scolding, like a child interrupted at play, at a stick which had fallen across it, over which it must fall in turn. Now all these sounds seemed to retreat to an infinite distance. I felt the cool breath on my forehead. The steps of some extraordinary thing approaching echoed along my brain like the statue visiting Don Giovanni. Lo! uprose before me a huge Hand. It was at some distance, and was approaching as if pushed along by some one concealed behind it. As it came closer, I saw with dismay that what I supposed a hand was a living monster wearing the shape of a hand: the thumb was one arm, the little finger another; the first and third fingers were legs and feet, the second was a long tail with the finger-nail cut into the shape of a dreadful spear-head. A whiff of brimstone swept over me. This strange being bore a musical instrument shaped like a hand with middle finger stretched out to hold the strings. He began to sing, whilst this instrument yielded a truly diabolical accompaniment. At the end of each stanza came a chorus yelled from the depths of the earth. The song was a celebration of the hand as admirably adapted to all villainous works — the chorus being thus:

The hand, it is the handsomest
Of Nature's handiwork —
Universal pocket-picker,
Made to steal and dirk.

“ ‘Perhaps,’ he said at last, ‘you’d prefer that I should proceed with these fine statements in prose rather than song.’ — ‘Very much,’ said I, ‘I hate poetry, and yours makes me especially nervous. But who—’ — ‘Really, now, you don’t mean to say you don’t know who I am? I am the Devil.’

“Strangely enough, I did not feel any great emotion at this announcement. The dent and inkblot are still shown the tourist where Luther threw his inkstand at the Devil. I fear I did not hate this Devil so much; I certainly did not find him so black as he had been painted, nor feel disposed to give him so ungracious a reception. I remembered rather the pathetic appeal of Burns to Auld Nickie Ben:

‘Ah! wad ye tak a thought an’ mend’—

—the Bohemian blessing: ‘He that is spoken against befriend

you,'—Göthe's description of him as one 'that all men gladly name,'—and Carlyle's, as 'the Great Second Best.' So I sat myself serenely to give him his due, and see if I might not learn something from the Devil. He proceeded thus :

“ ‘The lecture of Einbohrer this morning was good as Science, but did not deal sufficiently with the moral and infernal bearings of the topic. I alone can speak *ex cathedra* on that. You see it is a fact not generally known that the Devil is a Hand. When the Bible asserts that men's days are as a handbreadth, it mystically affirms that men are diabolical rascals generally. A thousand years I wandered until it was permitted me to take some one of all forms. I selected this. The hand is the centre of power, and so long as it is the Devil's realm he must have a hand in everything done on earth. When was there any beautiful or valuable crime in which the hand was not concerned ? The fine old Romances of the Otranto School knew this, when, instead of introducing the Devil personally into their stories (which would have been too much for any but persons of rare culture), they only cause a great Hand to appear. It was in order to familiarize men with this that I once left the print of myself in the stone which gave name to the castle of Greifenstein, or the Clutched Stone, where Richard Cœur de Leon was imprisoned and found by Blondel. We who dwell below watch with interest the growth of men into the mysterious relations of the hand. The Italian may say much with impunity, but a certain arrangement of the fingers at one is the last insult, which death alone can atone for. In the olden time, in quizzing, the thumb was carried to the mouth. So in Shakspere we find, “Bite not thy thumb at me.” In America it is carried to the nose instead. It was the custom of the ancient Norseman to keep off the evil eye by holding out the first and little fingers, and pressing the others against the palm. That was really a devil's pitchfork. The Germans maintain that the Devil has a horse's foot ; the English, a cloven hoof. These are but fingerless hands, as has been proved by the few instances in which hoofs have developed fingers. The Spanish, always pretty well acquainted with my dominions, know that villainy does not reside in the head or heart, but the hand ; so they do not behead their executed criminals, but behand them,—and as one enters Spanish cities he sees large numbers of human hands nailed to the city walls for warning. The recipe of witchcraft was this : ‘Take two or more dead men's fingers, pound

them when dried ; mix the skin of a toad pulverized ; pour on the tears of a child or the blood of a cat ; then let one drop fall on the hand of the person you would affect.' You know, too, that the poisonous part of a crab is called 'dead men's fingers.'

" 'Thus for a long time the instincts and superstitions of the vulgar went on discovering that the Devil was in the Hand. The Idea entered the Laws at last. The earliest Gothic code, perhaps, was the *Faust reicht*, or *Fist Laws*. In the old Saxon Law-Book, *Sachsenspiegel*, we find the Hand is peculiarly guarded — especially a lady's hand. Two heifers are the fine for squeezing a lady's fore-finger ; a sheep is to be added for the second or third ; squeezing the whole hand was considered worth six heifers and a bull ; kissing the hand could only be redeemed by endowing her 'with all one's worldly goods,' etc. This shows that those old Saxons had an instinctive suspicion of your Dr. Einbohrer's theory that fingers and toes were but upper and under teeth in a lower sphere : so that the pressure of a hand was an approach of teeth to teeth, and attended with all the perils of a kiss in the higher sphere to which we know it easily leads. So Shakspeare in *Romeo and Juliet*,

'Palm to palm is Palmer's kiss.'

" 'So also in actual life we find that when a youth makes a serious demand for kissing a young woman *ad libitum*, he does not ask her for her heart,—neither does he ask her for her head or her feet, but for her hand. He does not place the wedding-ring in her ears, nor around her ancles, nor in her nose,—but on her finger. And in Rome, other cases of Life and Death were decided by the raising or pressing of the thumb by the Judges.

" 'Hush ! Know you why of all other forms I, Satan, should have selected this of the hand ? Because it is the token of man, his sign-manual, the symbol of his ability to re-create : with his hand he would presently re-fashion Eden. But in our councils we said, 'There will we press our siege ! However high man's thought shall soar, the deed of the hand shall be evil. The power to grasp shall be a perpetual temptation ! Where Heaven sets the implement of industry, we shall set a sword and poignard : the arms of Evil shall be as long as the arms of Good.'

" 'For once let the thought pass into the deed, and God triumphs over us : in the deed the aspiration of man takes form and life, and becomes an active power and Genius of Good. By an external

deed he is committed to what it serves : it is a bond signed with his blood. Let us get the hand, and we can baffle the heart : so did we with that wretch, thrice imprisoned for theft, who on finishing his last term rushed to the mill, and placing both his hands under a huge knife worked by machinery, had them cut off at the wrists. 'They shall not conquer me again,' he said.

" 'But, alas, we must be conquered soon : as the hand rays forth fingers, the fingers ray forth implements of use and mercy ; and these demand the higher radiation,—the heart putting forth fingers of love and friendship ; the soul radiating aspiration and everlasting hope. What can we do with a hand like Cranmer's, which, for truth's sake, he can hold in flame till it becomes a cinder,—or with that of Galileo, still preserved at Milan, with finger pointing upward ?'

"The Devil seemed thoughtful.—'What a solemn Devil you are,' said I.—'Pshaw,' he cried, 'I was nodding as even Jove is said to do some times. It was a lie. Man's hand was made for robbing hen-roosts and picking pockets. The wrists are made small that handcuffs shall sit well on them. The thumb is admirably contrived for my grand discovery, the Holy Screw.'

"Then he quickly left me, and I heard in the distance only the refrain of his song :

'The hand, it is the handsomest
Of Nature's handiwork ;
Universal pocket-picker,
Made to steal and dirk.'"

THE DERVISH.

[From the Persian *Redekunste*.]

SLAVE of the Most High Lord am I;
And since His face shone on my eye
I am He, He lives in me,
My heart is merged in Being's Sea.

Now of the world the highest surge,
I swoon and sink on Wonder's verge,
Soul one with sense, sea one with shore,
I moan and sigh forevermore.

CONVENTION.

He faltered on the threshold,
She lingered upon the stair:
Can it be that was his footstep?
Can it be that she is there?

Without is tender yearning,
And tender love is within;
They can hear each other's heart-beats —
But a wooden door is between.

A POET.

I.

From wells where Truth in secret lay
He saw the midnight stars by day.

II.

"O marvelous gift!" the many cried.
"O cruel gift!" his voice replied.

III.

The stars were far, and cold, and high,
That glimmered in the noonday sky.

IV.

He yearned toward the sun in vain
That warmed the lives of other men.

W. D. H.

URSULA.

BY HONORE DE BALZAC.

[Translated for *The Dial* by Dr. M. E. Lazarus.]*To M^{lle} Sophie Surville :*

It is a real pleasure, my dear niece, to dedicate to thee a book, the subject and details of which have the approbation, so difficult to obtain, of a young girl to whom the world is still unknown, and who understands no concession or compromise of those noble principles which form her saintly education.

You young girls are a formidable public ; for we may let you read only books as pure as your soul is pure, and forbid certain lectures, even as we prevent you from seeing society as it is. Is it not then just motive of pride to an author, to have pleased you ? Heaven grant that your affection may not have deceived you ! Who shall tell us ? The Future, which thou wilt see, I hope, and when thy uncle Balzac shall have passed away.

CHAPTER I.

URSULA's grandfather, the famous manufacturer of harpsichords and other musical instruments, Valentin Mirouet, one of our most celebrated organists, died in 1785, leaving a natural son, the child of his old age, recognized, bearing his name, but a very wild chap. He had not the consolation of seeing this spoiled child at his deathbed. A singer and composer, Joseph Mirouet, after having made his debut at the Italian Opera under an assumed name, had run away with a young girl into Germany. The old instrument-maker recommended this boy, really full of talent, to his son-in-law, Dr. Minoret ; observing that he had refused to espouse the mother, in order to avoid prejudicing the interests of Madame Minoret. The doctor promised to give this unfortunate lad half of Valentin Mirouet's legacy, converted into money, when Erard purchased his factory. He sought, through diplomatic agencies, his natural brother-in-law, Joseph Mirouet ; but Grimm told him one evening, that after having engaged in a Prussian regiment, the artist had deserted, under an assumed name, and had baffled all researches. Joseph Mirouet, endowed by Nature with a seductive voice, a fine stature, a pretty figure, and being above all, a musical composer full of taste and of fire, led during fifteen years that bohemian life which the Berlinese Hoffman has so well described. Thus towards his fortieth year, he was a prey to such great mis-

ries, that he was fain to seize, in 1806, the opportunity of reclaiming his French citizenship. He then established himself at Hamburg, where he married the daughter of a staunch citizen, enraptured with music, smitten with the artist whose glory was still in perspective and who wished to consecrate himself to it. But after fifteen years of misfortune, Joseph Mironet found the wine of opulence too strong for him; his natural extravagance overcame him, and while making his wife happy, he spent her fortune in a few years. Misery returned. The household must have come to the most painful straits, for Joseph Mironet to have engaged as musician in a French regiment. In 1813, by one of the greatest chances, the surgeon-major of this regiment, struck by this name of Mironet, wrote to Dr. Minoret towards whom he had obligations. The answer was prompt. In 1814, before the capitulation of Paris, Joseph Mironet had there an asylum, where his wife died in giving birth to a little girl, whom the doctor wished to call Ursula, the name of his wife. The musician did not survive the mother, exhausted like her with fatigues and miseries. In dying, the unfortunate musician bequeathed his daughter to the doctor, who served as her godfather, notwithstanding his repugnance for what he called the mummeries of the Church. After having seen his children successively perish by miscarriages, or during their first year, the doctor had awaited the effect of a last experience.

The last, conceived after two years of repose, had died during the year 1792, a victim to the nervous state of the mother,—if those physiologists are in the right who think that in the inexplicable phenomenon of generation, the child holds to the father by the blood and to the mother by the nervous system.

Obliged to renounce the enjoyments of the most powerful sentiment of his nature, beneficence was, doubtless, for the doctor, a consolation for his disappointed paternity. During his conjugal life, so cruelly agitated, the doctor had above all desired a little blonde girl, one of those flowers that make the joy of a household; he accepted then thankfully the legacy that Joseph Mironet made him, and revived upon this orphan the hopes of his vanished dreams. During two years, he assisted as Cato formerly for Pompey, at the most minute details of Ursula's life; he would not have the nurse give her to suck, raise her or put her to bed, without him. His experience, his science, all was at the service of this child. After having felt the pains, the alternatives of fear, and

hope, the labors and joys of a mother, he had the happiness of seeing in this daughter of blonde Germany and of the French artist, a vigorous life, a profound sensibility. The pleased old man followed with a mother's sentiments the growth of her blonde tresses, first down, then silk, then hair, light and fine, so caressing to the fingers that caress them. He often kissed her little naked feet, whose toes covered with a pellicle beneath which the blood is seen, resembling rose-buds. He was beside himself about this little one. When she tried to speak, or when she bent her fine blue eyes, so mild, on objects, with that dreamy look that seems to be the dawn of thought, and which she ended with a smile, he often remained before her during whole hours, seeking with Jordy the reasons, which so many others call caprices, hidden under the least phenomena of that delicious phase of life in which the child is at once a flower and a fruit ; a confused intelligence, a perpetual movement, a violent desire. The beauty of Ursula, her gentleness, rendered her so dear to the doctor, that he would have wished to change for her the laws of Nature, and he sometimes confessed to old Jordy that his teeth ached when Ursula was cutting hers. When old men do love children, they set no bounds to their passion — they adore them. For those little beings they suppress their manias, and for them they remember all their past. Their experience, their indulgence, their patience, all the acquisitions of life, that treasure so painfully amassed, they deliver it to that young life by which they grow young again, and then supply maternity by intelligence. Their wisdom, always awakened, is worth the mother's intuition ; they recall those delicacies of behavior which in her are divination, and carry them into the exercise of a compassion, the force of which is developed doubtless in proportion to the immense weakness of its object. The slowness of their movements replaces the maternal gentleness. Finally, with them, as with the children, life is reduced to simplicity, and if sentiment renders the mother a slave, the detachment from all passion and the absence of all interest permit the old man to devote himself entirely. Thus it is not rare to see children come to an understanding with old persons.

The old soldier, the old curate, the old doctor, happy in the caresses and coquettings of Ursula, never wearied of answering or of playing with her. Far from making them impatient, the petulance of this child charmed them, and they satisfied all her desires by making every thing a subject of instruction. Thus this little

one grew up, surrounded with old persons who smiled on her and behaved like several mothers around her, equally attentive and provident. Thanks to this education, Ursula's soul developed itself into the sphere that suited it. This rare plant met with its special soil, aspired the elements of its true life, and assimilated the floods of its sunshine.

"In what religion will you raise this little one?" asked the Abbé Chaperon of Minoret, when Ursula was six years old.

"In yours," replied the doctor.

Atheist, after the fashion of M. de Wolmar in the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, he did not recognize in himself the right to deprive Ursula of the benefits offered by the Catholic Religion.

The doctor, seated on a bank below the window of the Chinese Cabinet, then felt his hand pressed by the hand of the curate.

"Yes, curate, whenever she speaks to me of God, I will send her to her friend *Sapron*," said he, imitating the infantine speech of Ursula. "I wish to know whether the Religious Sentiment is innate. Thus I have done nothing for or against the tendencies of this young soul, but I have already named you in my heart as her spiritual father."

"This will be counted to you by God, I hope," replied the Abbé Chaperon, striking his hands gently together and raising them towards Heaven, as if he were making a short mental prayer.

Thus from the age of six, the little orphan fell under the religious power of the curate, as she had already fallen under that of his old friend Jordy.

The captain, formerly a professor in one of the old military schools, occupied, by predilection, with grammar and the differences among the European tongues, had studied the problem of a universal language. This learned man, patient like all the old masters, found delight then in teaching Ursula to read and write, in teaching her the French language, and what she ought to know of calculation. The doctor's well-stocked library permitted him to select such books as might be read by a child, and such as might amuse while instructing her. The soldier and the curate left this intellect to enrich itself with the same ease and liberty that the doctor left to the body. Ursula learned at her plays. Religion contained reflection. Abandoned to the Divine culture of a nature led into pure regions by those three prudent instructors, Ursula leaned more towards sentiment than towards duty, and took as the

rule of her conduct the voice of her conscience, rather than the social law. With her, the beautiful in sentiment and in action must be spontaneous : the judgment would confirm the impulse of the heart. She was destined to do good as a pleasure, before doing it as an obligation. This shade is peculiar to Christian education. These principles, quite other than those to be impressed on men, suited a woman, the genius and conscience of the family, the secret elegance of domestic life, indeed, the almost queen in the bosom of the household. All three proceeded in the same manner with this child. Far from withdrawing before the audacities of innocence, they explained to Ursula the end of things and the known means, never formulizing to her other than just ideas. When, about an herb, a flower, a star, she went straight to God, the professor and the doctor told her that the priest alone could answer her : not one of them encroached on the other's ground. The godfather took care for all the material well-being and things of this life ; the intellectual culture belonged to Jordy ; morals, metaphysics, and all high questions belonged to the curate.

This fine education was not, as often happens in the richest houses, contradicted by imprudent servants. La Bougival, admonished on this subject, and besides, too simple of mind and character to interfere, did not derange the work of these great minds. Ursula, a privileged creature, had then around her three good genii to whom her lovely nature rendered every task easy and light.

This virile tenderness, this gravity tempered by smiles, this liberty without danger, this perpetual care for the soul and the body, made of her at the age of nine a charming and accomplished child.

Unfortunately, this paternal trinity was broken. In the following year, the old captain died, leaving the doctor and the curate to continue his work, after having accomplished the most difficult part. Flowers ought to spring up of themselves in a soil so well prepared. The gentleman had, during nine years, economized one thousand francs each year, in order to bequeath ten thousand francs to his little Ursula, that she might preserve a remembrance of him all her life. In his will he invited his legatee to employ exclusively for her toilet the four or five hundred francs income which this little capital brought her. When the magistrate set the seals in the house of his old friend, there was found in a closet which he had never let any body enter, a great quantity of playthings, many

of which were broken, and all of which had been used ; playthings of the past time, piously preserved, and which M. Bougrand was to burn, himself, at the request of the good captain. Towards this epoch, she was to make her first communion. The Abbé Chaperon employed a whole year in the instruction of this pupil, for whom the heart and the intelligence, so developed, but so prudently sustained by each other, required a peculiar spiritual aliment. Such was this initiation into the knowledge of divine things, that since the epoch when the soul takes its religious form Ursula had become the pious and mystical young girl whose character was always above events, and whose heart dominated all adversity. Then it was, also, that there secretly began, between this incredulous old age, and this childhood full of faith, a struggle long unknown to her that provoked it, but the result of which occupied the whole town, and was to have a serious influence over Ursula's future, by setting against her the collateral heirs of the doctor.

During the first six months of the year 1824, Ursula passed nearly all her mornings at the presbytery. The old doctor divined the intentions of the curate. The priest wished to make of Ursula an invincible argument. The incredulous man, loved by his god-daughter as by an only daughter, would believe in the candor, would be seduced by the touching effects of religion in the soul of a child whose love resembled those trees of Indian climes always loaded with flowers and fruits, always green and always balmy. A beautiful life is more powerful than the most vigorous reasoning. We can not resist the charms of certain images. Thus the doctor's eyes were moist with tears without his knowing why, when he saw the daughter of his heart setting out for church, dressed in a robe of white crape, with white satin shoes, decked with white ribands, her head girt with a *bandelitte royale* attached upon the side with a large knot, the thousand ringlets of her hair flowing over the swell of her shoulders, like flowers on snow, her corsage bordered with a pointed frill, adorned with comets, her eyes starry with a first hope, flying grand and happy to a first union, loving her godfather better since she had raised herself up to God. When he perceived the thought of eternity giving sustenance to this soul, up to that time in the lymbo of childhood, as after the night the Sun gives light to the Earth, always, without knowing why, he was troubled in remaining alone at home. Seated on the steps

of his porch, he kept his eyes long fixed upon the wicket, between the bars of which his pupil had disappeared, saying to him, "God-father, why don't you come? I shall not then be happy without you." Although shaken to its roots, still the pride of the encyclopedist did not yet bend. He directed his walk, however, so as to see the procession of the communicants, and distinguished his little Ursula, glowing with exaltation, beneath the veil. She raised on him an inspired look which opened in the stony part of his heart the corner closed to God. But the deist held firm; he said to himself: "Mummeries! To imagine that if there exist an artificer of the worlds, this organizer of the infinite should occupy himself with these frivolities!" * * *

He laughed, and continued his walk upon the heights which overlook the road to Gatinais, where the bells, rung in chimes, diffused afar the joy of families.

The noise of backgammon is insupportable to those who do not understand this game, one of the most difficult that is played. In order not to annoy his pupil, who, from the exceeding delicacy of her organs and nervous system, could not hear without suffering those moves and that language the meaning of which was unknown to her, the old Jordy, in his lifetime, and the doctor, always waited for their child to be in bed, or out walking. It happened, often enough, that the game was going on when Ursula returned: she then resigned herself with infinite grace, and sat with her work near the window. She felt a repugnance towards this game, the first appreciations of which are indeed dry and inaccessible to many minds, and so difficult to be mastered that, if the habit be not acquired while young, it is almost impossible to learn it afterwards. Now, the evening of her first communion, when Ursula returned to her guardian, alone for this evening, she placed the backgammon-board before the old man:

"Let us see who shall have the first move," said she.

"Ursula," replied the doctor, "is it not a sin to make fun of your godfather on the day of your first communion?"

"I am in earnest," said she, taking her seat; "I owe myself to your pleasures — you who protect all mine. When M. Chaperon was satisfied with me, he would give me a lesson in backgammon, and he gave me so many that I am able to beat you. . . . You shall not put restraint upon yourself any more on my account.

I have conquered all the difficulties, so as not to stand in the way of your pleasures, and now the noise of backgammon pleases me."

Ursula won. The curate came in to surprise the players, and to enjoy his triumph. The next day, Minoret, who, until then, had refused to let his pupil learn music, repaired to Paris; bought a piano there, made arrangements, at Fontainebleau, with a music-mistress, and submitted to the annoyance which the continual practising of his pupil must cause him. One of the predictions of the late Jordy, the phrenologist, was realized: the little girl became an excellent musician. The guardian, proud of his god-daughter, now called from Paris, once a week, an old German, named Smucke, a learned professor of music, and met the expenses of this art, at first regarded by him as useless in the family. Skeptics do not love music—that celestial language developed by Catholicism, which has taken the names of the seven notes in one of its hymns: each note is the first syllable of one of the seven verses of the hymn to St. John. The impression produced upon the old man by Ursula's first communion, although vivid, was transient. The calm, the contentment, which the works of resolution and prayer diffused in this young soul, were, also, examples without force for him. Without any subject of remorse or of repentance, Minoret enjoyed perfect serenity. In accomplishing his benefits, without hope of a celestial harvest, he found himself greater than the Catholic, whom he always reproached with practising usury with God.

"But," said the Abbé Chaperon to him, "if men would all make this kind of trade, confess that society would be perfect, there would be no more unfortunates. To be beneficent after your fashion, one must be a great philosopher; you raise yourself to your doctrine by reasoning, you are a social exception; while it suffices to be a Christian in order to be beneficent in ours. With you, it is an effort; with us, it is natural."

"Which means to say, curate, that I think, and that you feel; that is all."

At her twelfth year, however, Ursula, in whom the tact and address natural to woman were exercised by a superior education, and whose sense, in all its flower, was enlightened by the religious spirit,—of all the kinds of spirit the most delicate,—understood, at last, that her godfather believed neither in a future, nor in

the immortality of the soul, nor in a providence, nor in God. Pressed with questions by the innocent creature, it was impossible for the doctor longer to conceal this fatal secret. The candid consternation of Ursula at first made him smile ; but, in seeing her sometimes sad, he understood all that this sadness revealed of affection for him. Absolute tenderness has a horror of every kind of discord, even in ideas that are not shared. Sometimes the doctor lent himself, as to caresses, to the reasons of his adoptive daughter — spoken in a gentle and tender voice, exhaled by a sentiment the most ardent and pure.

Believers and skeptics speak two different tongues, and can never understand each other. The goddaughter, in pleading the cause of God, maltreated her godfather, as a spoiled child sometimes maltreats its mother.

The curate gently blamed Ursula, and told her that God reserved to himself the humbling of these superb minds. The young girl answered the Abbé Chaperon, that David had laid Goliath low.

This religious difference, these regrets of the child who sought to draw her guardian towards God, were the only troubles of this interior life, so sweet and so full, concealed from the eyes of the little curious village. Ursula grew up, developed, became the modest and Christian girl whom Désiré had admired, as she came out of Church. The culture of flowers in the garden, music, the pleasures of her tutor, and all the little cares that Ursula rendered him — for she had relieved La Bougival in occupying herself about him — filled the hours, the days, the months, of this calm existence. Nevertheless, a year since, certain troubles of Ursula's had disquieted the doctor ; but their cause having been foreseen, he contented himself with paying greater attention to her health. This sagacious observer did not fail, however, to suspect that these troubles had also their passionnal echo. He espied his pupil maternally ; saw no one about her worthy of inspiring her love, and his anxiety subsided.

CHAPTER II.

About one month before the day when this drama commences, there happened, in the doctor's intellectual life, one of those facts which plough the very *tuf*, the field of convictions, and upturn it.

But this fact requires a succinct relation of some events of his medical career, which will give, moreover, a new interest to this history.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, science was as profoundly divided by the appearance of Mesmer, as was art by that of Gluck. After having re-discovered magnetism, Mesmer came to France; whither, from time immemorial, inventions have hastened to obtain the legitimization of their discoveries. France, thanks to her clear language, is, in a manner, the trumpet of the world.

"If Homœopathy arrive at Paris, it is saved," said Hannemann, lately.

"Go to France," said M. de Metternich to Gall, "and if they laugh at your bumps there, you will be illustrious."

Mesmer had then adepts and antagonists, as ardent as the Piccinists against the Gluckists. Learned France was stirred; a great opening was presented. Before the decree, the Faculty of Medicine had proscribed, in mass, the pretended charlatanism of Mesmer, his trough, his conducting-wires, and his theories. But, it must be said, this German, unfortunately, compromised his magnificent discovery by enormous pecuniary pretensions. Mesmer succumbed to the uncertainty of facts; to the ignorance of the part played in nature by the imponderable fluids, then unobserved, and by his inaptitude to appreciate the threefold faces of his science.*

Magnetism has more than one application, and, in the hands of Mesmer, it was what the principle is to its effects. But, if the finder did lack genius, it is sad for human reason and for France to have to confess that a science contemporaneous with societies, equally cultivated by Egypt and by Chaldea, by Greece and by India, experienced in Paris, in the eighteenth century, the fate which truth had met in the person of Galileo, in the sixteenth; and that magnetism was there repulsed at once by religionists and materialist philosophers, equally alarmed.

Magnetism, the favorite science of Jesus, and one of the divine powers remitted to the apostles, did not seem to have been any more expected by the Church than by the disciples of Rousseau

* The medical, by its action on the organism; the ultramundane, by the intercourse which it permits with spirits; the utilitarian, by its extension of the senses upon our own plane of life: or else, the atmospheric, or static, voltaic, or galvanic, and the animal forms of magnetic electricity.—Tz.

and Voltaire, of Locke and Condillac. Neither the encyclopædia nor the clergy could accommodate itself to this old human power, which seemed so new. The miracles of the convulsionaries, stifled by the Church and by the indifference of the learned, notwithstanding the precious writings of Counsellor Carré of Montgeron, were a first summons to experiments on human fluids, susceptible of annulling by interior forces the pains caused by external agents. But it would have been necessary to recognize the existence of fluids, intangible, invisible, imponderable—three negations in which the science of that day could see only a definition of vacuum. In modern philosophy, no vacuum exists. Six feet of void, and the world crumbles. Especially for the materialists the world is full: all is connected, enchained, and works by machinery. “The world,” says Diderot, “as an effect of chance, is more explicable than God. The multiplicity of causes, and the immeasurable number of throws which chance supposes, explain the creation. Given the *Æneid*, and all the characters necessary to its composition, if you leave me time and space, by dint of throwing up the letters, I will obtain the combination *Æneid*.” Those unfortunates who deified everything rather than admit God, also drew back before that infinite divisibility of matter which is implied by the nature of imponderable forces. Locke and Condillac then retarded, for fifty years, the immense progress now being made by the natural sciences under that thought of unity due to the great Geoffroy Saint Hilaire. Some upright men, without a system, convinced by facts conscientiously studied, persevered in the doctrines of Mesmer, which recognized in Man the existence of a penetrating influence prevailing between man and man, set at work by the will, curative by the abundance of the fluid, and the play of which constitutes a duel between two wills—between an evil to be cured, and the will to cure it.

The phenomena of somnambulism, hardly suspected by Mesmer, were due to MM. de Puysegur and Deleuze; but the Revolution set a pause to these discoveries, and gave the upper hand to the learned and to the jesters. Among the small number of believers were some physicians. These were persecuted by their confrères as long as they lived. The respectable corps of physicians of Paris displayed, against the mesmerians, the acerbity of religious wars, and was as cruel in its hatred against them as it was possible to be, in this age of Voltairian toleration.

The orthodox doctors refused to consult with doctors who held to the mesmeric heresy. In 1820, they were still the objects of tacit proscription. The misfortunes, the storms of the Revolution did not extinguish this scientific hatred. There are but priests, magistrates, and physicians, to hate thus. The robe is always terrible. But should not ideas be more implacable than things ?

Doctor Bouvard, a friend of Minoret, adhered to the new faith, and persevered until death in the science to which he had sacrificed the repose of his life ; for he was one of the black sheep of the Faculty of Paris. Minoret, one of the most valiant upholders of the Encyclopedia, the most formidable adversaries of Deslous, the prevost of Mesmer, and whose pen had a great power in this quarrel, not only broke all connection with his old companion—he did worse, he persecuted him. His conduct towards Bouvard was the only cause of repentance that might disturb the calm of his declining years.

Since Doctor Minoret's retreat to Nemours, the science of the imponderable fluids, the only name that befits magnetism—so strictly linked by the nature of its phenomena with light and electricity—was making immense progress, notwithstanding the continual raileries of Parisian science. Phrenology and Physiognomy, twin sciences of Gall and of Lavater, and which are to each other as the cause to the effect,* demonstrated to the eyes of more than one physiologist the traces of the unseizable fluid, basis of the phenomena of the human will, and whence result the passions, the habits, the forms of the face, and those of the cranium. Finally, the magnetic facts, the miracles of somnambulism, those of divination and of ecstasy, which permit us to penetrate into the spiritual world, were accumulating.

The strange story of the apparitions of the Farmer Martin, so well authenticated, and the interview of this peasant with Louis XVIII. ; the knowledge of Swedenborg's relations with the dead, so firmly established in Germany ; the narratives of Walter Scott on the effects of the *second sight* ; the exercise of prodigious faculties by certain *fortune tellers*, who blend in one science cheiromancy, cartomancy, and the horoscope ; the facts of catalepsy and the properties of the diaphragm revealed by certain morbid affections—these phenomena, at least curious, all emanating from

* Because not only the play, but the formation of the features depends upon the action of the cerebral organs.—Tz.

the same source, sapped many doubts, and led the most indifferent to the ground of experiment.

Minoret was ignorant of this intellectual movement, so great in northern Europe, still so feeble in France, where there occurred, nevertheless, facts qualified as marvelous by superficial observers, and which fall like stones to the bottom of the sea, amid the whirl of Parisian events.

In the beginning of this year, the repose of the anti-mesmerian was disturbed by the following letter :

" My old Comrade :

" All friendship, even lost, has rights which can not well be set aside. I know that you still live, and I remember less our enmity than our fine days at the shanty of St. Julien le Pauvre. As I draw near the time of leaving this world, I am anxious to prove to you that magnetism is going to constitute one of the most important of the sciences ; if, indeed, Science is not to be one. I can overthrow your incredulity, by positive proofs. Perhaps I shall owe to your curiosity the pleasure of once more clasping your hand, as we clasped each other's before Mesmer's time.

Ever yours,

BOUVARD.

Stung like a lion by a gadfly, the anti-mesmerian bounded to Paris, and left his card on old Bouvard, who lived Rue Férou, near St. Sulpice. Bouvard answered by a card, at his hotel, writing, " To-morrow, at nine, Rue St. Honoré, in front of l'Assumption." Minoret, young again, did not sleep ; he called on the old physicians of his acquaintance, and asked them if the world were upset ; if medicine had a school, and whether the four faculties survived. The physicians assured him that the old spirit of resistance continued ; only that instead of persecuting, the Académie de Médecine and Académie des Sciences puffed with laughter, in ranging the magnetic facts among the surprises of Comus, of Comte, of Bosco, in juggleries, prestidigitation, and what is called the Amusements of Physics. This did not prevent old Minoret from keeping his appointment with Bouvard. After forty-four years of enmity, the two antagonists met under a carriage-way of the street St. Honoré. The French are too continually diverted to hate each other long and deeply. In Paris, especially, facts extend space too much, and make life too vast in politics, literature, and science, for men not to find there countries to conquer in which their pretensions can reign at ease. Hatred requires so much force always armed, that it becomes necessary to hate in companies, when we want to hate long. Memory is a faculty

which, in its higher degrees, belongs only to corporations. Thus, after forty-four years, Robespierre and Danton embraced. Each of the two doctors, however, reserved his hand. Bouvard first said to Minoret: "You are looking admirably well."

"Yes, not amiss; and you?" asked Minoret, the ice once broken.

"I, as you see.

"Does magnetism hinder folks from dying?" asked Minoret, in a tone of levity, but without bitterness.

"No: but it has nearly hindered me from living."

"You are not rich, then?"

"Bah!"

"Well, I am rich, myself!"

"I do not want your fortune, but your conviction. Come, then."

"Oh! you obstinate fellow," exclaimed Minoret.

The mesmerian drew the skeptic along into a staircase, rather dark, and, with due precautions, up to the fourth story.

[To be continued.]

THE CATHOLIC CHAPTER.

SELF-SURRENDER.

THE heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner; yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.

Quoted from Hugo de Anima.

Every excessive desire either blinds us to some duty, or makes us deaf to its call.

A great step is gained, when a child has learned that there is no necessary connection between liking a thing and doing it.

Hare.

Higher considerations have taught us the God *Wish* is not the true God.

Carlyle.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

Sterling.

Self-will is so ardent and active, that it will break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit on.

Cecil.

The only way of setting the will free is to deliver it from wilfulness. *Hare.*

St. Augustin says, "We are all nothing other than Wills." And he cites the instance of the good and bad angels, of whom the nature is the same, the will different. *Ages of Faith.*

The Virtue of Paganism was strength; the Virtue of Christianity is Obedience. *Hare.*

The Scripture, and the Faith and the Truth say, Sin is naught else, but that the creature turneth away from the unchangeable Good, and betaketh itself to the changeable; that is to say, that it turneth away from the Perfect, to "that which is in part" imperfect, and most often to itself. Now mark: when the creature claimeth for its own anything good, such as Substance, Life, Knowledge, Power, and, in short, whatever we should call good, as if it were that, or possessed that, or that were itself, or that proceeded from it, — as often as this cometh to pass, the creature goeth astray. What did the devil do else, or what was his going astray and his fall else, but that he claimed for himself to be also somewhat, and would have it that somewhat was his, and somewhat was due to him? This setting up of a claim, and his I, and Me, and Mine, these were his going astray, and his fall, and thus it is to this day.

What else did Adam do but this same thing. It is said it was because Adam ate the apple that he was lost, or fell. I say, it was because of his claiming something for his own, and because of his I, Mine, Me, and the like. Had he eaten seven apples, and yet never claimed anything for his own, he would not have fallen; but as soon as he called something his own, he fell, and would have fallen had he never touched an apple. *Theologia Germanica.*

Simplicity is an uprightness of soul that has no reference to itself; it is different from sincerity, and it is a still higher virtue. We see many people who are sincere without being simple; they only wish to pass for what they are, and they are unwilling to appear what they are not; they are always thinking of themselves, measuring their words, and recalling their thoughts, and reviewing their actions, from the fear that they have done too much or too little. These persons are sincere, but they are not simple; they are not at ease with others, and others are not at ease with them; they are not free, ingenuous, natural; we prefer people who are less correct, less perfect, and who are less artificial. This is the deci-

sion of man, and it is the judgment of God, who would not have us so occupied with ourselves, and thus, as it were, always arranging our features in a mirror. *Fenelon.*

That heart where I had formerly detected in their secret places so many evil motives, was now, so far as I was enabled to perceive, made pure. Whenever a "*self-reflective*" thought was present to my mind, — that is to say, a thought reflective upon any subject in its relation to my personal interests, in its relation to *self* — in the selfish sense, it was instantly rejected; and a curtain, as if by some ever-present but invisible hand, was drawn in the soul before it. I no longer felt myself obliged to say that, "when I would do good, evil was present with me!" Doing good was now my nature. *Upham's Life of Madame Guyon.*

A king said to a holy man, "Are you ever thinking of me?" "Yes," said he, "at such times as I am forgetting God Almighty." *Sadi.*

The time has come when you are not only to retire *within* yourself, but to retire *from* yourself. *Fenelon.*

Buffon says that the elephant (whose name means partaker of reason) is very fond of praise and caresses, and can bear them, and by this the Brahmins know it is superior to man.

We all need resistance to our errors on every side. "Woe unto us when all men speak well of us!" and woe unto us, when all men shall give way to us! *Henry Taylor.*

We must follow Providence, not force it. *Shakspeare.*

The praises of others may be of use, in teaching us not what we are, but what we ought to be. *Hare.*

Vanity, after Pride, is the most universal, perhaps the most fatal of all sins, fretting the whole depth of our humanity into storm, "to waft a feather or to drown a fly." *Ruskin.*

I remember that, in my early youth, I was overmuch religious and vigilant, and scrupulously pious and abstinent. One night I sat up in attendance on my father, on whom be God's mercy, — never closed my eyes during the whole night, and held the precious Koran open on my lap, while the company around were fast asleep. I said to my father, "Not an individual of these will raise his head, that he may perform his genuflections, or ritual of prayer; but they are all so sound asleep that you might conclude

they were dead." He replied: "O emanation of your father, you also had better have slept, than that you should thus calumniate the failings of mankind." *Sadi.*

Self-love exaggerates our faults as well as our virtues.

Fichte.

The souls of the Sons of God are greater than their business; and they are thrown out, not to do a certain work, but to be a certain thing; to have some sacred lineaments, to show some divine tint, of the Parent Mind from which they come. *Martineau.*

That no one can enter the kingdom of heaven without becoming a *little child*, guileless and simple-minded, we all know; but behind and after this is a mystery which thou, O Reader, must take to heart. If thy soul is to go on into higher spiritual blessedness, it must become a *Woman*; yes, however manly thou be among men. It must learn to love being dependent; and must lean on God, not solely from distress or alarm, but because it does not like independence or loneliness. It must not have recourse to Him merely as a friend in need, under the strain of duty, the battering of affliction, and the failure of human sympathy; but it must press toward Him when there is *no* need.

In claiming a *personal* relation with God, nothing *exclusive* is intended; nay, he who thus learns that he is loved by God, learns simultaneously that all other men and creatures are also loved. That is an important lesson for the man's external action — indeed, is a foundation of universal love in the soul; but its inward movements towards God proceeds exactly as if there were no other creatures beside itself in the universe. Thus the discovery that *it loves* and *is loved in turn*, produces sensible Joy; in some natures very powerful, in all imparting cheerfulness, hope, vivacity. The personal relation sought is discerned and felt. The Soul understands and knows that God is *her* God; dwelling with her more closely than any creature can; yea, neither Stars, nor Sea, nor smiling Nature, hold God so intimately as the bosom of the Soul. It no longer seems profane to say, "God is my bosom friend; God is for me, and I am for Him." So Joy bursts into Praise, and all things look brilliant; and hardship seems easy, and duty becomes delight, and contempt is not felt, and every morsel of bread is sweet. *F. W. Newman.*

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Echoes of Harper's Ferry. By JAMES REDPATH. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge. 1860.

It is said that once a Minstrel came to King Arthur's Court, bearing a mantle which was an infallible test of the virtue of any one who might put it on. The King ordered that all in his Court should try on the mantle; and, alas, it shriveled and refused to cover many of the proudest of the nobility. Queen Guinevere herself was shamed in the presence of the Court.

The story is repeated wherever a deed of moral heroism is done. Heroism comes upon the conventional world so suddenly, its lightning is so intense, that the foul and evil things have not time to put on their cosmetics, their Sunday clothes, their unctuous smiles. How little did Slavery, Guinevere of the Court, wedded to Liberty, "flower of kings," suspect the terrible man with the mantle! Thus Wendell Phillips puts it: "Governor Wise says, 'The most resolute man I ever saw; the most daring, the coolest. I would trust his truth about any question. The sincerest!' Sincerity, courage, resolute daring, beating in a heart that feared God, and dared all to help his brother to liberty — Virginia has nothing, nothing for these qualities but a scaffold!"

Then what a stern test of the South, so noisy of late years with its prowess and power, has this John Brown been! The South, invincible where an encounter must be had with a Yankee pedler in the Carolinas, untiring where a fugitive is to be cornered in a swamp, Thermopylean when a pinioned Senator is to be assassinated in the Senate Chamber, stands forth a Rosalind:

A gallant cuttle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside.

Taken unawares, Virginia's cuttle-axe rattled against trembling knees, her spear fell from a fear-paralyzed hand. For nearly a week, John Brown, with only twenty-one men beside him, personified the Virginia arms, standing with the sword of George Washington in his hand, his foot upon the neck of cowering Slavery! Wherever afterward he was placed, whether bleeding in a Court-room, sleeping on straw in a prison, or on the scaffold, the solar eye of the world will forever hold him daguerreotyped there with Washington's sword in his hand, Slavery under his feet, *Sic semper tyrannis* over his head. John Brown having thus conquered Virginia's Coat of Arms to himself, Redpath has been cruel enough to give that State another in this book — to wit: a cow trampling a negro-driver. We do not mean, however, in anything we have said, to intimate that the Sons of the South are personally without courage. We must make, in the cause of truth, another quotation from the representative orator of this age, Mr. Wendell Phillips: "The South are not cowards. They were brave enough, but they saw afar off. They saw the tremendous power that was entering into that charmed circle; they knew its inevitable victory. They did not tremble at an old gray-headed man at Harper's Ferry: *they trembled at a John Brown in every man's own conscience.* He had been there many years, and, like that terrific scene which Beckford has drawn for us in his *Hall of Eblis*, where the crowd runs around, each man with an incurable wound in his bosom, and agrees not to speak of it; so the South has been running up and down its political and social life, and

every man keeps his right hand pressed on the secret and incurable sore, with an understood agreement, in Church and State, that it shall never be mentioned, for fear the great ghastly fabric shall come to pieces at the talismanic word."

In this volume of little more than 500 pages, we have the most living thoughts and most eloquent words which have been uttered in this century. The heroism of John Brown was a signal for all thinkers, scholars, teachers, prophets, to rise to the summits of their Sinais, Horebs, Pisgahs, Thabors and Calvarys. Here are the lightnings of the Law of God; here are visions of promised lands; here are the transfigurations of Genius. Emerson, Phillips, Parker, Thoreau, Victor Hugo, Cheever, Beecher, Whittier, Clarke, Furness — these, and a hundred others, gladly became pens and pencils that John Brown's Deed-Epic might be fitly reported to Humanity. Their thunders are here: here are their lava-streams which shall cool only to enrich, as lava does the vines, the clusters of God's Western vineyard.

Every nation must write its own Bible. America has written its Genesis: Concord and Bunker Hill are chapters in it. John Brown has opened the Book of Exodus. He has written every poem, address or discourse in this thrilling volume. When we think of this brave old man, over-riding all rational methods, with nothing right in his plan, except his perfect truth; of his life and death; the lines of Wordsworth seem to rise as his fit epitaph:

May we not with sorrow say,
A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
Among the herdsmen of the hills, have wrought
More for mankind at this unhappy day,
Than all the pride of intellect and thought.

Popular Astronomy: A concise Elementary Treatise on the Sun, Planets, Satellites and Comets. By O. M. MITCHELL, LL.D., Director of the Cincinnati and Dudley Observatories. New York: Phinney, Blakeman & Mason. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 1860.

A work of this kind was much needed, and we are not sure that Prof. Mitchell was not about as well calculated for it as any one else. It will be a godsend to many a bored sophomore to exchange the barren technicalities of the Astronomic Horn-books for this spirited and easy-going volume. One who contemplates a careful pursuit of this science, or to whom it is a specialty, can, of course, find many better works on this subject; but those who care for no more than the general facts will find themselves well satisfied with this.

We have, however, several faults to find with the author of this really valuable work: 1. That he did not style himself, on the title-page, "*Nominal* Director of the Cincinnati Observatory," instead of simply "Director;" 2. That he should not have got some one familiar with Lindley Murray to revise this book, so as not to have written (p. 41) that "the sharp outlines of the penumbra surrounding the dark spots, *has* often been seen to cut," etc., and other passages as bad; 3. That he did not put his rhetoric into an appendix; which might have saved his work from such infelicities as the following (p. 66): "The vigorous mind of Copernicus, transferring *himself*, [a vigorous mind, or Copernicus?] in imagination, to the sun," etc., etc.; 4. That he should have the ugly disposition, unworthy of a man of Science, to depreciate the labors of his cotemporaries, as when he leaves on his reader's mind the impression that the discovery of Neptune was a "happy accident"; 5. That he has not subjected his style to a severe pruning, so as to write of Nature with a simplicity as free from affectation as herself.

Mademoiselle Mori: A Tale of Modern Rome. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard. 1860.

Certainly, in Literature at least, Rome is the *eternal* city. The natural refrain of the reader of books in these days is, "I've been roaming, I've been roaming." Hawthorne, Story, Norton and other agreeable writers have opened the year with books about Rome, and their success in discovering matters of profound and universal interest in the old ruins seems likely to inaugurate a Layardism in Letters which shall exhume the whole of the social epoch buried there under the lavas of the advanced and living world.

The present work would have had much more interest if it had preceded "The Marble Faun." Not that the stories are at all alike, or the descriptions at all identical; but there is a limit even to Rome. Yet there was room for a graphic tale founded on the revolutions which inaugurated the reign of Pio Nono — when the rockets mounting up from the popular joy, fell back upon Italy as a rain of fiery arrows. This tale gathers much of its interest from its theme, and from the high view taken of Italian character and destiny; but it has too many threads, too much spun out; it is too much trouble to hold them all. Take from it some ten graphic delineations, and one would be glad to dismiss the rest of it. It is rare that any satisfactory English view of Mazzini and Garibaldi is found; but here it is: they are interpreted, too, not in fine sentiments, but in living, walking characters.

The Pioneers, Preachers and People of the Mississippi Valley. By W. H. MILBURN. New York: Derby & Jackson. Cincinnati: For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co. 1860.

This is much the best work which Mr. Milburn has yet given the public. It is to a great extent without the conceit and affectation which were so insufferable in "The Rifle, Axe and Saddle Bags," and still more in "Ten Years of Preacher Life." The accounts given in this work of the noble Catholic pioneers of the West are, without adding anything new, remarkable for some fresh and bold outlines not to be met with elsewhere. We are not sure but that the tendency of Mr. Milburn's mind is toward the mythic in our Western Annals; one or two of his stories sound quite Booneish, if not Munchausenish; but men are delineated by their fabulous, no less than their real monuments; and we assure the reader that he will find in this work the most spirited and interesting sketches of De Soto, La Salle, and Marquette; and still more valuable ones of heroes less known.

ORIGIN OF SPECIES—DARWIN'S THEORY.

[We have already given our views of this work. The following sensible criticism has been sent us by a correspondent.—Ed.]

No objection should be made to Mr. Darwin's theory that it contemplates, in the origin of species by means of what he calls *natural selection*, the manifestation of law as unvarying as in their subsequent perpetuation. I can not doubt, however circumscribed our present view, however profound our ignorance, that system and order lie at the foundation of all, as the action of the Creator's will.

Each step in the progress of Science approaches nearer to proving that it is only ignorance which names the phenomena of Nature chance or accident; or would isolate them from a preestablished system of order. We seem to discover, in the distance, that Science will yet prove that there has been no cataclysm in Nature.

Mr. Darwin's theory leaves a God in the material world; for here we see the prevalence of *law*,—and, as Butler says, "what is fixed as much requires and presupposes an intelligent agent to render it so—i. e., to effect it continually, or at stated times—as what is supernatural, or miraculous, does to effect it for once." But the defect of Mr. Darwin's theory, which it has in common with all systems of materialism, is, that it supposes that everything which does not serve a material purpose, is subject only to chance or accident; or, perhaps, that there is nothing existing but that which is of material use. Mr. Darwin states, distinctly, that on the theory of natural selection the various forms of life which we now see are the aggregate of qualities which have been, at some period of the existence of the race, of use in preserving its life; qualities which have been added up through the long process of ages, till they have produced the forms of organic life which we now find in the world. He says: "Nature cares nothing for appearances, except in so far as they may be useful to any being." But we find that Nature does care for appearances, preëminently; often at the expense of material use. The highest types of beauty most often combine with forms least able to withstand the fierce struggle for existence. Over all the world, the effort of creative skill seems as manifest in the production of qualities beautiful, as in those of simply material use. "Nature puts some kind of pleasure," says Thoreau, "before every fruit; not simply a calix behind it."

Let it be supposed, that all the wonderful mechanism of the human frame is the result of *natural selection*,—that even so complicated and marvelously adapted an organ as the eye was developed by the action of outward circumstances, from the mere optic nerve, coated with pigment, as in the Articulate; yet, how shall we account, by the same means, for the shaping of these organs, which *natural selection* could have made only for use in preserving the life of the race, into a form moulded to such perfection of beauty as that which the artist has copied in the statue of Apollo. I think natural selection would give us nothing but Calibans: such forms would be much better fitted to conquer in the great struggle for life. As it is, however, nothing but long continued degradation and oppression suffice to even partially efface the image of God in the human form.

Here, seems to me, the strongest objection to Mr. Darwin's theory—that we find that the same organs which are beneficial to the race, and are of use in preserving its life, yet conform to another standard—governed by other laws—that of beauty. This would be impossible by the theory of natural selection, which could produce only types of form within its own province.

M. B. B.

THE WESTERN CONFERENCE.

QUINCY, ILLINOIS, May, 1860.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:—The annual "Western Unitarian Conference" will be held in this city, commencing Wednesday evening, June 13, and continuing through the following Sabbath. We cordially invite the friends of liberal religious sentiments to join in this free interchange of thought and feeling, and to consult together as to the means of advancing a better conception of Religion and Life. Our homes and hearts will be open to welcome you.

L. BILLINGS, F. BOYD,
R. S. BENNESON, E. EVERETT, } Com. Unitarian Society.

Guests, on arrival in the city, will go to the Tremont House, where the committee will receive them.

We trust that the friends of truth and freedom will bear in mind this invitation. Rev. Mr. Billings, in connection with whose society this conference meets, is a brave and true preacher of righteousness; and we feel assured that liberal minds everywhere will find it good to be there. We understand that, among others, James Freeman Clarke and Octavius B. Frothingham will be present.—Ed.

THE DIAL.

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THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST.

[Sixth Article. — Concluded.]

THE INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF JESUS.

A more serious charge is brought against Jesus by those who impute to him the doctrine of endless punishments for the wicked ; for this doctrine seems to implicate the spiritual no less than the intellectual nature, to betray an imperfection of heart and of conscience, as well as an infirmity of mind ; and we should hold it to be fatal to a person's religious feeling, fatal to the spiritual faith, if we did not know that most devout and tender people had entertained it in all ages of the Church — or, to speak more justly perhaps, had allowed it to rest unchallenged and uncomprehended on the surface of their minds, without distinctly believing it at all.

But we will let Jesus speak for himself. If he spoke any of the words ascribed to him, he spoke these : “ It is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than, having two hands or feet, to be cast into everlasting fire. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee : it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than, having two eyes, to be cast into the Gehenna of fire.” — Matt. xviii. 8, 9. The later Jews regarded with holy horror the Valley of Hinnom, on account of the sacrifices that had been offered to Moloch there, and used its name as a symbol of hell. As much as a century before Christ the Hebrew under-world was subdivided by imagination into two parts, Paradise and Gehenna ; and in the age of the Apostles this word Gehenna had lost much of its vague, indeterminate sense as a figure of speech, and had taken on a technical meaning as descriptive of a place of future torment. But there are stronger phrases on Jesus' lips than those quoted above. Read this : “ Depart from me, ye

cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels. For I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat ; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink. These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." Here the mention of the Devil and his angels gives a terrible emphasis to the language used, and a most ominous distinctness, too, to the doom pronounced. But still more fearfully precise than this, if possible, is the declaration in chapter xii. 31, 32 : " Wherefore I say unto you, all manner of blasphemy and sin shall be forgiven unto men ; but the blasphemy against the Spirit shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him ; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Spirit, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come." Efforts to prove these verses spurious have been unavailing. The manuscripts persist in reporting them. Indeed, Ewald, in his critical translation of the first three Gospels, prints them as a portion of the original "*Spruchsammlung*," or collection of proverbial sayings, which was the nucleus of the Evangelical histories. " Here, at all events," says De Wette, " the ' nevermore ' is pronounced absolutely ; for whether the ' world to come ' includes the Messianic kingdom and the eternity afterward, or only the after eternity, the sense is the same." The phrase employed, as well as the iteration of the verdict, gives to the passage a deadly weight. No vague, rhetorical " everlasting," with a gleam of hope shining through its thick and boundless haze of meaning, is put into the mouth of Jesus here. The sentence is, "*He shall not be forgiven, either here or hereafter.*" The doom is therefore final : the mercy of God is shut off, and despair makes impertinent all question of time.

The doctrine of hopeless perdition is taught in the parable of the ten virgins, against five of whom " the door was shut ; " and likewise in the description of the end of the world, when " the angels shall come forth and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire : there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." This is strong language. And there is nothing to break its force. There are no words of opposite or even of qualifying import. Years ago, a theological professor at Cambridge, himself a restorationist, expressed to a class his opinion that the New Testament gave no direct encouragement of restoration to sinners : the sentiment of the Gospel was in favor of it,

but not the letter. It must be remembered, moreover, that the words put into the mouth of Jesus express the belief which was prevalent among the most religious people of his age, who must have understood him to mean what they meant when he used the terms which they used. The Pharisees, much the largest and most influential sect—the “evangelicals” of the day,—held that the souls of all the wicked were doomed to punishment in Gehenna forever, while the wickedest were shut up in a particular cell thereof, called the “Night of Terrors,” never to be released. The Essenes, who were by eminence the spiritualists, the Quakers of the time, ascetics, and come-outers, maintaining the inherent immortality of the soul, held that “the souls of men, coming out of the most subtle and pure air, are bound up in their bodies as in so many prisons; but being freed at death, they rejoice, and are borne aloft, where a state of blissful life is decreed forever to the virtuous, but the vicious are appointed to eternal punishment in a dark, cold place.”

The presumption then is, that Jesus shared the belief of his contemporaries in regard to the future judgment of the wicked. He put forth that belief, and he put forth no other. No criticism of the word *aionios*, no expositions of the term *Gehenna*, no descanting on the poetical character of Christ's phraseology, relieves us of this burden. The loveliness of his spirit alone gives him the benefit of a doubt. It is possible that in this, as in so many other respects, he was misrepresented; it is possible that, as we possess but a few fragments of his teaching, some instruction of more hopeful tenor may have been lost. But we must abide by such evidence as we have; and that, impartially weighed, justifies, we think, the opinion of the larger part of Christendom. Well, and what follows? That we must put on the doctrine, because Jesus was not able to put it off? Surely not—not even if it was his deliberately adopted persuasion, which we need not grant it was. His purest sentiments, his best affections were all against it. Could he have worked out by the understanding what his soul knew, he might have discarded the national belief and eradicated it from his mind completely. But it is easier for the spirit to receive new truth than for the intellect to repudiate old error. What the pious and humane faith of Jesus was is evident from the words that gushed out of his full heart, and from the benignity he exemplified towards the weakest and the worst. These declare his feeling. If he was

unable to mould that feeling into dogmatic shape, let us forget that partial failure in the department of logic ; let us appeal from the Jesus of Matthew to the Jesus whom Matthew could not report — to the Jesus who could not even articulate himself the mystery of the Love that was in him.

In most respects Jesus followed the opinions prevalent among the Pharisees. In one or two points he seems to incline towards those of the Essenes. The Essenes, Josephus tells us, held marriage in great contempt. They were willing to receive the children of others into their community, and educate them as their own. It was not their wish to abolish the marriage institution, seeing that it was necessary to perpetuate the human race ; but they deemed celibacy a state of greater purity. Precisely in the spirit of these mild enthusiasts and gentle ascetics is the remarkable conversation which Christ is reported to have held with the Pharisees touching divorce, chapter xix. 3-13. The Pharisees ask if a man may lawfully put away his wife for every cause. Jesus answers no — adultery alone is a just cause ; for marriage makes the man and the woman one. His disciples then say, If this is the case, it is not good to marry. Jesus to this, as if assenting to their remark, responds, "All can not receive this saying, save those to whom it is given. For there are some eunuchs that are so born from the mother's womb ; and there are some eunuchs that are made eunuchs by men ; and there are eunuchs that have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He that is able to receive, let him receive." If language like this is to be construed literally — and it is not easy to see how it can be construed otherwise — must we not admit that Jesus depreciates the marriage state and advises his hearers to abstain from it ? Did we choose to press language to its last inference, we might detect a low esteem of wedlock in the saying, "In heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, but all are as the angels." We might also allege imperfection in the doctrine which holds the wedding bond to be inviolate, save by the woman's infidelity. The Church Fathers found it easy to assign reasons for the celibacy of Jesus : his bride was the Church ; he needed no earthly helpmate like ordinary mortals ; being himself the only Begotten of God and eternal, he needed no progeny to perpetuate his line ; he had no time for family cares, no room for personal attachments,— and so forth. But it is quite as likely that ascetic reasons induced the first-born Son to neglect the

universal and sacred duty of Hebrew youth, by remaining unmarried.

The Jews never held the weaker sex in honor, never conceded to woman, nor dreamed of conceding to her the place claimed and allowed her in modern society. Jesus may have risen above this Eastern prejudice by sheer force of spirituality ; but we have no evidence that he did so. Moved by compassion, he could pity woman's distresses ; touched with tenderness, he could forgive her sins. But except in the single instance of the woman of Samaria, who is to us no historical personage, he does not appear to have recognized her ulterior capacity, or to have placed her even ideally on an equality with man. Could he have done so in that age—in that condition of civilization ? Are not theories more or less conditioned and limited by actually existing facts ? Could any oriental sage speak on this subject like Mad. Bodichau or the wife of Stuart Mill ? Indeed, he must have been much more than mortal to have risen above sentiments which the civilization, the humanity and the piety of eighteen centuries have not reversed or corrected.

To those who have been accustomed to regard Jesus as an inspired Teacher in social ethics as well as in religious truth, any suggestion of his fallibility must be extremely painful. Many would rather be seriously unvarnished themselves than allow that he could err in the least point. But fairness compels us to admit that he did err ; that he was mistaken through lack of knowledge which he had no means of acquiring ; that he was misled by the opinions of those about him. He did entertain beliefs which intelligent people in an enlightened age entertain no longer—which Time has almost erased from the cultivated consciousness—which uninquiring faith alone persists in keeping alive by menaces of wrath, and defends by casting doubt upon the human faculties and treating mortal wisdom with disdain. The proposition that Jesus could not and did not err is to be maintained only by a systematic misinterpretation of language or an unpardonable confusion of thought. Moreover, the proposition itself is unintelligible. There can be no such thing as intellectual infallibility. It is utterly impossible for absolute truth to be expressed in such perfect forms of speech that its very substance shall be conveyed to the human mind, and in a way to compel its instant and full reception. For this a double miracle would be required : one to make the statement, another to explain it ; one to frame a new vocabulary of eternal significance, another to in-

struct each particular understanding in it ; one to concentrate all truth into a single point of light, and another so to place the eye that the ray should fall directly on its nerve of vision. Unless the statement were complete and unerring, it would not be forever conclusive to a single mind. And however complete and unerring it might be, so long as minds are variously constituted, it must convey a different sense to each one. The instant that Truth comes within the sphere of the Intellect,—of any intellect, however comprehensive and lofty,—it assumes a *form*, and that form is perishable. It belongs to a particular period, and will be disowned by other periods. It belongs to a particular nation, whose mental peculiarities another nation does not share. It belongs to a special sect, whose views other sects repudiate. It belongs to a peculiar social state, which has never prevailed elsewhere, or has been elsewhere outgrown. It belongs to a private mind, and every created mind has its own idiosyncrasy. If the doctrine be Hebrew in cast, the Greeks will not receive it ; if it be Greek, the Romans may not fall in with it ; if it commends itself to the men of the first century, it will not commend itself to the men of the fifth or the tenth ; if Essenian, the Pharisees flout it ; if Pharasaic, the Sadducees pass it by ; if adapted to the genius of the East, it will certainly be ill-suited to the genius of the West ; if advanced by a man of contemplation, the practical man dislikes it ; if set forth by a metaphysician, the scientific man finds fault with it ; if true to the simple imagination of the uneducated, it will be altogether untrue to the philosopher's practised thought. If Jesus must have thought within human limitations, he must have been restricted by those of his own age and people. We might as easily suppose him to have spoken a universal dialect, good for every region and for all time, as imagine him to have taught a universal credence, acceptable to the human reason at every state of its development. More than this, is it not plain that Jesus is really lowered by the imputation of intellectual infallibility ? Is not the office of superlative dogmatist a mean one, compared with that of inspired Seer ? Is it not in truth a dishonor to make Christ the mouthpiece of an infinite metaphysics, instead of a living organ of the Holy Spirit ?—to ascribe to him the fictitious attribute of a preternatural understanding, instead of the noblest natural quality of a pure and truthful soul ? Before we can recognize in Jesus a revealer of truth, we must discard the notion of his being an unerring ex-

pounder of dogma. For if his soul is to be the light and life of the world, it must be freed from the incumbrances of his birthplace and lot.

The history of Christendom makes it mournfully manifest that in their zeal for the opinions of Jesus, believers have missed his faith. And so the result of believing has been a bristling array of theological points turned against each other, and too often against him, instead of the prevalence of noble sentiments and the glorious consent of spiritual truth. When will Christians be persuaded that it would be more honorable, both to themselves and to their Master, to substitute a generous confidence in the sentiments and religious principles of Jesus for a hollow deference to his mistakes?

Upon this whole subject a Christian scholar and teacher, one of the wisest and profoundest of living theologians, has spoken so eloquently, that we can not forbear, in closing this article, to strengthen our arguments by his authority, and to enrich our pages with his words.* "Where, after all," asks James Martineau, "is the ultimate authority of our religion to be found? Who will show us the real seat of the 'Primitive Christianity,' of which all disciples are in quest? Shall we take the first four centuries and interpret the concurrent tones of their voices into the certain oracle of God? Not so, you say; for the writers of that period were full of the errors prevailing around them, and they themselves refer us to an anterior generation as imparting legitimacy to the doctrines which they teach. Shall we go, then, to that earlier generation and abide by the words of the Apostolic age? Scarcely this, either, you will say; for the marks are too plain that there is no unerring certainty here; the Apostles themselves were not without their differences; and even their unanimity could mistake, for they confessedly taught the near approach of the end of the world. They, too, still refer us upward, and take everything from Christ. To Christ, then, let us go. Wherein resides the authority in *him* which we are to accept as final? Shall we say, in his reported words, wherever found, his statements are conclusive, and exempt from doubt? Impossible! Who can affirm that he had, and that he uttered, no ideas imbibed from his age, and obsolete when that age was gone? that he

* *Miscellanies*, by Rev. J. Martineau, pp. 210-213; reprinted from the *Prospective Review* for February, 1846.

grew up to manhood in the Galileean province without a sentiment or expectation native to place and time, or that he disrobed himself of his whole natural mind from the instant of his baptism? that he did not discern evil spirits in the poor patients that came to him, and so misinterpret his own miracle? that he raised no hopes in others of sitting on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel — of drinking with him of the fruit of the vine at his table in his kingdom; and of his own return to fulfil all these things ‘within that generation?’ Will any one plainly say, with these things before him, that Jesus was infallible, and that in his spoken language we have a standard of doctrinal truth? And if error was possible, who will give us an *external* test by which we may know the region of its absence and of its presence? For without this, to talk of his words being a ‘rule of faith,’ is a delusion or a pretense. But why this heathenish craving for an ‘oracle’ turning the Galileean hills into a Delphi, Jesus into a Pythoness, and degrading the Gospels into Sibylline books? Did Christ ask for this blind, implicit trust? Did he wish his disciples to believe his word because it was true — or the truth because it was his word? Nay, did not *he* also refer us to something higher, and hint at an authority needful to authorize his own? Thither, then, we must retreat, if, indeed, we would find ‘Primitive Christianity.’ Behind all the *communicated* beliefs of Jesus lie his *felt* beliefs, with the question, ‘What made them his?’ Whence his holy trust in them? For in his soul, also, they had a justifying origin. He thought them, he loved them, he worshipped in them, he struggled under them, before he published them. By what mark did he know them to be divine? Does any one really suppose that he would refuse to believe them unless his senses could have a physical demonstration, unless the Infinite Spirit would talk audibly with him in the vernacular tongue, and give him his word for them, and show off some proof-miracle to satisfy his doubts? And if it were found out that there was no breach of the Eternal Silence, no phantasm floating between the uplifted eye of the Nazarene and the quiet stars, would you say that it was all over with our faith, and its divine Original clean gone? Surely not. It will not be questioned that the inspiration of Jesus was within the soul: by the powers that dwelt there, he knew the thoughts to be divine and holy as they dropped on his meditations; and the authorizing point of all his

treasures of heavenly truth and grace dwelt in his reason, conscience and faith. Here, then, is the fountain of all the primitive seat of inspiration, the true *religion* of *Christ*—that which he *felt* and *followed*, not that which he *spoke* and *led*. And those are the most genuine disciples who stand with him at the same spring; who are ready for the same trust, and can disengage themselves from tradition, pretense and fear at the bidding of the same source of inspiration.”

SCHILLER.

An Address delivered November 10, 1850, in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the occasion of the celebration of Schiller's Birthday,

BY W. H. FURNESS.

WHEN, by the rough steps of the German Grammar, and through the blinding mist of German Genders and Particles, and a disorderly crew of Irregular Verbs, the young American Student has ascended to the far-shining Palace of German Literature, and the gates of the majestic pile are thrown open to him, there stands upon the threshold, in

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,

the first to welcome him, the immortal Poet, whose coming into the world one hundred years ago we are gathered this evening, in sympathy with thousands all over the world, to commemorate. There he stands, grave and benignant; and there hovers around him a brilliant retinue, the princely and heroic forms whom his genius transfigured and exalted to that Olympian sphere where the offspring of those demigods, the poets, dwell forever, shedding far and wide a gladdening influence over all our common work-day world. I need only name the immortal group, that, like a constellation glittering on the brow of night, will illuminate the intellectual heavens till those heavens be no more. Don Carlos of Spain, and Mary of Scotland, and Elizabeth of England, and Joan of France, and William Tell and Wallenstein, all summoned, with their attendant luminaries, from different lands, and transferred from the dim limbo of History, now shine all abroad with a life-giving pow-

er. And through them, the Poet, breathing his glowing thoughts, himself lives again, no longer in a frail mortal body, like that which he wore on earth, which the fire of his genius so soon consumed to ashes, and which only the bodily eye could discern, but he lives again in the ethereal life of the mind. That flows through his creations into the inner-life of all by whom those creations are appreciated ; and so his life mingles with our life and intensifies it, and he lives no longer with men, but in them — being present, not in a form which our imperfect senses can perceive, but, far more intimately, in the life of the Intellect, of the Heart, of the Imagination, which is the life of life, and which he has made more abundantly ours.

Such is the style and bounty of the welcome which the great Poet gives us, by whom we are introduced into the opulent domain of German Literature, and from whom we received the first hint of its immense wealth. And what a more than royal greeting is it, generous, far beyond the wildest dream of Oriental munificence ! A king shall welcome you into his kingdom and at his court with dazzling presents of chariots and horses, with chains of gold, and stars, and ribbons, and caskets, and miniatures of his own august countenance set in precious stones. But the Poet, when he receives you within the charmed circle of his works, bears you up on the wings of his genius, so that you may mount with him into the empyrean, where the most gorgeous regal equipage dwindles to the tinsel toy of a child. He does not deck your person with crimson and gold, but he decorates your inner being with incorruptible gifts — gifts which kings can not buy — gifts, which, once yours, are yours forever. He opens for you new and before unvisited chambers in your own imaginations, and illuminates them with splendors of his thought. No children's baubles, to please and then to weary the eye, does he give you. But he gives you, in a word, himself, his own imperishable life — not the breath of his nostrils which is so soon spent, but the divinity which is in him, which increases both our enjoyment and our power of enjoying, and which the more he gives, the more he himself possesses.

This, true of all poets, of all men of genius worthily directed, is preëminently true of FREDERICK SCHILLER. As we become acquainted with his works, we become acquainted with him. We are impressed with a manly fulness of life in him, giving us assurance not of a mere artist or scholar, but of a man, a genuine

man; and his manhood is signified by a pervading sincerity, a thorough earnestness. All that we learn of him is in keeping with this impression. Although in the familiar circle of his friends and family he was, as we are told, cheerful and gay, yet in public he was grave and reserved. He shrunk from the demonstrations of public admiration which broke forth at times irrepressibly. From all that I have ever read of him and of his works, he dwells now in my imagination in an attitude and with an air of personal dignity amounting almost to solemnity. What helps this impression is the fact that he appears to have been constitutionally devoid of humor and wit. At all events, his genius did not run in that direction. Almost the only passage in all his writings that implies humor is the Capuchin's Sermon in Wallenstein's Camp, and that is taken from the harangues of the eccentric old preacher, Abraham St. a Clara, as is apparent at the slightest glance to all who have ever read any of the old Jesuit's sermons, oftentimes mere strings of doggerel witticisms. The absence of humor would seem to be a very serious limitation of the Genius of Schiller. But what this true poet thus wanted in breadth was made up for in strength and depth.

But here, ladies and gentlemen, let me beg you not to be alarmed. I have no thought of attempting a minute description, a profound, critical, German analysis of Schiller's genius. I would not venture such an attempt on this occasion and in this presence, even if I were qualified therefor. I am referring now only for a special purpose to a characteristic of Schiller which the most superficial knowledge of his life and works brings us acquainted with. Profound explorations in the rich domain of his mind, and in its hidden elements, we may safely leave to his own countrymen. There is no fear that he, or any other great German man, will ever fail to be known through lack of being thoroughly studied. For if there is any one thing that our German brothers delight in more than in all things else, it is to plunge down to the foundations of things, and to tug at the heart of all mysteries. It is their favorite intellectual beverage. Why, if you were to send a clairvoyant at any moment to the centre of the earth, she would come back and report to you the impossibility of getting there, for the crowd of German philosophers busily burrowing after that mysterious spot. And if they had no other means of penetrating the secret of Schiller's genius, they would convert the Bell, which he has made so musi-

cal in his song, into a Diving Bell, and go down in it and bring up to us the unsunned riches of his nature.

But I — I am only an American, a New Englander, and so an American of the Americans, as we New Englanders, with our well known modesty, account ourselves. And as our German friends love to dive down, our American weakness is to go ahead with telegraphic despatch; so we must needs skim over the surface, and keep our heads well above water. We have our notions, it is true, plenty of them. Of my native city, the proverb runs that Boston folks are full of notions. But then they are not notions that we dig for, with German patience and fidelity, in the depths, but notions that come to us for the most part floating on the tide, — come to us perhaps from Germany itself, where they were thrown away long ago, and we snatch at them before we know whether they be true touch or not; or they come to us like birds of the air, which escape us almost as fast as we can catch them, leaving only some of their feathers in our hands, for which we console ourselves by sticking the feathers in our caps. Such is the amount of our notions, — always excepting a few that some of my countrymen have to sell, and that are made solely for that purpose. Being so very rational, and so much in a hurry withal, there is so much to foster our infirmities on the surface, that it does not do for us to try to be very deep. When we do try it, we are apt to get our heels where our heads ought to be, and then we have considerable difficulty in telling the one from the other.

In the exposure to such a peril, I shall make no attempt to be either critical or profound, but seek only to illustrate and enforce what I just now said — namely, that the Poet, the man of genius, always gives us himself, his inner and best life. Such is emphatically the case with Schiller by tokens which every one at all familiar with his works can not fail to observe. In his life and his works, he fills us with the conviction that we are in communication with a man thoroughly in earnest. And it is the men thoroughly in earnest, be it in literature or in affairs, that always go straight to the heart of the world, and take possession of that metropolitan position, and enthrone themselves there. There may be all sorts of obstacles in their way, but these only serve to whet their strength and so to accelerate their progress. They may be violently resisted in their approach to the great centre and citadel, opposed by brute violence and forbidden to advance.

But it is the capital of their hereditary kingdom. It is theirs by the grace of God, and they must reach it. And opposition is a great deal worse than useless. The more violent it is, only the more powerfully does it assist them, for it serves to call out and emblazon their royal natures. Their bodily life may be crushed out of them. But while that is wasting away, the invisible life of them escapes; and slowly but grandly expanding, as it goes, to the dimensions of the world, it finds the hearts of mankind everywhere open and waiting to receive it, and there is a new element of vitality in the atmosphere. You can no more imprison and destroy that than you can chain and extinguish the light. The earnest man is born and predestined from all eternity to win that bloodless victory that crowns the vanquished as well as the victors.

To this company of born kings and conquerors, Schiller belonged. He did not pursue Literature as an amusement. It was the most serious, the religious work of his life. No soldier ever went into battle with more earnestness of mind than Schiller obeyed the command of his genius, forsaking in defiance of ducal authority all things for the sake of Literature, — “looking upwards,” as he himself afterwards counseled the artist to do, “looking upwards to his dignity and the law, and not downwards to his happiness and his wants.” “Something majestic,” said he, “hovers before me as I determine now to wear no fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to no throne but the soul of man.”

In this quality of Honesty, Schiller calls to mind another illustrious German writer, likewise distinguished for the singleness of his aim, GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING, who has been styled a continuation of Luther. And Lessing, like Schiller, teaches us, as very few literary men do in these days, that no genuine Literature is or can be child's play — no, not even that form of literature, the Drama, which, as popularly conceived of, exists mainly for purposes of amusement. They teach us that Literature is as earnest a work as is done under the sun; that it demands valor and strength, and that, when it is faithfully pursued, it revolutionizes nations. It was in the department of the Drama, or in connection with it, that both Lessing and Schiller rendered eminent service to the highest interests of all Literature — aye, and of Humanity itself. What Schiller's services in this direction were, let William Tell and Joan of Arc and Wallenstein bear witness. And what Lessing's were, whoever wishes to know let him read what this noble

literary Reformer wrote in his office of critic of the Hamburg Theatre, nearly one hundred years ago, when Schiller was less than ten years of age, and when the most distinguished men of letters in England had no idea of the intellectual splendor which was then irradiating Germany. At that time Voltaire and French Taste reigned in Germany with a despotism so complete, that to question their authority seemed hardly less than insane. Bold as it was, Lessing commenced the assault upon the Voltaire dynasty, and with the very weapon of ridicule, in the use of which the Frenchman was held to be the champion of the age. But Lessing's wit, as Henry Heine says, "was no little French greyhound that runs after his own shadow; it was rather a great German tom-cat that plays with the mouse—before he devours it." It was not wit alone, however, although of the keenest, that Lessing employed against the high authority of Voltaire. He unmasked upon him a perfect battery charged with principles of the soundest morality and the purest taste; and as the artificial fabric of French thought cracks and tumbles before it, those Hamburg criticisms stir the heart like the roar of a great battle. And amidst the flash and the smoke we descry the French Usurper, stript of his regalia to the skin, and put to ignominious flight, and Shakespere, the Magnificent, coming to reign in his stead. "Far off his coming shines." The grand intellectual Revolution, which Lessing thus initiated, was chiefly due to the fervent sincerity, to the genuineness of the man, to that quality which distinguishes Schiller so impressively, and which in Schiller's writings brings us into inspiring communion with a living man, so that it is as if we looked into his beaming face and were thrilled by the tones of his voice.

This is the essential merit of this true Poet, the warrant of his poetic authority, such as is only now and then, once or twice in an age perhaps, accorded to men. This it is that makes our hearts leap to do him honor and to hail him as a benefactor and a friend. The poetic element is all but universal. The divine seed is in us all, but Poets, worthily so called, are by no means so common in the world, as it would seem to be thought. Versifiers we have in abundance, male and female—very graceful and delicate versifiers too, but only versifiers. It is a lamentable confusion of ideas, and an unauthorized stretch of courtesy, to name them poets. The truth is, that the making of verses, the stringing together of sentiments, caught by hearsay or remembered from the copy book, to

some musical and popular measure, with the due number of jingling rhymes, is a thing to which, as Edward Everett has remarked, all young ladies and gentlemen at a certain age are liable, just as children are apt to catch the measles, and "the utmost their friends can hope for is that they may have them lightly." The best mode of treating the disease — (the common dictates of humanity justify me, ladies and gentlemen, in making this brief digression — I anticipate your thanks,) — the best mode of treating the disease is to regard it as such, and without either checking it too violently or unduly fomenting it with application of parental pride, let the eruption come well out. Great care must be taken lest it should strike in; for although death may not ensue, yet, what is sometimes worse, the disease may become chronic. And then woe betide those who fall into the hands of an incurable versifier! They not only have to listen, they must applaud too; and this is one of the most painful alternatives which our poor human nature can be reduced to. There goes a legend that one of these unfortunate versifiers, after having exhausted all mortal patience, unable to find a soul on earth so regardless of its own sanity and peace as to consent upon any terms to listen to his verses, actually sold himself to the Evil One on condition that that personage would come and let him read to him. The compact was made, but after an hour or two's reading, the listener discovered it would not pay, and begged to be let off from the bargain.

But seriously, versification may be a graceful accomplishment, a decoration that betokens talent, but it implies no creative power. It gratifies the fancy and the ear perhaps, but it is a very different thing from the work of the poet, which is an inspiration and no manufacture, and ought never to be mistaken for it, as it so often is. How many writers have we, styled poets, who are not even good versifiers!

The Poet, as the word imports, is a maker. He creates. But I am not going to attempt in few words, or in many, to define the Poet and Poetry. The essence of this divine gift is as indefinable, and as much defies all language and all imagery, as the Divinity whose inspiration it is. The Poet's eye rolls and flashes with fine fancies; but it is something more than fancies to which he gives form and life. His ear is in fine accord with the music of verse; but he is in fuller unison with harmonies which no ear can hear. He tells us only what we instantly recognize as already in our

hearts ; and yet through him the universal heart of Humanity throbs and dilates with a new life, and all men are greater than they were for his words. In vain do you search for his power in any arts of language, although he is master of them all ; and words are never his fetters, but the wings on which he soars singing, filling heaven and earth with his songs, and fanning as he rises the hot brow and cooling the fevered heart of the world with the airs of Paradise. As little constrained by critical rules as any bird on the trees, he reveals those deep laws of thought and expression to which, by the instinct of his genius, he renders a free and filial obedience. He stands here in the ever-various and ever-moving world of Nature and of man in the dignity and wisdom of his manhood, and yet with the open heart of a little child ; and that heart is a magic chamber from which everything that enters there returns with music and in beauty, to charm mankind and awaken into activity whatever is best and greatest in their nature. He is, in fine, an incarnation of the life and love of things. His is among the very highest offices in the great Commonwealth of Humanity. And he is all this chiefly because his eye is single and his whole being full of light.

Thus Schiller has done a Poet's work in the world. Has done, do I say ? His influence is active now. It is unceasing and immortal. He kindles noble sentiments in men, through sympathy with the same sentiments breathing through his words. We feel, we can not choose but feel, that what he says he says because he himself believes it and knows it. It is no hearsay, no matter of tradition or conformity, but the genuine emotion, the unborrowed convictions of his mind. So that

— all he writes becomes him as his own,
And seems as perfect, proper and possest,
As breath with life, or color with the blood.

Such is the potent charm of all personal influence. In Literature it makes us sensible of a presence behind and above the printed page. It renders a word, spoken or written, as telling a stroke of character as a deed. It is this that has made the words of Luther to be called "half-battles," and Luther's Hymn the *Marseillaise* of the Reformation. It signifies and represents the man in the heroic action and attitude of his manhood.

The poetry of the present day seems greatly devoid of this living

personal power. It is fanciful, or it is metaphysical. It astonishes and delights with its surprises, or it overawes us with a sublime obscurity, or dazzles us with multiplicity of ornament and sparkling turns of thought and expression. It has little in common with the homely, rugged strength of Ancient Poetry — of the old Greek tragedies, for instance, where one act of concentrated passion, in unadorned simplicity, blazes out from “the burning core” of human nature, a part and portion of the inmost life of all men; and therefore of universal and everlasting interest. Have we much poetry of this kind in modern times, always excepting some of the old English Ballads and Shakespere? But Shakespere (thanks to German genius for helping us to understand him!) — Shakespere is an exception in all things, uniting as he does the insight of a god with a fancy of inexhaustible variety, and a boundless humor, and a perfect command of all the harmonies of expression. His mastery over whatever he touches is so complete that it is all mere play, the play of a child as genuine as it is joyous.

But in sincerity, in earnestness of meaning, in truthfulness, Schiller is second to none. This gives him his power. Thus inspired, a true poet, once more I say it, he gives us, not merely fancies or melodies, but he imparts himself to us, transfusing his own convictions warm and glowing into the hearts of men, so that they throb and swell with a new life. Who now can compute the gift? Who can measure and repay the service, the generous service which a true poet, like Schiller, renders us! Honor, immortal honor to him! Be his memory glorious forever!

Schiller thus adds another to the grand attestations that we have to the fact that the great men of our race are the next of kin to all men. The highest are blood-relatives of the lowest. We are accustomed to look upon great men, the men of rare and beneficent genius, as dwelling high up, apart from the common mass of mankind, as beings of different mould, cut off from all real sympathy with us; and accordingly little men who would be great, and who climb up upon some official pedestal to make themselves so, deem it a sign of greatness to despise their fellow-men, to look with contempt upon human nature. Whereas it is only ordinary men, men of feeble sympathies and faculties, who stand apart, aliens, strangers to one another, dumb, unable to communicate. And what with our mediocrity and the many things there are to separate man from man, we should be strangers to one another forever;

were it not for the men of genius, the great and the strong, who have in them, not a different nature, but only more than common of the divine stuff which we are all made of. These it is — these great ones — who come close to us, breaking through all artificial distinctions, because they have power to affect us. They are able to reach and stir into activity the dynamic forces, the primal instincts of our better nature. They awaken a new life in us. We are begotten by them into a loftier condition of existence. They are our spiritual fathers, and we are their children. As one touch of Nature, only one, makes the whole world kin, how close is the kindred when Genius touches us with its searching magnetism, and touches us in the marrow and the quick! Then the whole world become not merely kin — then the whole world becomes one.

Men of Genius, then, are the vital elements, the creative forces of the world's power and growth. Thus Shakespeare is the soul of English Literature, the animating principle of English Thought, and the life of the Saxon Race. And whatever civil changes England may suffer, England can never die, so long as the genius of Shakespeare lives in the mind of the nation. Though it were conquered and overrun, it would conquer its conquerors, just as the genius of Grecian Eloquence and Philosophy triumphed over all-governing Rome, and crowned the ancient Queen of the world with a brighter glory than the blood-stained renown of her arms.

Thus the power of Genius annihilates all national distinctions, and brings together the most remote in the brotherhood of universal Humanity. To this splendid triumph of Genius, this hour and this assembly bear most significant witness. Brothers and sisters, where are the distinctions that separate us from one another to-night? They all vanish in the presence of him whose genius we now celebrate. There are no Germans here now. There are no Americans, either native or naturalized. A true Poet, by the mere necessity of his great nature, has leveled all the partition walls of language, all the differences of race, and gathered us here now as born citizens of the boundless Fatherland of the Intellect, an Empire in comparison with which the conquests of Alexander, of Cæsar and of Napoleon, are but a small, out-lying, barbarian province, and where he who serves all most faithfully, and shall reign over all most gloriously, be he of what country he may, and where accordingly, in the same broad spirit in which we are now met, "a shining procession of kings" as they have been called,

German kings, Lessing, and Wieland, and Herder, and Göthe, and Schiller, and Tieck, and Schlegel, "have one after another thrown their votes into the urn, and," forgetful of all national distinctions, and anticipating his own countrymen, "elected" the Englishman, "William Shakespere, Emperor of all Literature," Emperor for life — and his lifetime is Eternity.

It was no barren sceptre with which Shakespere was thus invested. Under his imperial reign, German Literature was rapidly advancing to a state of high culture for nearly half a century before the best minds in England surmised what a resplendent fabric of literary genius and art was rising on the German soil. But it was not Shakespere alone that was read in Germany. All the eminent classical names of English Literature soon became familiar as household words among the scholars and writers of Germany, and this when the German mind was looked upon in England as wild and barbaric, and translations of German books were deprecated as a new eruption of the Goths and Vandals. Through the darkness of English prejudice and ignorance the clear beams of Schiller's genius were among the first to penetrate. He is still among the first to inspire us with admiration and respect for the mind of his country, and he weaves the tie which binds us together to-night.

To him, then, we render the homage of our veneration and grateful love. We recognize in him one of the chief dignitaries of the Imperial Realm, one between whom and Shakespere there stands no other of equal dramatic power — one whose influence shall prove to be, in the words of our immortal Emperor himself,

"A hoop of gold to bind us brothers in,
That the united vessel of our blood
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As acornitum or rash gunpowder."

We are here this evening celebrating the advent of a noble and munificent spirit into our world one hundred years ago, November the 10th, 1759,—November the 10th, memorable two hundred and seventy-six years before as the birthday of the great Head of the Protestant Reformation. The coincidence of these birthdays is not without significance. Luther was not only the leader of the great religious movement of the 16th Century, he is accounted by German scholars in his translation of the Scriptures, as the creator of the modern German language; a language, the principle of the mere articulation of which — namely, that all possible justice must

be done, in pronouncing it, to the sound of every letter — is in fine accord with the downright honesty of Luther, who created it, and of Schiller, who, through this noble instrument, has poured into our minds the beauty and the music of his genius.

Thus, already under obligations to Germany for the great miracle of the Printing Press, we acknowledge on this birth-day of illustrious men the gift of the Protestant Reformation and the gift of the language of Schiller.

The death of Schiller, which took place in his 46th year, is memorable as well as his birth. It well became him — the manner of his departure. When the inevitable hour came, he bade farewell to his family and friends, and when one asked him how he felt, his reply was : “ *Calmer and calmer.*” Once afterwards he exclaimed : “ *Many things are growing plain and clear to me.*” And then he fell asleep in the fulness of his fame. His death was felt throughout Germany and Europe, to be a great public loss. “ According to his own directions,” says a German authority, “ the bier was to be borne by private citizens ; but several young artists and students took it from them. It was between midnight and one in the morning when they approached the churchyard. The overcast heaven threatened rain. But as the bier was set down by the grave, the clouds suddenly parted, and the moon, coming forth in peaceful clearness, threw her first rays on the coffin of the Departed. They lowered him into the grave ; and the moon again retired behind her clouds. A fierce tempest of wind began to wail, as if it were reminding the bystanders of their great, irreparable loss.”

But though, in the words of the now venerable Uhland,

— months and years have vanished duly,
And round his grave the cypress grows,
And those who mourned his death so truly
Themselves have sunk in death's repose ;

Yet as the Spring is yearly showing
Its pomp again and fresh array,
So now, all young again and glowing,
The Poet walks the earth to-day.

Back to the living hath he turned him,
And all of death has past away ;
The age, that thought him dead and mourned him,
Itself now lives but in his lay.

TRIBUTE.

I.

BENEATH the sombre cypresses, chance-planted grew, down in a glade,
A slender tree, that shed its flowers each season fruitless, in the shade;
On sunny plains the whispering groves bent to the wind with grateful
 sigh,
And burly bees from bloom to bloom bore golden gifts on wing and thigh.
 Among the gloomy cypress trees
 Came neither sunshine, air, nor bees.

II.

Bedewed with tears of cypresses, the shadowed tree still upward grew,
And lifting aye its eager head, it pierced the covering foliage through;
It bathed in summer sun and air; its flowers, erst white, blushed golden
 red;
The errant honey-hunters came, and fruit in clusters crowned its head.
 To load with riches barren trees
 Needs only sunshine, air, and bees.

III.

In deeper gloom than cypress shades I lived, long fruitless years, alone,
Yet knowing that life must have joys more true than any I had known.
Perhaps my faith hath made me whole: the heavens have opened even to
 me;
Thou cam'st, and, cheering, led'st me on to win my upward way to thee—
 My Love! to me as are to trees
 Fruit-giving sunshine, air, and bees.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF GHOST-CRAFT.

PSYCHOLOGY (*Ψυχη, λογος*,) means speech or revelation concerning the soul. Dynamize this word, and we have *to psychologize*, which presents the soul-substance in the attitude of an active and interpenetrative force, and implies a sympathetic object or soul acted upon.

Thinking and feeling, functions ascribed to the soul, are susceptible of either being confined within the soul, or projected from itself into another. But the active and spiritual sense of these words is imperfectly perceived by the multitude, and their interpenetrative sense is not allowed. We do indeed say, I feel you, but this means only, I feel within myself that I am in contact with you, not that I project my feeling into you, or receive yours into me; nor does the verb *to think* ever mean, I project my thought into another's mind, or receive his into mine. For this we have *I think*, and *I learn*, which are confined to special knowledges, and do not extend to the thought-substance itself.

The development and apprehension of novel possibilities required a new term to express them; and what can be more appropriate than this chaste and precise Greek verb, *to psychologize*, which ascribes to the soul primary source of thought and feeling—the active projection of our thoughts and feelings, sensations and sentiments, into others?

With these elementary dynamics of the soul, magnetizers have almost familiarized the public mind. To spirits, also, of the deceased has been assigned such control of other minds, either in their own life-sphere or in ours, as magnetizers exert upon their subjects, sometimes at great distances.

To psychologize is construed, to induce either upon oneself or upon others impressions that are often mistaken for external realities. We have been assured that this is much practiced in the other life. Many ghosts, especially those newly arrived on the other side of the Styx, are said to spend most of their time in this quasi-fictitious state, the partial representation of which may be observed among the Orientals, who eat hasheesh or opium; among the Turks and Germans, who smoke themselves into reverie; but especially among the coca-chewers of Bolivia and the neighbor-

ing countries. It is a pleasure which Nature permits to some, and which others assiduously cultivate, either from its fascination or from the need of taking refuge in an ideal world from the too rude and cruel experiences of their false social positions.

This attitude of soul seems to be much easier to the Orientals than to the peoples of Europe and their American descendants, and to be peculiarly incompatible with the climate of our Atlantic coast. Drugs which soothe and elevate the one may in the same dose irritate and madden the other temperament; and this depends on the relations of the blood globule with the nerve vesicle.

The Brahmins cultivate, as the highest discipline of the soul, a state of ecstatic contemplation, doubtless often mistaking the indefinite for the infinite, the clouds for the firmament, the loss of earth for the gain of Heaven. They seek to perfect themselves by meditating on the abstract perfections of Brahma, and do, it is reported, so introvert their minds in these spiritual gymnastics as to attain the insensibility of cataleptics. They acquire a genius for the trance state, and leave their bodies long quiescent during their celestial pilgrimages—in one unbroken slumber, from the seed-sowing to the harvest, as English authorities attest.

The poet and novelist should possess, as a gift of organization, or develop by culture, the power of psychologizing themselves, and their readers also, in a high degree. For the lack of this, all other talents fail to compensate. Poetry and Romance are our intellectual narcotics: we ask of them oblivion of this world's imperfections, and rendered fluent, gaseous, or aro-mal, through the subjective magic of their spells, to traverse unobstructed, unchallenged, invisible, new combinations of character, scenery, action, thought, and emotion.

The artist must believe a little himself, or the illusion will hardly be perfect for us. The creator must embody himself in his creation: bodies are the forms, not the instruments of souls. A true poem or life-story, however wildly improbable its incidents, can be, no more than a planet or a sun, the work and mere effect of an external hand. Paley has nailed himself to the counter in his notorious comparison of the watch. D'Israeli in his *Vivian Grey* and Contarini Fleming is wonderful in this gift of creative reverie. Longfellow, among our modern poets, preëminently possesses this endowment. His epics live within us.

The function of these ministers of the Ideal is to supply ex-

alted standards by which the crudities of the world may be criticised and gradually corrected. Perverted from this function, and deprived of the criticism of external contact, the endowment engenders self-deceptions and follies. Our ghost-reporter informs us that in the other life persons gradually drop this habit, as they acquire more experience and wisdom. Then they find that the ghost-world, like ours, is real and social; and that in both, heartily to enter into what concerns the public weal is more to the purpose than reverie and introspection, however enticing the cheap marvels of romance which the latter may furnish to its votaries. This does not exclude the creation nor the enjoyment of high works of art: only morbid excesses or trivial perversions are in question.

Mediums who imagine they see and converse with spirits, are often at such moments psychologized, either by some one in our own life-sphere or in the other. What they see may be a picture limned in correspondence with their thought, according to those organic laws of art which execute themselves. An idea, light but integral, like winged seed, is caught upon the breeze of reverie; it coasts along the labyrinthine convolutions of the brain, it penetrates at last the optic lobes (*tubercula quadrigemina*), and takes the form of vision there; for the internal senses are open alike to impressions from matter through the outward eye or from spirit through ideas. The thought, so rendered, may be either our own or another's, as to its origin. The extreme facility with which this kind of portrait or scene-painting is accomplished, is known to every one who remembers the phantasmagoria of fevers and of inflammations of the organs of sense.

When a child, I was subject to an occasional earache, which always depicted itself, as it were, on my organs of sense as monstrous forceps, big as an obelisk, which, in closing as if to crush me, only pinched up a *teenchy* little bit of skin, that made my flesh crawl, then opened to repeat the same operation. Another time, during the incipient stage of the varioloid, while the nervous system chiefly was affected, that disease prefigured itself by psychologizing on my vision a rapid succession of dissolving views, often very interesting, but each of which was invariably transformed into something hideous as it disappeared.

There is a boldness of figure, apparently, here, of which I am well aware, and which might be objected to as indicating levity of fancy unbecoming my theme. Am I then speaking here of vario-

loid or earache as of beings, and as thinking or feeling beings, capable of exercising the highest human power,—that of psychologizing a person? I reply: *Maladies* are concentrated miasms, subversive aromas, corresponding with the mineral, vegetable, and animal poisons in the lower grades of creation. They are, as it were, the disembodied souls of viruses; and again they correspond more or less completely to the graduated scale of vital endowments associated with the organs and faculties of man. Varioloid, for instance, when it invades a person, makes that person over in its own likeness, as to his skin and mucous membranes, so that its daguerreotype may easily be taken; moreover, in a less complete and more confused manner, it fills and modifies the other organic spheres susceptible of entertaining it, such as the blood, which carries its ogre form into the brain, where it comes into intimate conversation with the nerve vesicles, in the spheres of tactile sensation, of certain emotional and instinctual functions, and rises into consciousness by the corresponding ideas. The same miasm, which in one country of the human organism is known as pain, is known in another as ugly thoughts, and in another as ugly pustules. I do not pretend to say that the variola thinks or behaves like a human person, when it is between two pieces of glass, or when it is diffused in the atmosphere; but I do mean to say that, once in correlation with an individual organism, it instantly becomes human form itself, and polarizes with its own peculiar magnetism the thinking element as well as the nutritive element of that person. Some organs or tissues remain unmodified by a given malady: this shows that that malady is susceptible of the human form only to a certain extent, or partially. Some *maladies* localize themselves, and cultivate exclusively a certain organ or a limited segment of the body, on which they may develop parasitic growths. Such are the family of tumors.

I think that *maladies* exercise a very extensive tyranny in psychologizing mankind—a tyranny at which mankind would do well to be indignant, and against which they ought to make war systematically and very seriously for the recovery of their personal liberty. “I know more than one rich slave to neuralgia, in the State of Virginia, who would think his case bettered if he could change lots with his own negro coachman.

There is, in states of full health as well in others, at certain times, a peculiar openness or susceptibility of the camera obscura of

individual consciousness to subjective or ideal illusions, analogous to those of the *fata morgana*, which are objective or real illusions.

Sometimes, in traveling through a forest at night, my nervous system calm and normal, expecting to arrive at a town, I have been completely deceived for several minutes together, by the most perfectly delineated forms of buildings, dwelling-houses, churches, etc., etc., so that I supposed I was riding through the streets of the town, when in reality there were no houses near me. This is the more remarkable, because I am not at all an imaginative or entertaining person when I am by myself. I can not often or easily summon before me scenery at pleasure ; and I am peculiarly deficient in capacity for all those plastic arts which architecture resumes.

But the conception of uses implicitly contains the means of arriving at them. The arts are latent in the potential life of the Soul ; and in its mood, inventive or creative, it develops them in radiation upon the world.

Proceeding a step further from the known to the unknown, I conceive how ghosts who are of altogether human form, in sympathetic contact of thought and emotion with us, may induce upon our mental or interior senses such pictures, sounds, or language, as are evolved, by a physiological law, in *correspondence* with their thought, but which we may mistake for external realities.

It would appear, then, that a medium who surrenders his brain to be thought through, or his fingers to be written through, undiscerningly, by some overbearing, impertinent ghost, and who mistakes for realities and truths those signs and visions induced upon his brain by the mere plastic force of another's idea, may be turning his mill-wheels without grist, and not be necessarily advancing destinies, either in this life or in the other. This function may possess, however, such passive merit as the hands of a watch or the shadow of a gnomon, which indicate, without explaining, the series of phenomena to which they belong.

Among the normal attributes of the ghost-life, known to us as the climax of the clairvoyant faculties of somnambulists or magnetized subjects, is the power to project the visual perceptive along with the idea, so as, at will, to see anything actually transpiring in other parts of the world, however remote, provided the actors and the spectators be connected by some tie of sympathy.

This faculty of clairvoyance, called independent, was exercised to the conviction of skepticism itself, in the last century, when

Swedenborg, being with a party of friends at Göttenburg, witnessed and minutely described, during its progress, a conflagration at Copenhagen, three hundred miles distant.

Independent clairvoyance is simply the communion of the individual with the planetary life, through the sense of sight. In another instinctive sense, even the pig possesses it; for, if you carry him away from home in a sack or a box, he can find his way straight back as soon as liberated from any unknown part. The carrier-pigeon is so called from its habit of carrying 20° or 30° of latitude and longitude under its cranium.

It would be indeed very weak to make a wonderment over these casual dawnings of the sense of ubiquity in man, when we know that such stories as Dumas' Corsican Brothers, or Balzac's Madame de Dey, are true; for the greater includes the lesser.

Are time and space annihilated for the spirit? We can understand what is meant by such propositions from the exercise of our own spiritual faculties. We know how nearly or quite unconscious of time we become, when ardently impassioned and delightfully employed. Witness the balcony-scene in Romeo and Juliet. This charming state of things, not merely the conversation of lovers, but all the attractive occupations that leave no tedious sense of time, will "always find us young and always keep us so," in the true organization of labor by its passional chiefs in the combined order.

It is pretended that spirits traverse immense distances in an instant, and are personally present, so as to be recognized by others and enter into real or objective relations with them. Swedenborg is known to have conversed with spirits apparently on the same terms of social etiquette as with persons in our own life-sphere. It is to be regretted that he should have published only the least entertaining of his conversations, though this is perfectly natural: he has preserved chiefly those intended to elucidate some abstract principle, and which are themselves as dry and abstract and impersonal. Swedenborg was no Balzac. T. L. Harris, the poetic priest, who pretends to a seership more celestial than Swedenborg's, has certainly improved upon his predecessor with regard to style, and has given us in his *Arcana of Christianity*, a book of spirit-travel of livelier color, though still very defective in that individualization of personal characters essential to constitute a true

work of art, whether in revelation or common observation, and whether angels or other folks be its subjects. Let the spirits and spirit mediums give us a book equal in its higher way to Gulliver's Travels, to Robinson Crusoe, to Ivanhoe, to the Three Guardsmen and Suite, to Consuelo, or *Le Recherche de L'Absolu*, or even to Uncle Tom's Cabin, or the Hive of the Bee-Hunter. After the nine-days' wonder is over, nothing less will do.

The general fact of dishonesty among men, and from which women are by no means exempt, renders invaluable the evidence of transcendent faculties, in a character so honorable and a mind so disciplined by the positive and practical sciences as was that of Swedenborg. "In the altitudes of his vision," says his wise and great English translator, "he saw the refractions of the distant and of the future painted upon the curtains of the present." Swedenborg, during his earlier scientific career, recognized the higher faculties of the soul in these terms: "I need not mention the manifest sympathies acknowledged to exist in this lower world, and which are too many to be recounted, so great being the sympathy and magnetism of man, that communication often exists between those who are miles apart. Nor will I mention that the ghosts of some have been presented visibly after death and burial."

"We need not," says Wilkinson, "pierce the vault of Nature to find the explanation of these things. This world has perfections, mental, imponderable, and even physical, equivalent to supply their sense. The universe is telegraphically present to itself in every tittle, or it would be no universe. There are also slides of eyes in mankind, as in an individual, adequate to converting into sensation all the quick correspondence that exists between things, by magnetism and other kindred message-bearers."

Swedenborg has subjected all that he may have seen or heard in spiritual intercourse to the formulas of his metaphysical theology. I distrust all natural history conceived or studied in this rein, whether in our own life-sphere or any other. His cumbrous attempts at the interpretation of Scriptural analogy witness to this fault in his mind. A horse means understanding: why a horse? An elephant would have been more to the purpose, or a Newfoundland dog. The horse and the elephant are both noble and talented animals; but the elephant is, of the two, the more highly intelligent. Nothing, on the other hand, more hopelessly stupid than a common

Swedenborgian pulpit discourse, interpreting Scripture texts by what they are pleased to call "correspondences."

Was Swedenborg psychologized?

Frequently, our ghost-reporter inclines to believe. A person or ghost in this condition may, as Mr. Braid and M. Azam among others have analogically demonstrated in the phenomena of hypnotism, imagine and believe himself truncated of certain powers natural to him, or possessed of others foreign to his personal experience. Thus a feeble person, when hypnotized, will execute athletic feats under which his limbs would break at other times; while a strong man may be rendered unable to pick up a handkerchief. He mistakes a walking-stick for a serpent, or believes himself transformed into a street-pump, at the will of the hypnotist or psychologist. So he may be made to assume the mental and moral attitude of another character: to regard himself as Paul, or Franklin, or Napoleon, and even without any intellectual deception may think and act for some time in the spirit of these characters. When deception exists with regard to persons, where there is ever so little intellectual dishonesty (and how few are truly reliable when they can hope to escape the detection of falsehood), the medium or subject is liable to advance his own crude opinions under the sanction of some name to which popular veneration attaches the gravest authority.

M. E. L.

THE PROSCRIBED ONE.

[From Constant.]

IN the Heavens, or abstract regions of poetry and truth, the apostle St. John saw a woman appear, clothed with the Sun. She was thus covered with light, and truth itself was her only dress; under her feet lay the moon, that dead star with borrowed light, ever the symbol of the temporal church, and of servitude to the letter; on her head shone a crown of twelve stars, a zodiac of light, all the heaven of intelligence with its starry zone.

This woman was Liberty.

Now, being pregnant, she uttered cries of travail, but before her a monster with seven crowned heads awaited, to devour the child she should bring into the world. She gave birth to a male child,

the destined organ of that power which is one day to gather Humanity under his banner. But the child of Liberty, having as yet no place prepared on Earth, was snatched up to Heaven, and hidden there under the altar of religious symbolism.

Meanwhile, the Woman, pursued by the crowned monster, fled to the desert, and as the serpent sought to encircle her with his coils, she felt that she had wings like the falcon; so rising above the royal reptile, she disappeared in those solitudes where the Father had prepared her asylum.

From the earliest days of Christian society, Liberty was insulted: at Corinth, by the rich, who brought to the communion table choice meats to eat apart, while the poor were anhungered. Liberty, who has no more mortal enemy than selfishness, then fled indignant with her plea to the apostles. But in vain did the popular eloquence of Paul endeavor to bring Christians back to the communion of the first days. The rich had brought with them into the Society their proprietary spirit, and soon the communion was no longer a reality, but merely a symbol of the future; to the fraternal supper succeeded a mystical ceremony, like the rites of Eleusis or of Mithra; the sacrament of alliance became a mystery, which the priests arrogated to themselves alone the right to celebrate, even when no longer chosen by the people to preside over their assemblies.

Thus Truth, after having shone for a moment in all her lustre, like the Christ upon Mount Thabor, was forced to veil her rays, and to await Liberty, her sister, whom Selfishness had banished. Only the symbols had been changed, the world was still the same; and the Synagogue, murderer of the Christ, had in the Church a daughter worthy of her mother.

Liberty then followed the first ascetics to the desert. There she formed laborious societies, communities of abnegation, who generously protested against the exclusiveness of the Sybarite and the lusts of greed which had invaded the sanctuary. The Fathers of the Desert were added to the first martyrs of Christianity. After some years, the riches of the world tempted the weaker disciples of Hilarion and of Jerome, the world invaded the desert; ascension was sought, not to protest against the corruptions of the world, but to gain exemption from its social duties. Then *Monk* became a name for idle ignorance, a title of hypocrisy and superstition. Liberty, sighing, abandoned her refuge in the cloister, and

wandered through city and country, seeking the paria, the excommunicated and the untaught. She often remembered those who had guarded her cradle, she recalled the names of those who had transmitted to each other the Ark of the Star. She could not forget that Moses had been a murderer, a vagabond, a conspirator, a rebel, and a spoiler of Egypt. She knew that the prophets had been hunted from cavern to cavern, as insulters of kings, seducers of the people, and public pests. Still present to her were the crimes ascribed to the incarnate Word himself, to Jesus who had left his carpenter's bench to lead the life of a vagabond, drawing after him a seditious mob, eager for novelties, which he detached from its ancient traditions and from respect to its priests. For this teacher lived by the chance of alms, or ate ears plucked in other men's fields, and seducing the dregs of the people, fishermen and tax-collectors, formed of them a band of enthusiasts to whom he promised a place in his kingdom. For this revolutionary had talked of leveling the mountains and of exalting the valleys, had cried woe to the rich ! had protested incessantly by word and act against selfish exclusiveness, had pardoned the adulterous woman, had forgiven the sins of a prostitute because she loved much, accepting her kisses and perfumes lavished on his feet in the presence of indignant Morality, of Simon the Leper, and the Pharisees.

Liberty knew, moreover, in what contempt our Savior held the excommunications of the Synagogue, although he regarded it as the true official church of his time ; and how little he was intimidated by the maledictions of Caïphus, although he recognized him for the sovereign pontiff of the Hebrew worship, to which he had not ceased to belong. Recalling then the memory of all these things, Liberty sought the prophets of the new law ; she took the name Heloïse, to inspire, by her love, the eloquence of Abeillard, whose virility frightened the priests of his day ; but the courage of the apostle escaped the irons of assassins, and Fulbert could not mutilate the soul of " the doctor of reason and love." For Love is not only procreative through the senses, it also fecundates souls ; wherefore the constituted church had become barren of good works. In condemning its ministers to the celibacy of the heart, it rendered them impotent to serve in the advance of truth, vesting their power in hypocrisy. Because the intelligence of man is virile, because Liberty is not meant for eunuchs, and can not consist with insincerity.

What superb lovers had she, this consuming beauty ! How proud they were of their exile ! How they triumphed in their martyrdom ! For the love of Liberty always has blended with reverence for woman in the hearts of the truest revolutionaries.

Jesus alone seems not to have needed the lessons of "Love," in order to love humanity with a mother's heart ; sweet and kind like a woman, it is thus through the plenitude of his feminine nature that he draws us to adore him without shame, and shares with the virgin an homage, that rises in passional fragrance from lands of the orange and vine, where still religion is a sentiment sweetening the popular heart. The illustrious Huguenots secretly fed their inspirations at feminine fountains, and they have often been reproached with this sign of their honor.

What matter a world's imprecations, when we win a smile from her who never smiles on cowards ? She has traversed the ages of hope deferred, she, the ideal woman, in company of the proscribed one, this sister of the eternal Truth, incorruptible Liberty.

She combatted with the disciples of Waldo, she inspired Amary of Chartres, she inaugurated the priesthood of her sex under the name of Willamette, the Milanese. She stood by the stake of the Albigenses, and robed herself with them in an aureole of flames ; there purifying their souls from errors, she aided them to slough their mortal coil, and upraised these victims of tyranny over conscience to the heaven of the earlier martyrs.

She moved Florence by the voice of Savonarola, she protested with François d'Assises against the abuses of property, by voluntary poverty. She made the cowardly emperor Sigismund blush beneath the eye of John Huss marching to the torture. She inspired the noble repentance of Jerome of Prague, when he abjured a culpable retraction and followed his master to the stake.

A refugee then in Bohemia, she followed the standard of John Tisca. Pale, disheveled on her charger, she raised a vengeful cry against the assassins, brandishing the torch which she had lit at the stake of John Huss, never perhaps to be extinguished but over the ruins of the Vatican !

Luther repeated before Germany what Liberty breathed in his ear, and Germany rose in her name ; yet the chosen true lover of Liberty, then, was Thomas Muntzer, whom she exalted with the sacred folly of enthusiasm. This prophet of popular vengeance outstrode three hundred years the epoch of reactions. He died for-

saken of his people, but consoled by Liberty, who from high heaven extended her arms to embrace him, and showed the forms of disciples and avengers riding on the storm-clouds of a lowering future. After the ploughmen of the sixteenth century came the seedsowers of the eighteenth. Impiety manured its accursed field, then came the terrible harvest of '98, with its implacable reapers. Liberty punished ! Unfolding the black wings of Azrael, angel of death, she swept over all heads the edge of her exterminating sword. Then a man, by her disdained, sought to dispute with her the empire of the world, and to raise up a rival against her : he seduced Glory, or rather gave this name to Victory, which he compelled to follow him.

Victory loves Liberty : she proved unfaithful to her new master, but the Emperor appeared truly grand, when Liberty pardoned him, captive, protesting against that perfidious Albion who baited the vultures on an ocean-beaten rock with the heart of this new Prometheus.

What of her now ? Whither is the noble one vanished. Over Europe she passed not long ago, but since have been built walls and forts bristling with arms, and sentinels to hinder her return.

She sought a refuge in the western wilds, but now the land of Washington disowns her. Justice and honor have fled with the deer, the home is profaned with the altar. Heroic virtues lead but to the scaffold, and the last soldier of Christ leaves invested with his corpse Virginia's honor dangling on the gibbet.

Still at the sound of her name the masters of the world grow pale, and wicked priests extend their hands to curse. If a people entertain her, even for a day, the merchants and the kings send their executioners against this people, and seem to compete with the deicide of the Pharisees, by the murder of nations. Perjury reigns over Gaul, and Mercury thrones on Olympus.

Repose, like the Christ, in your shroud, unfortunate Poland and Hungary ! they have placed upon your graves a stone, sealed with their seal, and have set guards to watch over them.

Spirit of John Brown ! watch with Emanuel and Garibaldi ; for Liberty holds to a method in her madness — *first* she unbinds her hero races, and then she delivers the paria. The world of physical forces is not the heritage of Liberty. That which the sword could conquer, the cannon can maintain, and the Despot consolidate. Essentially centrifugal, Liberty may burst, explode and scatter the

elements of social order, she may rescue victims already grown black in the face under the tightening clutch of systems of oppression ; but not to her is reserved the foundations of harmony.

Harmony, the order of the new heavens and the new earth, the grand conciliation of now-conflicting forces, knows not Liberty the protestant, knows not Order the oppressor, knows only ART, that bastard of Liberty, ravished by Order, whom Genius bore away to Heaven to educate him for the throne of Earth. To Art the Fates confide that sceptre beneath whose charm divine necessity itself becomes free in Love ; and the will of the slave, obeying from attraction, is made one with the will of the despot, commanding his good by affectional impulse.

M. E. L.

DR. EINBOHRER AND HIS PUPILS.

CHAPTER IV.—RATS.

WE had all entered the lecture-room before Dr. Einbohrer. Peter House, insinuator of crooked pins in chairs, opened his desk, and lo ! therefrom leapt a huge rat. All stood aghast. But Peter seized a poker and punched the adventurous rodent until he was dead, dead, dead. In the height of the *mêlée* the venerable Professor had entered unobserved. Peter the pinster did not see this most visible of men until a deep voice near him said, “ Peter, what doest thou ? ” — “ I, sir,” replied Peter, “ have enlisted in the holy crusade against the invaders of Norway, which trample with sacrilegious foot the holy places of Thought and Learning. *Hoc signo vici*,” he continued, uplifting the quivering rodent.— “ Bring it hither,” said the Doctor, with a tone which awed us.

The animal was laid on his table. For a long solemn time he gazed upon it, and there was profound silence. The only sign that the Doctor was not sleeping was, that the smoke arose from his meerschaum in great clouds, presaging thoughts which lighten and words which thunder ; clouds so dense that it would have killed the rodent had it not been already as dead as a door-nail, or, which seems to me a better figure for extreme deadness, a coffin-nail. At length Olympus trembled, and a voice issued from the clouds :

“ I see, gentlemen, that man proposes, but God disposes. I

came hither designing to speak of the Brain—the throne of the Monarch, Mind; but I have been sent another subject, a symbol of those environments and accidents which mould the brain and modify its conclusions, being in reality *Fate*. My subject, then to-day, is the Not-me, the Objective, or Non-ego, or (in a word) *Rats*. Ah, thou poor animal,” he continued, in dreamy apostrophe, “so inhumanly murdered by one who could not see that there was enough room in the world for him and thee [here Peter winced as by a spiritual crooked pin in his chair], thou art a representative animal. And yet why should the rebuke fall upon one alone? Ages of persecution and ostracism have passed, poor rat, upon thy martyr-race [here more than one lip quivered], yet so ever does the purblind world stone its benefactors; for I mean to affirm that no animal species has been of such importance to the refinement, civilization, and happiness of the human race as the Rat. Van Stammer,” he continued, severely, “do you question my affirmation—do you vilify and denounce my thesis?”

It must here be remarked by the Editor of the Einbohrer Papers, that this severe appeal was frequently made by the Doctor when wrought up, to the sore-eyed, flaxen-haired devotees of the Absolute, hitherto known as Van Stammer. The Doctor had selected him as his man of straw, his meagre figure assisting the illusion, to be called forth whenever he wished an antagonist to annihilate. Such phrases were frequent as, “Do you deny that, Meinherr Van Stammer?” — “You say that is false, then, Stammer?” — “Do you *dare* overturn my major premise, sir?” Poor Stammer, who would have sworn that yellow was sea-green, if the Doctor said so, often had a torrent of epithet and sarcasm poured on his unoffending head which was designed for Einbohrer’s scientific antagonists in Germany and France. His only action under these personal-impersonal allusions was a nervous movement on his seat a foot and a half due East, where he sat swinging his foot rapidly, whilst his sore eyes winked—some of us thought watered.

“Then as you deny this so promptly, meinherr,” he continued, though poor Van S. had been silent as the grave, “I will remind you that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in some people’s philosophy, and will prove what I have asserted concerning Rats. Gentlemen, I shall give my Hypothesis of Rats—1. Speculatively; 2. Historically; 3. Scientifically.

“The centre of Philosophy is the Metempsychosis. The lan-

guage of Claudian gives the true clue to the varieties of animal existence, referring them all to Humanity.

The yoke of speechless brutes each one now wears :
Bloodthirsty souls he did enclose in bears ;
Those that rapacious were in wolves he shut ;
The sly and cunning he in foxes put ;
Where after having in a course of years
In numerous forms quite finished their careers,
In Lethe's flood he purged them, and at last
In human bodies he each soul replaced.

"Rats are manifestly the bodies given to defunct Epicureans. Since on earth they found their chief interests, heavenly and earthly, centering in the stomach, a wise ordination committed them to the form of this most Epicurean of Animals, so that their career having full swing should accomplish its own punishment. Thus it is the rat's irresistible passion for preserves, cheese, pasties, ["writing-desks," suggested Peter, but was frowned down,] that leads it into traps and merciless hands, which are its Inferno. It has long been a fact familiar to naturalists that rats are the daintiest of all animals. If two jars of sweetmeats stand on a shelf together, one made with brown sugar, the other with loaf, the rat will entirely devour the loaf-sugared before it touches the brown-sugared. It is of refined taste."

"Please, sir," broke in Peter, "wouldn't that account for its preference of my desk over that of Van Stammer?"

"Sir!" was the stern rejoinder, emphasized by a startling smoke-puff, "this lifeless form, doubtless, until now enfolded the spirit of some poor youth, who, with every advantage for devotion to science, thought more of earthly pleasures; for which he was given this rodent form, in which, learning the full evil of his course, he fled hither to aspire to studies neglected during his human life. No doubt the liberated spirit has gone into some newly-born infant, who will one day, perhaps, sit here, in the seat of those who reject their opportunities as he once did, and are in a sure path to similar degradation."

This scathing sentiment left us all in tears, except Peter, who was sensual enough to pride himself on his humanity, in having been instrumental in the liberation of the incarcerated rat.

"This Norway Rat," continued the Doctor, proceeding to the second division of the subject, "is one of a tribe of Rodents which have been great travelers. It is the Jew of Ratdom, dispersed,

but everywhere preserving an unmistakeable individuality. For a long time it was unknown in Britain but by dire rumor. It was conveyed thither in the year 1750 by Norwegian timber-ships ; and England sent them, along with mean soldiers and worse Governors, to America. Garcilaso de la Vega records that they were introduced to the South Americans by European ships in 1544 ; but this is true only of the black rat. Henceforth, History confirms my statement, that they have always deeply affected the social condition of the people among whom they have resided.

“Take Kamschatka, for example ; the people of which region could once only live a little more respectably than their own grizzly bears. There was a time when, as Sydney Smith expressed it, the people there were so averse to anything higher than cold missionary was a staple article of home fare, and was kept on sideboards to regale visitors. Warm missionary was considered indigestible. How did this state pass from the Kamschatkans ? I answer, *Rats* ; and let every philanthropist and Christian echo with thankful hearts, *Rats*. It was not the missionary ; he as before seen was cooked and eaten as fast as he came, and furnished the meat rather than the bread of life. But it was on this wise. Some of their native huntsmen observed that there was one season when all the Rats on their coast migrated Westward to find more food and warmth than Kamschatkan winters afforded. On the following season they returned in swarms, and brought in their wake numberless sables, weazles, Siberian hares, and so forth, which sought to prey upon them. The hunters followed their migrations to hunt these voracious animals, whose skins were valuable for clothing. When they had clothed themselves with their furs they had enough to trade with China and more southern lands. But these foreign states had long before had the Gospel — had long received the missionaries, and preserved them uncooked and warm. Commerce in these furs brought them in contact with more civilized states, in their treaties with which it was included that their missionaries should not be cooked. Traces of civilization presently appeared, the Light of Christianity dawned, — *all, I repeat, due to Rats*.

“If, Herr Van Stammer, you are still sneering and skeptical, [S. moved this time two feet due East, at least, with great emotion,] I will point to that large tract of country in Northern Germany, where sanitary, and indeed *all* practical Reforms originate with Rats. There is a state-fund to repair houses which, from age or

other reasons, are unsafe to indwellers. But this is never done until the Rats are seen leaving said houses. These animals will leave, as the Proverb truly says, a falling house. If a man can prove in the city council that three rats have been seen running from his house, they are bound to furnish him from the fund with means to repair it. What, then, keeps these poor from having their houses tumble about their ears with swift destruction? Who come, not only as monitors of impending danger, but witnesses at law for their benefit? I answer, and the Eternal Voices and Silences answer, *The martyred race of Rats!* — Need I add that at sea these little animals proclaim the unsafety of ships, by leaving them? Oh, my young friends! what would this universe be without Rats! We have seen that it would be a system of missionary-eating, ruin-buried, shipwrecked worlds. Who can wonder that the Chinaman cries, ‘Dear Rats, I so love you that I can not refrain from eating you?’ ”

Tremuit Olympus! and an all-persuasive silence ensued, which none had heart to break.

“To proceed, then, Pupils, to my third head, the pure Scientific. With truth I might say to this poor animal, We hail thee as to some extent man’s brother! for with man it is omnivorous, viviparous, vertebrated. And besides being like man, not confined to one kind of food, animal or vegetable, its stomach is structurally human. It is even more cleanly and dainty in its ventral peculiarities and tastes than man. It has a Frenchman’s hatred of anything tough — as skin, for instance — and most of the smaller animals which it devours are found with their skins curiously turned inside out, even to the ends of their toes! Naturalists who wish to stuff the skins of specimens, find they can do no better than give them to the rats to be prepared. Their individuality — always the source of rodent as of human sorrows — is, that they have the ambitious epicurean tendency aforesaid so much at heart. Weazles, men, cats, foxes, dairy-maids, lynxes, house-wives, terriers, idle pupils, are their implacable foes. Between these they can scarcely be said to live lives of repose and happiness. They only love Ratsbane in Homœopathic doses; they do not love tobacco-smoke, which is bad taste, in which they do not resemble man — unless it be Horace Mann. *Nux vomica*, mingled with oat-meal, is generally suspected among them, in this day of Rat-light and knowledge. Arsenic is generally used to relieve families of them; and

in each house where used, generally kills three rats and four children *per annum*—a fact which seems shadowed forth in the old legend of how they got rid of the Rats in the ancient town of Hamelin. They really must have had a hard time with them, if Mr. Browning's description is true :

Rats !

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

"The Aldermen being threatened with mobs if they did not relieve the people, offered high rewards. A handsome youth appeared with a flute. 'What would they give him?'—'Any sum.'—A thousand guilders?'—'Yes.'—He played upon his pipe a tune,

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling:
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cooking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step by step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished.

"These rats had evidently heard in the Piper's tune that the 'World was grown to one vast drysaltery.' Well, the Piper claimed his thousand guilders; but the Mayor and Corporation swore *that* was only a joke, and asked him to be content with fifty, or get the rest as he could. The Piper stept into the street and piped another tune, and, lo! there was just such a stampede of children in Hamelin as there had been of Rats: every child in the

city followed him to Koppelberg Hill, where they disappeared forever, and the town was left childless. Poor city! no rats, no children! But the same tragedy is, as I said, likely to be a home experience, where Arsenic is freely used — the Piper being a sort of impersonation of Ratsbane. The best way would seem, according to Reason and Experience, to be to catch one and singe it, and then release it: he will soon advertise the rest of the incident. A synod is then called, resolutions of indignation are passed, and they all leave the premises, to await the good time coming to rats as to men — the Rat-Millennium, — when the Rats and Cats shall lie down together, when Earth shall turn to a huge rich Stilton cheese, and Nature resound with the munching and lunching of the spirits of the just rats made perfect!”

URSULA.

BY HONORE DE BALZAC.

CHAPTER III.

At this moment an extraordinary man appeared at Paris, a man gifted by faith with incalculable powers, and eliciting from magnetism all its varied applications.

Not only did this great Unknown, who is still living, cure purely by his will and at distances the most cruel and inveterate diseases, suddenly and radically, as did of old the Savior of men, but he also produced the most curious phenomena of somnambulism, subduing the most refractory wills. The physiognomy of this Unknown, who acknowledges no other master than God, and claims to communicate, like Swedenborg, with the angels, is that of the Lion; a concentrated, irresistible energy looks out from it. His features, singularly fashioned, have a thunder-striking aspect; his voice, which comes from the depths of his being, is as if charged with magnetic fluid — it penetrates the auditor through every pore. Disgusted with the public ingratitude, after making thousands of cures, he has thrown himself back into an impenetrable solitude, a voluntary annihilation. His all powerful hand, which has restored dying girls to their mothers, fathers to their bereaved children, idolized mistresses to their frantic lovers; which has cured patients aban-

done by physicians ; which has caused hymns to be chanted in synagogues, temples and churches, by priests of different religions, all brought back to God by the same miracle ; which has softened their agonies to those for whom return to life was impossible,—that sovereign hand, the sun of life, that dazzles the closed eyes of the somnambulist, would not rise to restore a presumptive heir to a queen. Enveloped in the memory of his benefits, as in a luminous shroud, he refuses himself to the world, and lives in the heavens. But at the dawn of his reign, surprised by his own power, this man, whose disinterestedness equaled his faculties, allowed a few curious persons to witness his miracles. The noise of this renown, which was immense, and may revive to-morrow, awoke Doctor Bouvard on the verge of the grave. This persecuted mesmerian could at last see the most radiant phenomena of this science, long guarded in his heart like a treasure. The old man's misfortunes had touched the Unknown, who gave him certain privileges. Thus Bouvard suffered, as they went up stairs together, the jests of his former antagonist with malicious joy. He answered him only by "You shall see ! you shall see !" — and little motions of the head which men permit themselves when they are sure of their fact.

The two doctors entered a more than modest apartment. Bouvard held a moment's conversation in a bed-chamber contiguous to the parlor where Minoret was waiting, and not without distrust ; but Bouvard came presently to seek and introduce him to the mysterious Swedenborgian and to a woman seated in an arm-chair. This woman did not rise, and seemed not to perceive the entrance of the two old men.

"How ! no more magnetic troughs ?" said Minoret, smiling.

"Nothing but the power of God," gravely replied the Swedenborgian, who appeared to be some fifty years of age. The three men were seated, and the Unknown began to speak. They talked rain and fine weather, to the great surprise of old Minoret, who began to think himself mystified. The Swedenborgian questioned the visitor upon his scientific opinions, and seemed taking time to examine him.

"You come here from mere curiosity, sir," said he, at length. "I am not in the habit of prostituting a power which in my conviction emanates from God. If I make a bad or frivolous use of it, it might be withdrawn from me. Nevertheless, it is in ques-

tion, Monsieur Bouvard has told me, to change a conviction contrary to ours, and to enlighten a *savant* of good faith. I am going, then, to satisfy you. This woman whom you see," said he, (she had not moved,) "is in the somnambule sleep. By the confessions and manifestations of all somnambulists, this state constitutes a delicious life, during which the interior being, disengaged from all obstructions to the exercise of its faculties by visible Nature, goes abroad in the freedom of that world which we are wrong to call the *invisible*. Light and hearing are then exercised in a more perfect manner, than in the state called *waking*, and perhaps without the aid of organs which are the sheath of those luminous swords called sight and hearing! For a man placed in this state, distances and material obstacles exist not, or are traversed by a life that is within us, and for which our body is a reservoir, a necessary fulcrum, an envelope. Terms are wanting for effects so newly rediscovered, for now the words *imponderable*, *intangible*, *invisible*, are senseless, relatively, to the fluid whose action is demonstrated by magnetism. Electricity is certainly only too tangible. We have condemned facts, instead of accusing the imperfection of our instruments."

"She sleeps," said Minoret, examining the woman, who seemed to him to belong to the lower class.

"Her body is in a manner annulled," replied the Swedenborgian. "The ignorant take this state for sleep. But she will prove to you that there exists a spiritual universe, and that spirit does not recognize there the laws of the material universe. I will send her into the region where you wish her to go. Twenty leagues hence, or in China, she will tell you what is going on."

"Send her only to my house at Nemours," asked Minoret.

"I wish to have no part in it," replied the mysterious personage. "Give me your hand, you shall be at once actor and spectator, effect and cause."

He took Minoret's hand, held it for a moment, appearing to collect himself, and with his other hand took that of the woman seated in the arm-chair; then he placed the doctor's in the woman's; making a sign to the old skeptic to move his seat beside this pythoness without a tripod. Minoret remarked in the very calm features of this woman a slight starting, when they were united by the Swedenborgian, but this movement, although marvelous in its effects, was very simple.

"Obey the gentleman," said this personage to her, while holding over her head his *hand*, from which she seemed to aspire light and life; "and consider, that all you do for *him* will please me. . . . Now you may speak to her," said he to Minoret.

"Go to Nemours, rue des Bourgeois, to my house," said the doctor.

"Give her time, leave your hand in hers until she prove to you by what she tells you, that she has arrived there," said Bouvard to his old friend.

"I see a stream," replied the woman in a low voice, seeming to look within herself, with profound attention, notwithstanding her closed eyelids. "I see a pretty garden."

"Why do you enter by the river and the garden?" said Minoret.

"Because they are there."

"Who?"

"The young person and the nurse of whom you are thinking."

"How does the garden lie?"

"Entering by the little stairway that goes down to the stream, there is a long brick gallery upon the right, in which I see books, and which ends in a cabajontis (?) adorned with wooden bells and red eggs. On the left, the wall is covered with a mass of climbing plants, with virgin ivy and Virginia jasmín. In the centre, there is a little sun-dial. There are many flower pots. Your pupil is examining her flowers — she shows them to her nurse, she makes holes with a trowel and puts in seed. The nurse is raking the alleys. Although the purity of this young girl is that of an angel, there is in her a beginning of love, faint as the twilight of dawn."

"For whom?" asked the doctor, who until then heard nothing but what any one might have told him without being a somnambulist. He was still on the look-out for some jugglery.

"You know nothing about it, although you were recently anxious enough when she became a woman," said the somnambulist, smiling. "The movement of her heart has followed that of nature."

"And is it a woman of the people who uses such language?" exclaimed the old doctor.

"In this state, they all express themselves with peculiar lucidity," replied Bouvard.

"But whom does Ursula love?"

"Ursula does not know that she loves," replied the woman, with a little motion of the head; "she is far too angelic to know the desire, or whatever it is, of love; but she is preoccupied about him, she thinks of him, she forbids herself even, and then returns to it, notwithstanding her will to abstain. She is at the piano."

"But who is it?"

"The son of a lady who lives opposite."

"Madame de Portenduère?"

"Portenduère, do you say?" resumed the somnambule; "so it is: but there is no danger; he is not in the country."

"Have they ever spoken?" asked the doctor.

"Never. They have looked at each other. She thinks him charming. He is indeed a handsome fellow, he has a good heart. She has seen him from her window; they have seen each other at church, but the young man no longer thinks of her."

"His name?"

"Ah, for me to tell you I must either hear or read it. . . They call him Savinien, she has just pronounced his name; she finds it sweet to utter; she has already looked in the almanac for the day of his fête, and has made there a little red point—child's play! Oh! she will love well, but with as much purity as power. She is not a girl to love twice, and her first love will color her soul and penetrate it so deeply that she would repulse every other sentiment."

"Where do you see that?"

"In her. She will know how to suffer; she has stamina to resist, for her father and mother have suffered much!"

The last words confounded the doctor. Between each two phrases spoken, several minutes had elapsed, during which the woman seemed to be concentrating her attention. You could see her seeing! Her brow presented singular aspects: interior efforts were painted on it; it cleared up or contracted by a power the effects of which had been remarked by Minoret only upon the dying, at moments when they exercise the gift of prophecy. She made repeatedly gestures which resembled Ursula's.

"Oh! question her," said the Swedenborgian, to Minoret; "she will tell you secrets that you alone can know."

"Ursula loves me?" resumed Minoret.

"Almost as much as God," said she, with a smile. "So she is

very unhappy about your skepticism. You do not believe in God, as if you could hinder him from being. His word fills the worlds. You cause, thus, the only torments of this poor child. Wait, she is playing the gamut ; she wants to be a still better musician than she is, she is impatient. This is what she thinks : If I sang well, if I had a fine voice, when he is at his mother's my voice would reach his ear."

Dr. Minoret took out his pocket-book and noted the precise time.

"Can you tell me which are the seeds she has sown ?"

"Mignonette, sweet peas, balsamins."

"What last ?"

"Larkspur."

"Where is my money ?"

"At your notary's ; but you invest it so as not to lose a single day's interest."

"Yes ; but where is the money that I keep at Nemours for the expenses of the season ?"

"You place it in a large book with a red binding called *Pandects of Justinian*, Vol. II., between the two next to the last leaves : the book is on top of the glass buffet, in the case of the folios. You have quite a row of them. Your funds are in the last volume, to the side of the parlor. Ah, the Number III. is before the Number II. But you have no money, they are" —

"Thousand franc checks ?" asked the doctor.

"I do not see well, they are folded. No, there are two checks, each for five hundred francs."

"Do you see them ?"

"Yes."

"How do they look ?"

"One of them is very yellow and old ; the other, white, and almost new."

These last replies amazed Dr. Minoret. He looked at Bouvard with a stupefied expression, but Bouvard and the Swedenborgian, accustomed to the astonishment of the incredulous, talked in a low voice without seeming to be surprised. Minoret asked to be allowed to return after dinner. This anti-mesmerian wished to collect himself, to recover from his deep terror, in order to test again this immense power, to subject it to decisive experiments ; to state questions, the solution of which might remove every species of doubt.

"Be here at nine o'clock, this evening," said the Unknown.
"I will return for you."

Dr. Minoret was so much disturbed, that he left without salutation, followed by Bouvard, who cried out after him :

"Ah, well ? — Ah, well ?"

"I seem to be losing my wits, Bouvard," replied Minoret, on the sill of the carriage-way. "If the woman has spoken truly about Ursula, as there is but Ursula in the world who knows the fact about what this sorceress has announced, *you will be right*. I wish I had wings to fly to Nemours and verify her assertions. But I will hire a carriage and start this evening at ten o'clock. Oh ! I am losing my head !"

"What would become of you then, if, having known for many years an incurable patient, you should see him cured in five seconds ? If you saw this great magnetizer draw torrents of sweat from a darts subject ; or restore the use of her limbs to a paralyzed lady of fashion !"

"Let us dine together, Bouvard, and not separate until nine o'clock. I wish to seek out a decisive and irrefutable experiment."

"Be it so, my old comrade," replied the mesmerian doctor.

The two enemies, reconciled, went to dine at the Palais Royal. After an animated conversation, by the aid of which Minoret escaped the fever of ideas that was burning in his brain, Bouvard said to him : "If you will recognize in this woman the faculty of annihilating, or of traversing space, if you acquire the certainty that from the Church of the Assumption she hears or sees what is said and done at Nemours, we must admit all the other magnetic effects. To a skeptic they all appear equally impossible. Ask him then a single proof that shall satisfy you, for you may believe that we have informed ourselves about your place at Nemours, but we can not know, for example, what is going to take place at nine o'clock this evening in your pupil's chamber. Remember or write down whatever the somnambulist pretends to see or hear, and hasten home. This little Ursula, whom I do not know, is not our accomplice, and if she has done or said what you will have written, then bow thy head, proud Sicambrian !"

The two friends returned to the magic chamber, and found there the somnambulist, who did not recognize Dr. Minoret. Her eyes closed gently under the hand which the Swedenborgian extended towards her, and resumed the attitude in which Minoret had

seen her before dinner. When the hands of the woman and those of the doctor were placed in contact, he asked her to tell him what was passing at Nemours at that moment.

"What is Ursula doing?" said he.

"She is undressed; she has finished putting her curls in paper; she is kneeling before her crucifix of ivory attached to a frame which is covered with red velvet."

"What is she doing?"

"She is saying her evening prayers; she commends herself to God; she supplicates him to banish evil thoughts from her soul; she examines her conscience and reviews what she has done during the day, so as to know whether she has been wanting to its duties, or to those enjoined by the Church. She undresses her soul, poor dear little creature!"

Tears stood in the somnambulist's eyes.

"She has committed no sin, but she reproaches herself with having thought too much of Mr. Savinien. She interrupts herself to ask what he is doing in Paris, and prays God to make him happy. She ends with you, and says a prayer aloud."

"Can you repeat it?"

"Yes."

Minoret took his pencil, and wrote, under the somnambulist's dictation, the following prayer, evidently composed by the Abbé Chaperon.

"My God, if thou art satisfied with thy servant who adores Thee and who prays to Thee with as much love as fervor, who tries not to stray from thy holy commandments, who would die with joy like thy son, to glorify thy name, who would live in thy shadow, Thou who readest in hearts, grant me to unseal the eyes of my god-father, to put him in the way of salvation, and to communicate thy grace to him, so that he may live in Thee, during these his last days; preserve him from all harm, and make me suffer in his place! Good Saint Ursula, my dear patroness, and thou divine mother of God, queen of heaven, archangels and saints of Paradise, listen to me, join your intercessions with mine, and take pity upon us."

The somnambulist so perfectly imitated the candid gestures and holy inspirations of the child, that Dr. Minoret had his eyes full of tears.

"Is she saying anything?" asked Minoret.

"Yes."

"Repeat it."

"*This dear god-father ! with whom will he be playing his backgammon at Paris ?*"

"She blows out her taper, leans her head back, and goes to sleep. Now she is gone ! She is very pretty in her little night cap."

Minoret saluted the great Unknown, clasped Bouvard's hand, descended rapidly, ran to a station of cabriolets, under a hotel now demolished to make room for the street of Algiers ; found a coachman, and asked him if he consented to start immediately for Fontainebleau. The price named and accepted, the old man, rejuvenized by excitement, set forth towards home. According to agreement, he let the horse rest at Essonne, reached the diligence of Nemours, found a place in it, and dismissed his coachman. Home, towards five A. M., he laid down amid the ruins of all his previous ideas about physiology, about Nature, about metaphysics ; and slept until nine o'clock, he was so very tired. When he woke, certain that since his return no one had passed his threshold, the doctor proceeded, not without an invincible terror, to the verification of facts. He was ignorant himself of the difference between the two bank bills, and of the interversion of the two volumes of the Pandects. The somnambule had seen true. He rang for La Bougival.

"Tell Ursula to come and speak to me," said he, seating himself in his library.

The child came, she ran to him, embraced him ; the doctor took her upon his knees, where she seated herself, mingling her lovely blonde curls with the white hair of her old friend.

"Something troubles you, my god-father ?"

"Yes ; but promise me by your salvation to answer frankly all my questions."

Ursula blushed to her very brow.

"Oh ! I will ask nothing but what you can tell me," said he, continuing, seeing the modesty of first love startle the purity, until then infantine, of those beautiful eyes.

"Say, then, god-father."

"By what thought did you end your prayers last evening, and at what hour was it ?"

"It was a quarter past nine or half-past nine."

"Well, repeat me your last prayer."

The young girl hoped that her voice might communicate her faith to the skeptic; she left her place, knelt down, joined her hands with fervor, a radiant light illuminated her face, she looked at the old man and said to him:

"What I asked of God yesterday, I have asked Him this morning again, and I will ask Him until he grants it to me."

Then she repeated her prayer with a new and more powerful expression; but to her great astonishment, her god-father interrupted her by finishing it himself.

"Well, Ursula," said the doctor, taking his god-daughter upon his knees again, "when you were going to sleep, with your head on your pillow, did you not say to yourself, 'This dear god-father! with whom will he play his back-gammon in Paris?'"

Ursula arose, as if the trumpet of the last judgment had sounded in her ears; she uttered a cry of terror; her large eyes looked at the old man with horror-stricken fixity.

"Who are you, my god-father? Whence do you hold such a power?" asked she, imagining that, as he did not believe in God, he must have made a compact with the angel of Hell.

"What did you sow yesterday, in the garden?"

"Mignonette, sweet peas, balsamine,"—

"And last of all, larkspur?"

She fell upon her knees.

"Do not frighten me, my god-father, but you were here, were you not?"

"Am I not always with you?" asked the doctor, jestingly, in respect for the reason of this innocent girl. "Let us go to thy chamber."

He gave her his arm, and they went up stairs.

"Your legs tremble, my good friend," said she.

"Yes, I am left as one thunderstruck."

"Will you then at last believe in God?" cried she, with ingenuous joy, showing the tears in her eyes.

The old man looked at the chamber, so simple and so coquettish, which he had arranged for Ursula. On the floor, a green carpet exquisitely clean; on the walls, a grey linen papering, sprinkled with roses and their green leaves; at the window, which looked upon the court, were calico curtains fringed with a rose-colored stuff; between the two windows under a high glass a pier table of

gilded wood covered with marble, on which was a blue vase of Sevres porcelain, in which she placed bouquets ; and in front of the chimney, a little bureau of exquisite inlaid work, with a cover of that sort of marble called the breccia of Aleppo. The bed, in old chintz, and with chintz curtains lined with rose, was one of those beds *a la duchesse*, so common in the 18th century ; its ornaments were a tuft of plumes sculptured above the four-fluted columns at each corner. An old pendulum, enclosed in a kind of monument in shell, encrusted with arabesques in ivory, decorated the mantle-piece, which, with its marble torches, and the pier-glass with its corners on a gray ground, produced a remarkable unison of tone, color and manner. A large clothes-press, the doors of which were covered with natural landscapes in miniature formed by the receiving of divers woods, some of which had shades of green in their veining, now no longer found in commerce, doubtless contained her linen and her dresses.

There breathed in this chamber a perfume of heaven. The exact arrangement of things attested a spirit of order, a sense of harmony, that must have struck the dullest soul. You saw, especially, how dear to Ursula were the objects which environed her, and how she delighted in a chamber which storied and held in remembrance all her life, which had cradled the child and which canopied the maiden.

Now, passing in review the points touched upon by the sorceress, the guardian ascertained that Ursula's window looked into Madame Portenduère's house. During the night, he had meditated how he should behave with Ursula, relatively to the secret surprise of this growing passion. He could not question her without compromising himself, for either he must approve or disapprove this love, and he was not yet prepared to do either. He had resolved to examine the respective situations of the young Portenduère and Ursula, in order to know whether he ought to combat this inclination before it became irresistible. Only an old man could display so much sagacity. Still panting from the shock of the magnetic facts, he was turning over everything in his mind, and questioning the least objects in this chamber ; he wished to look at the almanac hanging at the chimney corner.

"These heavy chandeliers are too clumsy for your pretty little hands?" said he, taking up the marble chandeliers with copper mountings. He weighed them in his hands, looked at the almanac,

took it, and said : " This looks ugly too ; why do you keep this common business almanac in this darling chamber ? "

" Oh ! leave it with me, god-father. "

" No, you shall have another to-morrow. "

He carried down stairs with him this piece of conviction, locked himself in his cabinet, looked out Saint Savinien, and found, as the somnambulist had said, a little red point before the 19th of October ; he saw another against the day of Saint Denis, his own patron, and before Saint John, that of the curate. This point, as large as a pin's head, the sleeping woman had seen, notwithstanding the distance and intervening objects. The old man meditated until evening upon these events, still more immense for him than for another. He was obliged to give in to the evidence. A strong wall thus crumbled, so to speak, within himself, for he lived sustained upon two bases—his indifference in matters of religion, and his denial of magnetism. In proving that the senses, organs of a purely physical structure, all the effects of which were explicable, terminated in some of the attributes of the infinite, magnetism reversed, or at least appeared to him to reverse the powerful argument of Spinoza : the infinite and the finite, two elements incompatible, according to this great man, were found the one in the other. Whatever power he might accord to the divisibility, to the mobility of matter, he could not recognize in it qualities quasi-divine. And then he was too old to attach these phenomena to a system, and so let them pass farther unheeded, to amuse himself with comparing them with those of light and vision. All his science, based on the assertions of the school of Locke and Condillac, was in ruins ! Seeing its hollow idols broken, necessarily his skepticism tottered. Thus all the advantage, in the combat between this Christian childhood and this Voltairian old age, was going to be on Ursula's side. In this dismantled fort, upon these ruins, poured a light. From the midst of fallen columns, the voice of prayer burst forth ! Nevertheless, the firm old man recalled his doubts. Struck to the heart, yet undecided, still he struggled against God. But his spirit seemed to waver, he was no longer the same that he had been. Excessively dreamy, he read Pascal's " Thoughts," Bossuet's sublime *History of the Variations*, Bonald, Saint Augustine ; he wished also to turn over the works of Swedenborg and of the late St. Martin, of whom the mysterious man had spoken to him. The edifice built in this

man by materialism cracked on all sides; only one shock was needed, and when his heart was ripe for God, he would fall into the celestial vineyard, as fall the fruits. Several times already in the evening when playing with the curate, his god-daughter at their side, he asked questions which, relatively to his opinions, seemed singular to the Abbé Chaperon, still ignorant of the interior labor by which God was redressing this fair conscience.

THEODORE PARKER.

A DISCOURSE BY M. D. CONWAY.

THE King came from his throne, and wept over the face of the dying prophet, and cried, "O my father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

My friends, the bravest man that trod this continent has fallen!

We can give few details of the event; the latest conversations have not transpired; but we know that when he fell it was with eyes and hands stretched out toward the everlasting summits of virtue and truth, whither o'er crag and torrent his whole life had climbed; we know that his last word was for his life's work, his last sigh for the wronged, his last heart-throb for Justice and Humanity.

It is said he was in his fiftieth year; but I think his life was much longer than that, for such a man stretches hours into years, years into ages. He had lived long enough; he had revealed how, in this self-seeking age, a man could live and love and suffer; he was ready for the voice which said, Come up higher!

Theodore Parker, born August 21, 1810, at Lexington, Mass., was the grand-son of the man who formed the first line of defence and drew the first sword in the war of American Independence. It was John Parker who at Lexington confronted tyranny, at the same time uttering the noble words which have come down to us, "Don't fire unless fired upon; but if they wish to have war, let it begin here." It was he who captured the first fire arm in the Revolution — a musket which to this day has hung over the desk where Theodore Parker

thought out and wrought out higher revolutions. It was in the same noble spirit, also, that he carried on the battle of moral and intellectual independence. He was a tender, warm-hearted man. When, after his first heretical discourse, he was severely and unkindly reproached at a ministerial conference in Boston, he did not reply ; he burst into tears and left the room. But when the assault was not upon himself, but upon Truth and Justice, those who assailed them found that the guns of Lexington were not rusty, but still had their word to say. He also, with the mantle of his ancestor upon him, said, "I will not fire unless that for which I stand is fired upon ; but if they wish to have war, let it begin here." It is as the hero and victor in the first engagements of this war that is still waging, and whose issue is not doubtful, that we have gathered to do homage to Theodore Parker and to celebrate his apotheosis.

Mr. Parker's father was an industrious mill-wright, a man of robust health both mental and physical ; he had ideas, and fine powers of expression. His mother was a beautiful woman, in person, and had a delicate and poetic nature. These two blended in that wonderful union of womanly tenderness and manliest courage which those who knew Mr. Parker have so often admired in him. I remember well that white day when I first entered his assembly : he rose to pray, and said, "Our Heavenly Father, and our Mother !" — then his voice trembled, and the hearts of the people were bent as before a strong wind.

In his earliest youth those who knew him saw that this man was an organized conscience. They saw Fidelity written on his brow, and Earnestness as the eyebeam of his eye. His parents were poor, his opportunities slight ; but Destiny tyrannizes only over those who cower : great avenues are always open for great souls. This boy went from his plow to his Plutarch. When in his seventeenth year, he toiled with his hands, taught a school, and instructed himself in Philosophy, Chemistry and Astronomy. Thus he himself earned the knowledge and the money which enabled him in 1830 to enter the Freshman class of Harvard University. When he had attained this end, for which he had long striven, he resolved to make the most of it ; knowing that he had not the means of continuing the full University course. In that one Freshman year he finished all the studies of the Sophomore and Junior years, adding to this immense acquisition a large ac-

quaintance with the English classics and the Mathematics, not required by the College course.

The next year (1831) was spent in Boston, where he taught Latin, Greek, Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, for fifteen dollars a month and his board. At this time he mastered French, Spanish and German, by which I mean that he could read and write in those languages with ease. From 1832 to 1834 he taught a private school at Watertown, where he passed from the portals of the languages to their Literatures. Here he entered into the great deeps of German Thought and Theology, his acquaintance with which was not surpassed by that of any living man. Here also he studied Hebrew, so that he was able to enter the Divinity College at Cambridge with one year's advance. During the two years in which he remained at this school he added to the regular theological studies a knowledge of Italian, Portuguese and modern Greek.

In 1837, Theodore Parker, with the libraries of all nations in his head, with the second Revolution of America in his heart, was settled over a small rural parish in West Roxbury, near Boston. Six years did he here wait upon his Destiny, living a pure and healthy life with Nature, ever growing but not yet grown beyond the Church-roof that was above him, and which, thanks to Dr. Channing, was of a pretty high pitch.

But those six years were six forming epochs of his history, over which the spirit of Life was brooding. Then and there the great Ideas for which he afterward lived throbbed like waking Titans within him. Then and there it was that, despite all his efforts at retaining it, the old Theology opened in fearful chasms under his feet, and each thing on which he set his foot, hoping it would prove a rock, crumbled beneath his strong step.

This is always a period of terrible suffering to a heart that aspires to be true both to itself and to others. It is a time when the affections cling to every plank of the old wreck so fiercely, that they fail to see, at once, the solid shore of Truth near by, with the beacon lights above. It was then that this young thinker resolved to pause. He confided his state of mind only to his intimate friends, and asked leave of absence of his congregation at West Roxbury. The next year, 1843-4, was spent in Europe, and was not occupied in idle travel, but rather in deep intercourse with the Scholars and Thinkers of the World, and in deep drinking at the Springs of Learning. Then it was that he gained as steadfast

friends such men as Strauss and De Wette, Carlyle and Martineau. He returned with elastic spirit, his mind clear, his purpose strong ; and Boston was ere long startled by a blast at which its theological walls shuddered to their foundations. The dismay was occasioned by a discourse delivered in 1845 by Mr. Parker, at the ordination of a young minister at South Boston : this discourse was entitled " The transient and the permanent in Christianity," and the theme was that the Spirit of Truth and Rectitude which Christianity represents naturally took its body from the age in which it was born or any through which it passed ; that thus it might be connected with miraculous legends in one age, or with Platonic speculations in another ; that these must necessarily pass away, before new ages and the introduction of new races with new elements ; but that, above this fluctuating tide of the ages, real Christianity must remain strong as Gibraltar — that Christianity being the perfect idea of God as a Father, and the Golden Rule. This was what Mr. Parker termed " the absolute religion ; " it existed in all religions, and was more fully expressed by Christ ; it was absolute, because the flight of ages did not bring man to the limits of its truth or its application, and because it was not dependent on sacraments that Jews might have fixed upon it, or rites borrowed by Bishops from Greek and Roman altars. It was the generalization of all Religions. I have dwelt a little on the central idea of this discourse of Mr. Parker's, because it furnished the keynote of his subsequent life, his ministry having been devoted to its advocacy with all the eloquence, energy and learning with which he was endowed.

I need not here repeat the history, so shameful to the Unitarian Church, of the reception which this larger view met. His own pen, as the light of life was fading, was devoted to that record, so faithful, so terrible. One can only blush that a party of comparative sciolists, of men whose knowledge had been pumped into them from the Harvard reservoir, should dare to pronounce judgment on one who had drunk in the dew and rain and sunshine of every sky, and changed them to rich, golden clusters of Learning and Thought. Yet we should bear with his persecutors ; they knew not what they did. Four thousand or more persons rushing from their ranks to hear a man who brought Church and State to the awful bar of Reason and Right, was a draft upon human, or, rather, ecclesiastic nature which they were not up to honoring ; especially when

the taunt of Orthodoxy added, "Oh, we said what this Channing doctrine would lead to; the next step will be Atheism." Stung by all this, the old Unitarians, feeling that they had the wealth and aristocracy of Boston, if not the people and the intellect, on their side, declared Parker to be a religious leper — declared any one unclean who should shake hands with him. One minister, who was a candidate for a professorship at Cambridge, had an engagement to exchange pulpits with Mr. Parker for a morning. His friends said, "If you exchange with Parker, you had as well withdraw your name." He wrote a note to Mr. Parker, saying that circumstances beyond his control would forbid the exchange. Rev. Mr. Sargent exchanged with him, and was immediately voted out of his pulpit. Rev. Jas. Freeman Clarke did the same, and his church was divided half in two. Wherever he went, the Unitarian detective was after him; he has had the very pulpit from which I am preaching to-night closed in his face. To this fierce ecclesiastical persecution was added that of the politicians who could not endure that Sinai with God's Law flaming about its summit should come out of ancient Judea, where it was almost forgotten, and be established as a Nineteenth Century institution in Boston. So Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Hallet, Mr. Hilliard and others, on whom Mr. Parker had exercised that anatomical skill unsurpassed in any age, made common cause with the Unitarian Association.

But I need not dwell on this. You all know how this relentless wrath pursued him to the grave. You remember that when this man went forth to a foreign land to die, it was with the imprecatory prayers of the Revivalists upon his head, that God would put "a hook in his jaw;" and that when a few of his brethren sought last year to gain from the meeting of the Alumni of the Unitarian School one kind word which might soothe his heart as life was ebbing away, the Resolution was rejected with scorn. Yet to these very men how often had Theodore Parker exercised that charity which "seeketh not its own." When our class, the class of 1854, was about to graduate, the majority of us were radicals, and all of us had an admiration for Mr. Parker. We thought of inviting him to deliver the annual address at our graduation: that would have been done had it not been for Mr. Parker himself, who said to us, "I should rejoice to do it; but the professors have already been much embarrassed at the reputation of your class for

radicalism, and this would embarrass them further ; get a liberal man less notorious than myself — Dr. Furness, for instance." We took his advice, and Dr. Furness delivered the address. After us there came a class which cared less about embarrassing the Faculty ; one which, without consulting Mr. Parker, voted to invite him to deliver their address. The Faculty, contrary to the rights of the Alumni and the law of the University, refused to allow him to address them. The young men stood their ground ; and there was no address that year, but a very eloquent silence. And these were the men who under the standard of Channing had stood forth against orthodoxy for the rights of conscience ! Legitimate descendants, one would say, of Puritans who fled from religious oppression in the old world to imprison and scourge Quakers in the new.

Through all this Parker bore himself bravely ; his public and his private life a path of unsullied light. When he was reviled, he reviled not again ; all that severity and sarcasm of which so much has been said, being reserved for those who wronged Humanity and Truth ; you will find none of it leveled at any merely personal assault upon himself. But as the poet says, " Head-winds are right for royal sails ; " this opposition did but call forth that unequaled energy for which he was remarkable, and unsealed within him deep wells of vitality which sent their life-streams through the world. This very opposition has made the dark background for the whiteness of his life and the lightning of his thought. On the sad morning when that one electric line of the telegraph sent its shudder throughout the land, the sun rose with clouds about it ; with those clouds it struggled during the greater part of the day. At last they were beaten down under his rays, and the light-flood filled the earth,—whilst the clouds crept slowly on Westward. Then when the sunset came, it was made gorgeous by those very clouds : they gathered in golden pavilions about it, in seas of crystal. It is the clouds that make the beautiful sunset. Then I thought how like this was the life and death of this gifted and true man. So did he struggle up over the clouds which sought to obscure his rising light, so did he triumph over them ; and it is the very clouds which gathered about him, the persecutions which he endured so bravely, that reflect the radiance of that sun which set in Florence. No unclouded sunsets are they which lift the eyes of men heavenward, and cause them to say, Beautiful, beautiful !

On Earth he was the chariot of Israel ; and in a chariot of Holy

Fire he passed upward, praying that his mantle might fall on some one who should finish his work in America. He said: "Of course you know I am not afraid to die, though I wished to live and do much work which I longed to do. I had great powers committed to me, and I have but half used them." Then without a struggle this noble man ceased to breathe. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace! One who stood near writes, "I have never seen death under a form so devoid of terror."

There are two aspects in which the life and character of Theodore Parker are to be viewed:

First, his Humanity. I need not here give those views which were so frankly and boldly announced to the world. I have only to say, however, that this man gave no mere lip-service to the suffering and oppressed: all the money which he could save from a moderate salary, an enlargement of which he several times opposed, was divided between the purchase of books which he needed, and the poor. He did not only plead for the fugitives, but kept them in his house—a house which was their castle in more senses than one.

When, in 1852, I was preparing to leave Virginia for Cambridge, a woman belonging to my father secretly requested me to find out her husband, who had fled from a neighboring estate several years before, and was, as she thought, in Boston. When I reached Boston, I inquired of the late Ephraim Peabody, under whose care I was in a manner placed, if he could assist me in finding this fugitive slave. "I can not," he replied, "and I do not know any one who can, unless it be Theodore Parker." I asked him if he could introduce me to Mr. Parker. "You will need no introduction," he answered. So I went down to Mr. Parker's, told him who I was and what I wished. He rose up and went with me through all the negro-quarters, and the hiding-places of fugitives in the city. Then I knew, for the first time, how far the generous pulses of that great heart were felt. Every room into which we entered was hushed with reverence, as if a god had entered; tears flowed down many a dusky cheek, as his hand was clasped. He said to some of them, "This is a Virginian, seeking a fugitive; but you need not be afraid of him." They replied, "You need not say that, as he is with you." As he left each humble roof which he had helped to comfort, the fervent "God

bless you" which started from their hearts brought tears to my eyes ; and for many days I could think of but one passage in the Bible : " When the ear heard him, then it blessed him ; and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him ; because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He put on righteousness, and it clothed him ; his justice was a robe and a diadem. He was eyes to the blind, feet was he to the lame. He was a father to the poor ; and the cause which he knew not he searched out. He brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth."

The second aspect of his life and character is theological. It is asserted, but erroneously, that Theodore Parker was merely a destructive in Theology. Once or twice in the year some great Falsity needed a great Denial ; and he did not shrink from the duty because it was uncongenial. But the great drift of his ministry was affirmative, and not negative. It was the cant of the church that he pulled down without building up—that he took away that upon which the world reposed without putting anything in its place ; but it came from those who did not go to hear what he put in the place of the error he demolished, and who placed under a ban the works he issued.

Any man of common sense, who has read Theodore Parker's works, knows they are two-thirds constructive. It is due to him that the common sense of this country is not utterly atheistic. The only Theism and Future Life which a man of sense can believe in, have been more firmly established by Mr. Parker than by any other writer of this century. The great truth of perpetual inspiration has been affirmed by him ; and the heroism and wisdom of Jesus was a favorite theme with him.

I know Mr. Parker did deny. I will not stop here to show up, as it deserves, the sophistry of those who say that a man should not take away anything, unless he has something to put in its place : which is the same as if one should say that a man should not pull down a falling and dangerous house, unless he has a house ready-built to put in its place. Mr. Parker obeyed the great and stern voice of Truth within him : denied where it bade him deny. He found the religious world in chaos ; and he was not like the conservative of whom some one said, that had he been present at

creation, he would have cried, "Good God, chaos will be destroyed!" He knew that the destruction of chaos was the formation of Eden, the Garden of God. He knew that the pangs of perishing Error gave birth to the holy child, Truth. I had for more than a year the privilege of attending Mr. Parker's ministry, and can bear witness that though that voice, now stilled in death, sometimes was a blast at which the Jerichos of Error fell, it was oftener the Orphic strain to which the hundred-gated cities of Truth arose.

Bear with me, friends, in one more personal reminiscence. The last time I ever saw Mr. Parker was on a beautiful day, when we walked, with no other companion, through a noble grove about twenty miles from Boston. When we came to the fine outlet of the wood, he lay down upon the green sward. After a long pause, in which the serene landscape was pouring its beauty into every sense, he spoke these very words in that solemn and tender voice which was the only gift of outward eloquence that Nature had bestowed upon him — he said, "There is a miracle-sense in man which should be respected; man is too near to the Divine mystery of existence not to clutch at anything that seems to declare it. At present he feeds that mystic part of him, that miracle-sense, with old Church legends and fables, as a man who can not get bread will eat grass rather than starve; but when man has grown so far as to see God in that flower, to love him in that blue sky, and to read his Scripture in the deep intuitions of his own heart, Nature will so rise as a miraculous dawn above him, that all the little watchfires of miracle kindled by the Church will sink into pale ashes."

The young men whom he helped up to this higher miracle, for whom he unbarred the portals of Nature and the Soul which the Church had closed, the poor and the wronged whom he had helped, these will cry out with me, "My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" For God's Israel in every age are those who are pressing out from the Egypts of Bondage and Superstition toward the promised lands of Liberty and Truth. It is they who in every age are able to turn their backs upon the seductive flesh-pots of Wrong, and follow Right even into wildernesses. Of these, this man who has fallen was the chariot and horsemen — the warrior in strife, he drew the burthens of the peaceful day. He was the Father who begot intellectual upon civil freedom: yes, he was childless, that every independent thinker might call him

Father. My friends, I call not upon you to adopt any man's peculiar convictions, but to admire that which is sublime in character, heroic in achievement. Here was one on whom the finger of God was laid as he followed the plow on an obscure New England farm : he turned and took the burthen of life upon his shoulders, not knowing but that it would crush him much sooner than it did. Up through the cloud and the darkness and the lightnings he pressed to the mountain-height of his faith ; below stretched the dreary waste of the wilderness, seeming to say, " You must leave every friend, every helper, for this desert path ; the flowers of Boston and Harvard do not bloom out here ; " then he looked to the pillar of duty which God had set to guide him — even that was a cloud on his day, and at night a consuming fire even whilst it illumined the way. Yet the chariot of Israel did not falter, its horsemen did not shrink from the conflict. So on, on he pressed ; until lo, his feet tread the verge of the dark Jordan of death ; but here his courage is full, the light of life is glorious upon his brow. He had laid his all upon the altar of truth ; heart and brain were a willing sacrifice ; the fire from Heaven which was in him, had consumed that sacrifice. He had worn himself out for his cause. But, ah, what a pillow was there beneath that dying head ! A pillow made of earnest devotion, of kind deeds, of love strong and unwearied ; for a man's life passes to be the pillow of his dying hour.

Softly, softly, friends ; the death bed of a holy man is a sacred place. Oh, could we but see the visions pouring their dayspring on the closing eyes ! Could we but know of that unseen heart on which he is resting, of that invisible arm which encircles him !

And thus sets life's evening-star to rise as the morning-star of Eternity.



MEN think of religion when they are sick, old, in trouble, or about to die, forgetting that it is a crown of life at all times ; man's choicest privilege ; his highest possession ; the chain that sweetly links him to Heaven. If good for anything, it is good to live by. It is a small thing to die religiously — a devil could do that ; but to live divinely is man's work. — *Theodore Parker.*

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Mill on the Floss. By GEORGE ELIOT, author of "Adam Bede." New York: Harper & Bros. 1860. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

Any work by Marian Evans is always a welcome guest to the knowing circles. For many years known to us through her admirable translations of Feuerbach and Strauss, we are delighted to draw near to the original resources of so gifted a woman. Our author has every kind of ability, — imagination, drollery, delicacy, sympathy. Sir Philip Sydney's muse has also whispered to her, "Look into thy heart and write." So the result is in *Adam Bede* and in the *Mill on the Floss*, the vital play of character, the portrayal of the dominant passions and motives of real men and women. Besides, this writer has originality; her characters seem to have gradually and through many years engraved themselves on her mind, and thus they are not conventional. Show us another woman who could put out a story of this length and interest, whose main theme is a sister's self-devotion, and not the old story that we need not name!

As an artist, our author can paint portraits, but her groupings are defective; besides which, her backgrounds are black as thunder-clouds. But Mr. Reade tells us not to expect *Handelas*, *Leonardas*, *Angelas*, and we believe he is right: how can women be artists, when they are the natural inspirations and subjects of art?

The Semi-Detached House. Edited by Lady THERESA LEWIS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

A noble-woman's demonstration of how untitled people may so behave as to be really noble, and how nobility may so behave as to be vulgar. Lady Theresa has spelt out into an exceedingly entertaining set of characters, old Wycherley's saying, "I weigh the man, not his title: 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better." Or, if our readers prefer Burns' later version of it,

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp —
The man's the gowd for a' that."

We could not, however, help, on reading the account of the Sampsons — Jews selected by Lady L. to indicate titled vulgarity — remembering the explanation given by an Israelite of the Wandering Jew: "That being, forever wandering through the world, leaving his traces on every shore, passing amidst all nations, never resting, undying, — that being is *hatred of the Jews*."

Political Debates between Hon. Abraham Lincoln and Hon. S. A. Douglas, etc., etc. Columbus: Follett, Foster & Co. 1860. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

The father of the Republican party was one Franklin Pierce. He being called to an early grave, gave the child into the keeping of James Buchanan. These two have raised the said infant to be the strongest power in the nation, to-day. Another democratic administration would make even Republicanism too tame for the demands of the American people. Even now, we see that the two prominent candidates at Chicago were those who had said the hardest and truest things against slavery, such men as Chase,

McLean, and Bates being obviously behind the movement, however well they would have done before Buchanan's time.

The politicians have underrated the anti-slavery feeling of this country. Mr. Seward, before his return from Europe, was the inevitable Chicago nominee: and why? Because his name had become associated with the two finest watch-words of the great struggle in America, to-wit: "Higher Law," and "Irrepressible Conflict." These watch-words would have nominated him and carried him on to freedom; but when he returned he showed that he was himself not up to them: he made a forcible-feeble speech at Washington, in which he belied his heart by saying that John Brown had been justly hung. Then the tide of the only real heart in the political mass ebbed away, and left him high and dry on the shore of his enemies.

Then they took a man who had also said "irrepressible conflict," and caught him before he had a chance to go to Washington and unsay it. Him they nominated, and here are his speeches, very properly and quickly placed before the public by the enterprising publishers of Columbus. On reading them, we have come to the conclusion that Mr. Lincoln would, if elected, do the country almost as much good as another democratic administration. The democratic administration would probably settle the slavery question sooner, but it would do it by bringing on dissolution, or, perhaps, war. Mr. Lincoln's method is suggested in the following paragraph from his speech in this city, last fall—a speech, by the way, which we had the good fortune to hear, and a more able one we may live long and not hear:

"I think we want and must have a national policy, in regard to the institution of slavery, that acknowledges and deals with that institution *as being wrong*. Whoever desires the prevention of the spread of slavery, and the naturalization of that institution, yields all when he yields to any policy that either recognizes slavery as being right, or as being an indifferent thing. Nothing will make you successful but setting up a policy which shall treat the thing as being wrong. When I say this, I do not mean to say that this General Government is charged with the duty of redressing or preventing all the wrongs in the world, but I do think it is charged with the duty of preventing and redressing all wrongs which are wrongs to itself. The Government is expressly charged with the duty of providing for the general welfare. We believe that the spreading out AND PERPETUITY of the institution of slavery impairs the general welfare."

It is obvious that an administration, in accordance with this strongly-put principle, would do all that any policy which retained the Union at all could do, for the abolition of slavery—that is, the whole *animus* of the country would be for freedom; the tide of official and popular influence would set that way. A spirit must seek its appropriate body; and the spirit of the country being for freedom, it could not be long before it would organize itself into a free government. We think Mr. Lincoln sees all this; if not, he is "building better than he knows." Surely, it is something to look forward to the inauguration of a President who has said, "There is no reason in the world why the negro is not entitled to all the natural rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence—the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I hold that he is as much entitled to these as the white man."

Disquisitions and Notes on the Gospels: Matthew. By JOHN H. MORISON.
Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

The work of a reader rather than a scholar, of an honest-minded man rather than a thinker, this book meets a want of the time far deeper than any intellectual or critical want. What the right and left wings of The-

ology, as they are termed, need most of all is, that they should pause and say, with Orestes: *Between us be Truth*. We say to the supernaturalist, Believe the miracles if you will, but in God's name do not try to make out that the New Testament is an ancient work on Transcendentalism, as Paulus or Kingsley would pretend: to the anti-supernaturalist, Deny what you will, but do not palter in a double sense, and claim that St. John only anticipated Theodore Parker. Let us all face the plain facts in the case, first of all, accept the just meaning of plain words, agree that black is black and white white. Very much of the *odium theologicum* of the day is owing to an attempt at trickery and disguise. We welcome, then, this rare thing — an honest theological work! Mr. Morison does not try to make out that this or that one was asleep, when the Bible plainly means they were dead; nor to evade the miraculous conception, or the rising of the dead from their graves at the crucifixion. This work might be termed, *A Manual of Honest Interpretation*.

El Furaidis. By the author of "The Lamp-Lighter." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

This is a very charming story of how a handsome young Englishman won a fascinating Oriental wife. On this thread, however, the scenes of Eastern beauty and life are strung. The author sketches finely, and, one would expect, accurately; for, she says, "Thompson has unfolded to me the details of Syrian life; Churchill has lured me into the mountains of Lebanon; Chasseaud has, by his fascinations, compelled me to linger there," etc., etc. We suspect, however, that the journey was begun in the dear old reign of Caliph Al Raschid, and has since gone on *via* Rasselas, the Happy Valley, and More's Utopia. Oriental tales have been rather angelic in their visits, since Hope's "Anastasius;" but here is one, out and out. Sometimes we can describe its effects, however, only in the language of the Western orator, who said of something that "it combined Eastern splendor with Oriental magnificence." Do the young Englishmen who take the early train to Damascus meet their Havilahs bearing antique pitchers to the fountains, accompanied by lustrous-eyed gazelles? Do the guides, when asked whether they know the way, reply, "Does the camel of the desert know the water-spring? and can the eagle find its nest?"

The Church of the First Three Centuries; or, Notices of the Lives and Opinions of some of the early Fathers, with special reference to the doctrine of the Trinity, illustrating its late origin and gradual formation. By ALVAN LAMSON, D.D. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1860. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

Like a white-bearded Rip Van Winkle, this book comes among our living interests and present cares, and must produce a respectful smile everywhere but in Boston, where, it seems, life is so long that they can throw away thirty years of experience, and begin afresh where Freeman and Channing began. But life is not so long elsewhere; there are *some* things, we must protest, that we *do* know; consequently we ask, with Mencius, "Why do you speak so much to the point, of that which is nothing to the point?" Why should Dr. Lamson raise up the shades of Justin, Tatian, or Origen, and bring them or their opinions across our path? Why not tell us of opinions which live, and of men who live in them? It is like telling us of gopher-wood and shitim-wood, who are surrounded with maple and oak. It is when such works as this, and Huntington's last, and the long replies thereto, come to us from the modern Ath — Alexandria, that we think of the old story of one who, being asked what the two professors of a certain Theological School were doing, replied: "One is milking the barren heifer, and the other is holding the sieve underneath."

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RUFUS CHOATE.

WHENEVER death overtakes a man of mark and power, there seems to be desire, laudable enough, on the part of his fellow-men, to learn something more of his life, and the results of that life — what he did and suffered, not only for himself and for those nearest and dearest to him, but for his country, the world, humanity; something more of his character; the secret springs of action; to what end he journeyed, and by what road he traveled thither; whether in reality the end was high and noble, and meant to be so, blessing both him and his kind — the road also noble; or the end not noble at all, a blessing neither to himself nor any one, but a curse everywhere and continually. This desire not unfrequently leads to the grossest injustice — to the man dead, to mankind living; for, if mankind has a right to know anything of one who, either by genius or circumstance, has risen above the common rank, it has a right to know the truth, and the whole of it; it has a right to his example, that it may profit by his virtues and take warning by his faults; nay, more, it has a right to an exposition of that example, that character, according to the highest principles of ethics, and the highest standard of a Christian life; and neither religious, political, professional, nor personal parasites have a right to cover up with fulsome eulogy that which would expose him to the execration of every lover of truth, justice, and humanity.

It is in view of this desire, and of the injustice done in the attempt to gratify it, to him and to us all, that we now speak of Rufus Choate. Few men have ever been so monstrously misrepresented and overrated. Men of all parties have united, not indeed to do a wise and good man honor, but so to exalt one who tram-

pled upon conscience and the law of God, who prostituted his talents and his life to the meanest and basest uses,—so to exalt him as to give new inspiration to wickedness everywhere, to foster new tyrannies and crimes, and, making criminals of every name and degree to rejoice, leave all good men sorrowful. And now that the stupendous farce is over, and the polluted altar of God's great temple no longer

“Smokes with gums to sweeten
A name that stinks to heaven”—

now that we breath an atmosphere freed in some degree from the dreadful malaria of lying, cant, and hypocrisy, it becomes us carefully to weigh and adjudge this man's character and life.

In summing up the career of a man of real genius and power, it is a sorrowful thing to find that it has been chiefly productive of evil ; that this and coming generations must reap the ill which he has sown. Rufus Choate was a man of uncommon gifts, of rare powers, and with rare opportunities for beneficent work ; but after his sixty years of active, toilsome living, we find no good thing done, and weep over the sad wreck of his life. The claim that he was a *great man* has been almost universally made. We will dispute this at the outset by asking what constitutes true greatness. Does it consist in wealth, power, influence ? This is certainly the “dog-estimate” of greatness. There is also a certain educated canine instinct with which intellect is the *signum verum* ; but will not those to whom the dog-estimate is not the highest, the ultimate estimate, say rather that one must be morally and spiritually above his fellows, in order to be truly great ? Let us reflect, too, that morality and spirituality, possessed in an eminent degree, must result in holy living ; that whatever comes short of this is incompatible with those, incompatible with true greatness—nay, subversive of all greatness ; and that holy living is made up of personal purity, of high, abstract ethics reduced to concrete human life, of supreme devotion to God's higher law, and of constant endeavor to elevate and beautify mankind. Now, to try Mr. Choate by this standard, who will have the audacity to assert that his life was an exemplification of greatness ? It is impossible to place a finger upon one moral enterprise in which he ever engaged, or upon one unequivocal sentiment uttered by him in favor of any moral reform whatever. We are sorry to know that his life was not otherwise consistent with the highest standard of morality, and

have no hesitation in saying that he was a bad, dishonest man, who, if he had noble and generous instincts, is so much the more to be reprobated for having basely perverted them. Nowhere in his public career do we find a love of truth and justice for their own sake—nowhere that he delighted in the disenfranchisement and moral elevation of his race. On the contrary, it was, or seemed to be, his office to ridicule, to sneer and scoff at every philanthropic movement, to traduce and belie the advocates of reform, to pervert their language, and to poison the public mind in regard to their objects. Was there an effort to be made on behalf of the slave? Mr. Choate was ready to compass heaven and hell to defeat it. Were new inroads to be made upon the liberties of the people; had the southern oligarchy a new triumph in view; were its lash and its chains to sink more deeply into the flesh of the negro, or its bludgeon into the brain of a Massachusetts Senator? Mr. Choate was the grand magician of the Slave Power who invoked the hosts of darkness to help on the work.

For his political career the country owes him nothing but execration. Everywhere, and on all occasions, his influence was on the side of oppression. There is no national institution not accursed in itself or some of its associations, which owes anything to his genius or industry. Whatever the natural range of his sympathies, all his early culture, all his associations through life, religious, political, and personal, tended to narrow and warp them to sectional uses and ends. With him religion was a seventh-day virtue—a practical, all-embracing righteousness, no virtue at all. He was wholly ignorant of the true Christian life. That piety, that stern morality, which should control every volition, every desire, and pervade every relation in life, he had no conception of whatever. Both his professional and political life were entirely divorced from his religion, nor did he ever seem to desire their reconciliation. He evidently intended to escape that perdition, in which he seemed to believe, by the eleventh-hour-repentance scheme, and by what little negotiation he could make towards that end on the Sabbath day; for “a layman,” he said, “has no chance but on Sunday.” Some of our readers will remember what he said of the ministry of Rev. Southside Adams, and of his own connection with that. He had “uniformly reconciled his attendance upon that church” by the consideration that “no manner of politics, State or National, directly or indirectly,” were ever preached from that pulpit! “I

have uniformly found it to be true," he said, "that I was hurt by nothing, was assailed by nothing, was secularized by nothing, was defended or attacked by nothing which I had done, for which I had voted or acted in the political world without. . . . I thank my pastor that I am able to say . . . that never in an introductory prayer, never in a hymn, occasionally or in the ordinary course of public worship selected, never by any illustration in any sermon, by any train of association, *right or wrong*, [have I been] carried back into the world that I had left."

What a shameful estimate did Mr. Choate put upon the office of a teacher of religion — an office which we at one time find him professing to reverence with all his soul, and at another ransacking his whole vocabulary for epithets of derision and contempt in which to clothe it. He once professed to have found a philanthropy (it called itself such — "pedantry, arrogance, folly, cruelty, impioussness," he called it,) which was "*fit enough for a pulpit*, TOTALLY UNFIT FOR A PEOPLE; *fit enough for a preacher*, TOTALLY UNFIT FOR A STATESMAN!" As a moralist, he was the embodiment of the most truckling expediency. All his ethics ignore the Absolute — they ignore the resident, essential nature of Right and Wrong — they elevate Circumstance above Principle, and deny Conscience its proper authority. "Of religion, and a correct moral and personal life," he went to church to hear; there must be no word in rebuke of great State or National sins — sins which are the culmination of individual, personal wickedness. "As an educated man, as a religious man, as a student of morals," the minister, he said, "will know all about the obligations, origin, and general direction of the conscience. He will have learned from his Bible that the race of man is of kindred blood, all of it, and he will have learned from his Bible, or from Nature, that all men stand on an equality of right, and responsibility, and duty, before God. But how far *these glorious generalities are modified and controlled by civil society*, of any description, . . . does he know aught of this?" It is easily seen what Rufus Choate required at a pastor's hands: he must be able to make broad generalizations on the obligations of conscience, the equality of man, duty to God, and the penalties of violation — very broad generalizations, perhaps on the depravity of human nature, but so as to apply to nobody within earshot; for it would be "cruel and cowardly to catch a parishioner in his pew, silent and still, by custom, deco-

rum, and the manners of New England, and turn upon him every eye in the congregation."

"Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty flee."

We find no enduring basis of Principle underlying the life of Mr. Choate; nor does he anywhere in his philosophy betray that he honored such a basis, or thought it necessary. He laid his foundation upon the quicksands of Expediency; and everywhere, in theory and practice, in word and deed, openly and in secret, lauded the spot on which his house was built. He was wholly given over to the devil of ambition, and thus to party, to whatever would serve his ends. He who declaimed most loudly against sectionalism was the most sectional; for it was in sectionalism that he found his encouragement and his remuneration. He early committed himself to that class which thinks itself bound by every dollar it owns—it knows no higher obligation—to perpetuate American slavery. He sold himself to the wealthy party, the mercantile interest, and he never forsook it. He sought to make everything else subservient to that. He was far-sighted in that direction, and knew the interests of the merchants better than they did themselves. Poor souls! once they were subject to fits of independence, indignation, at the encroachments of the South: they have gotten over that now. It was one of the diseases of mercantile infancy, in which the wise physician saw that the patient *only needed to be kept quiet*, in order to get well of himself, and to which at a more mature age he would not be subject. In illustration of this, we remember that, when South Carolina, having seized and imprisoned Massachusetts seamen for no crime save that of color, obliged Mr. Hoar, who was sent by that State to secure the legal rights of her citizens—obliged him to flee for his life, Boston merchants, of "respectability and standing," placed in the hands of Senator Choate a petition to Congress, asking that Massachusetts men might be protected in the exercise of their constitutional rights. But Mr. Choate, who, in the language of eloquent eulogy, "never failed to do justice to his client, himself, and the occasion," and who was "never found even partially unprepared" for any emergency, was fully prepared to lose this petition; he "put it into his hat, and, some way or other, it fell out." Nay, even a well-attested copy of the same, afterwards sent him, managed in the same mysterious way to "fall out"—or, at least, never to get presented.

Another circumstance we remember : Charles Sumner had been struck down and brutally beaten in the Senate Chamber ; good citizens of Massachusetts were all in a flame about it. " Would Mr. Choate go to Faneuil Hall and help express their indignation ? " Oh, no ! although possessed of that spirit which " made him true to all time and place," he would not go. But still " humane and true to humanity in the broadest acceptation of the word," he is said, with " that amenity and unforced courtesy, so graceful and so uniform," to have asked the committee which waited upon him : "*if blows on the head with a gutta percha stick would hurt a man much ?*" Ah, yes ! was he not far-sighted ? Has he not his reward ? Was it not yesterday that Massachusetts — shame on her ! — was it not yesterday, when told she had looked for the last time on all that was mortal of him, that she lifted up her eyes in sad affliction, bathed herself with hot tears, and, like a bereaved mother, consoled herself by recounting and ascribing to him in extravagant language the virtues he never had ?

One more illustration of Mr. Choate's political life, and we have done with that. He was a Whig until the Whig party was no longer such an efficient weapon as the Slave Power needs. The Democratic party had in those latter years proved itself equal to anything the South could require. In the mean time the spirit of liberty was diffusing itself ; the quarter-of-a-century's work which William Lloyd Garrison and his coadjutors had done made a great national party in favor of freedom possible — not possible only, but actual ; and it was in this party that Mr. Choate seemed to find a most terrible adversary — the great bugbear of his life. Results most fearful to the oligarchy were anticipated, if this party should succeed ; the peril was imminent ; the only defence lay in the ranks of " the unterrified " — even those needed strengthening ; and so Mr. Choate, " true to all time and place," constituted himself Recruiting Sergeant Extraordinary on their behalf. We had witnessed the frightful " rending of garments " at Springfield, the inimitable agonies at the Union Meeting, the lachrymose beseechings at the Baltimore Convention : all these were now to culminate, and our hero to make his grand last appearance on the political stage, a last dying appeal in a letter to the Whigs of Maine. He implored them to sacrifice party prejudices, and to make common cause with the Democracy ; " the duty which comprehended or suspended all others [being] to defeat and dissolve the new geographical party calling itself Republican."

"If it accomplishes its object," said Mr. Choate, "and gives the government to the North, I turn my eyes from the consequences. To the fifteen States of the South that government will appear an alien government. It will appear worse: it will appear a hostile government; it will represent to their eyes *a vast region of States organized upon anti-slavery*, flushed by triumph, cheered on by the voices of the pulpit, tribune and press; *its mission to inaugurate freedom* and put down the oligarchy; *its constitution the glittering and sounding generalities of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence*. And then and thus is the beginning of the end."

A vast region of States organized upon anti-slavery, its mission to inaugurate freedom, was certainly a thing altogether frightful for Mr. Choate to contemplate; for he had neither faith in nor sympathy with men: his faith was in institutions, governments, empires, and his sympathies with those. Even the signers of the Declaration of Independence were, to him, poor, fanatical promulgators of the glittering and sounding generalities of natural right; it was only when, having secured their own freedom, they basely trampled upon the Declaration they had made, and sought to perpetuate the bondage of those who were weaker than they, but who, nevertheless, had helped to fight their battles, — it was only when viewed in this aspect that they became at all tolerable to Rufus Choate.

Mr. Choate's professional career was as barren of any real virtue as his political. It was not Truth and Justice that were uppermost in his mind, but Conquest and the amount of Wages. His talents, the wealth of his intellect, all his varied culture, his great legal acquirements, the fires of his eloquence, his unsurpassed cunning and contrivance, and immense personal magnetism, were to be bought for a price — were at the service of any one who could pay for them. He was a hypocrite: while he loudly and continually asserted the majesty and supremacy of law, he was as ready to defend the blackest and most hardened of criminals as the most innocent and persecuted of men. From the beginning of his career he was in repute as a *criminal* lawyer. "He took all kinds of business," and never turned away a fee. He was notoriously unscrupulous, both as to means and ends. He never asked whether his client sought justice, and the rights with which his Creator had endowed him, or whether, having committed the grossest outrages upon justice and the rights of his fellow-men, he sought to escape the deserved penalties of the law; and, once having been retained,

there was no meanness, no trick, no shallowest artifice, no falsification of evidence, no perversion of law, to which he would not resort in order to gain the case. With a retainer in his pocket, he seemed to lose all power of moral discrimination. There was no crime against humanity, against law, order, or decency, no murder, however atrocious, no harlotry, however gross, which he would not defend. The criminal world had constructed a new Trinity — Justice, Law, and Rufus Choate — three in one, one in three; each radically different from the others, and yet the same. Justice was that dreadful being which made (or found) men totally depraved, with a constant desire to do evil, prone to sin against the Holy Ghost, — which was the Law; and getting angry with them every day, squelched them beneath its horrid foot; while Rufus Choate was the Lamb in whose blood the wicked were washed, and through whom, though their sins were red as scarlet, they became white as driven snow. Through him the vilest wretch might “pluck Justice by the nose,” and laugh at Law. “Men bound him to their service,” said Dr. Adams, “as soon as they anticipated trouble, or they *bought his promise not to appear against them.*”

So notorious was this part of his professional character, that when of two ship-masters on the coast of Sumatra, who contemplated embezzling the cargo of the barque Missouri, one was reluctant to do the deed, and somewhat fearful withal, the other told him that if they were found out they could get Rufus Choate to defend them, and *he would get them off if they were caught with the money in their boots!* The deed was done; and what we have related came out in the evidence, when the case was tried in Boston, Mr. Choate himself being the counsel who elicited the disgracing avowal. Nay, of so baleful a nature is such a man’s influence, that not the criminal alone, not alone wicked ship-masters on the coast of Sumatra, but Doctors of Divinity, in Boston, came to regard this as a sort of virtue. Rev. Dr. Neale told the children of the Public Schools, assembled in Music Hall, that “Mr. Choate would make the criminal himself feel innocent. The culprit in the dock would look as amiable and lamb-like as if, in the court-room, he was the only person without spot or blemish, or any such thing.” There was no word addressed to those tender minds, showing that such a course was immoral: on the contrary, the “distinguished divine” found it entirely compatible with Christian morals to pronounce a glowing eulogy on Him of the

Conscience Ossified, and hold him up as a brilliant example, the sun of whose life had "melted away into the light of heaven."

We find but one thing worthy of imitation in all Mr. Choate's professional life—his industry. God forbid that any young man should take him for an exemplar in other respects. His successes were generally dependent upon a course which no just and true man would employ. His great power over a jury was mainly attributable to what one of his eulogizers has called "his wonderful power of dislocation and confusion," together with great personal magnetism, and a constant resort to the *argumentum ad hominem*.

Did "not your juries give their verdict
As if they *felt* the cause, not heard it?"

The causes of shipwreck to men's souls are innumerable, and at times seem to baffle all attempts at elucidation; but there are two instances in American history in which the cause is palpable: with Daniel Webster it was an intense animalism, pervading his whole nature, year by year accumulating, culminating, at last, and overpowering the higher and nobler elements of his character;—with Rufus Choate, his worshipper, it was a shameful want of conscience and common honesty. His was a philanthropy which we should call misanthropy—a religion which we should call irreligion—a morality which we should call shameless immorality.

We come now to speak of what it is proper to call the genius of Mr. Choate—what of it he was born with, how large a culture it got, and how it was manifested.

It may be well to say that there is something radically wrong in the common estimate of men of genius. It is as base to give homage to mere intellectual wealth, however expended, and by whatever other traits of character accompanied, as it is to honor mere material wealth, however gained, by whomsoever possessed, and to whatever uses turned. Acquisitions never so great, of never so exalted a nature, are not in themselves honorable: it is only when made to serve mankind, in its real needs, that they become so. Then, too, the injury resulting from the example of one morally-diseased man of genius is greater than that from a thousand ordinary cases of depravity; for, admiration once awakened, and through that the instinct of imitation, the mass of mankind has proved itself prone to copy vices as well as virtues. Thus, if

genius be granted to Mr. Choate, it will add nothing to his claim upon our reverence. Will it not rather detract from that ?

He was born with uncommon mental power, coupled with a highly nervous and poetic temperament, and early evinced great love of study and of books. He possessed that kind of organization, mental and physical, whose element is work ; and was known all his life long for an industry which never tired. His ability to acquire and retain knowledge was marvelous ; and while yet a boy, he was known for a surprising eloquence. Indeed, his impressible temperament and strong emotional nature, together with a wonderful memory, a certain wild splendor of imagination, quaintness of humor, great command of language and power of arrangement, could not fail to render him more than ordinarily interesting as a speaker. He was noted for judgment, tact, and discrimination ; and, in addition to these, he had an intimate knowledge of human nature, uncommon ability to adapt himself to an occasion, and unfailing courteousness of disposition. Qualities like these insure success — they insure eminence.

He was a man of large and generous culture ; full of learning ; a student to the end of his life ; devoting every hour which he could snatch from a laborious profession to the study of the great masters of thought and speech. He exhausted libraries ; and never allowed a day to go by, it is said, in which he did not write out a translation from Greek or Latin authors. He added to a thorough knowledge of the law an acquaintance with history, poetry, and philosophy ; and in his later years *became a student of Theology*. Cicero, Bacon, and Shakespere were his elder brothers ; he was a sort of left-hand cousin to Calvin and St. Augustine ; Milton and Burke were near relations ; while all over the republic of letters were scattered his intimate friends. But it is plain that the culture of the highest faculties of the soul, if not wholly neglected, was neglected until after they had become thoroughly vitiated by the recklessness of his political and professional career. Nor does he seem to have inherited a mental constitution favorable to the highest morality : he was unbalanced ; capable of self-deception ; and there was too much of the love of Conquest and Power, and of the Praise which follows.

If reading makes a full man, writing a correct man, and speaking a ready man, he was all three — full, ready, and correct. Intellectually, he was chiefly remarkable for his eloquence ; and that baffled

all description. Rhetoric was his forte: all his speeches blazed with illustration and metaphor, from exordium to peroration,—now beautiful, then fantastic, anon absurd. His immense stores of learning were all within reach, and he drew from them at pleasure. When he chose to display his knowledge of the past, it was as if one stood at the Gates of Time and saw the Ages move in grand and solemn procession, or heard the voices of history swell in sublime oratorios. At his breath the notes of Memnon again woke the echoes of the morning, and at his touch the beautiful, dead heart of Greece thrilled and became instinct with life. His pathos, at times, was like the cry of orphans, or dirges which the Penates might have sung over homes made desolate; but, on the whole, his style was as unnatural and vicious as it was inimitable. Few men have taken so many liberties with English speech. He spoke a new and strange tongue—a Babylonish dialect “of patched and pie-balled languages.” In length and intricacy, some of his periods have not their equals in the language. Disenthralled of reason, he entered the wildest labyrinths of metaphor, and roamed there inextricable, illuminating his sphinxine wanderings with

—“Explosive corruscations
Of heterogeneous thoughts, at random caught,
And scattered like a shower of shooting-stars,
That ends in darkness.”

His tendency to exaggeration and love of display led him to magnify unimportant things, and blinded his sense of propriety. He sacrificed everything to *effect*. His speeches sometimes remind one of the poor, foolish daw clad in peacock’s feathers. As in his own family he would move an enchanted auditory to laughter and to tears by an extempore lecture on Mother Goose, so abroad, at the bar, or in the halls of legislation, he would bathe the commonest and most vulgar subjects in all the splendors of his imagination, revelling now in Hades and anon in the Empyrean, roving hour after hour, trackless, over an unexplored continent of words, until the listener was astonished, bewildered, lost. He would be as pathetic as the grand lamentations of Samson Agonistes on the Obstruction of Fish-ways, and would rise into the cathedral music of the Universe over the right to manufacture India Rubber Suspenders.

Mr. Choate was not a reasoner, in the best sense of the word. He was the most expert sophist which the age has produced. His

intellect was acute, but meretricious in the extreme, and without breadth or profundity. He delighted not in explication and elucidation—he sought to dazzle, to mystify, and to perplex. Indeed, there was something morbid and unhealthy in the whole cast of his mind. He dwelt apart from the world, and the power he exercised was one of incantations, spells, and philters. He seems to have forsaken the fountains of genuine inspiration, and to have wooed the Divine Breath from sources forbidden and contraband. He breathed the noxious odors and exhalations of poison-weeds, and not the aroma of beautiful and healthy vegetation. His speech reminded one of opium pomps and splendors, and he nowhere manifested the joy of true spiritual influx.

In his funeral sermon, Rev. Dr. Adams went very far out of his way to prove that his dead parishoner had not been addicted to the use of any “powerful narcotic”—that he never had had any “beatific visions of an immortal druggist.” Mr. Choate, he said, “Once, at home, using laudanum in a tooth, it produced a sickness that showed his system a stranger to such a narcotic.” Any one not accustomed to hear dark hints in court-rooms, and elsewhere, where Mr. Choate was wont to take the understanding captive by his marvelous power—dark hints about that “happiness which might be bought for a penny and carried in the waistcoat-pocket”—any one not having heard these hints followed by confident assertions, not having been fascinated by the unearthly glare of those eyes, not familiar with the De Quincy-like yellowness and cadaverousness of that face, might well regard this extraordinary defence with surprise. But, we fancy, that to those of our readers who are familiar with the physiological and psychological manifestations of opium, familiar also with Mr. Choate’s person and his labyrinthine eloquence, the assertion of Dr. Adams will be entirely gratuitous and unsatisfactory. We, at least, have no doubt that Rufus Choate was an opium-eater. And, after all, this seems the most charitable way of accounting for his moral obfuscation; for to whatever depths of moral abasement the soul of man is capable to sink, to whatever vilest slavery it is capable of being subjected, down thither will opium sink it, and there will it conquer and reign supreme.

What more remains to say? We have seen how little uncommon genius and the most liberal culture of the intellect—extraordinary gifts and extraordinary opportunities, without high moral

instincts and purposes, — how little these have accomplished for humanity, for the progress of civilization in the world, and of Christianity in the hearts of men. We have seen how a man of great genius, a genius augmented by such costly toil, could prostrate himself before a mean personal ambition, — and how, reviling the Higher Law of God, and, in the last extremity of his moral imbecility, spitting upon every effort for freedom, upon every attempt to establish the Absolute Right — how he could cast himself before the Juggernaut of Slavery, deluging its horrid wheels with his best blood, until every spark of manhood, of moral independence, was crushed out of him, until at last, he bore neither the likeness of anything in heaven above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth.

But at length he is gone — “life’s fitful fever is over.” Nevermore will he charm by his indescribable speech — nevermore will he compel with his still more indescribable presence — nevermore will he steal away the hearts and consciences of men — nevermore will he conspire either with speech or presence to oppress his brother. And although with the tears of his bereaved wife and children, and the full and broken speech of his many personal and intimate friends, there mingled the cries and curses of the enslaved, the unconsolable anguish of dismembered families, the shrieks of ravished maidens, the smell of hearts profaned, the agonies of burning men, and all the attendant horrors of Slavery everywhere, — let us hope that somewhere in that dim but certain future, having outgrown and cast aside the trammels of the flesh and the temptations of the world, he may seek and find repentance, and that forgiveness and superabundant love which are sufficient for all; that he may find new spiritual life, becoming one with God and the laws of God, and, at last, entering into the Higher Glories, he may become one of the chiefest of the Sons of Heaven, and indeed “worthy to receive the morning star.”

In the mean time let us be warned.

THE BROAD CHURCH.—Dr. Bellows, of New York, in speaking of Theodore Parker, used the following words: “I can not pronounce the soul of Theodore Parker to be lost, but affirm that he had not accepted the conditions of salvation!”

ORCHIS.

Who can tell
 The hidden dell
 Where the Orchis grows?
 Who can divine
 The secret time
 When the Orchis Vera blows?

Shadowy Hemlocks inarching with columnar Oaks and Chestnuts,
 Battlement rock-steeps, lofty uprearing, green garlanded,
 Moss fringe and Ground Pine veiling their age-furrowed features,—
 Through this dim aisle comes the glad voice of warbling waters,
 Life-beat in the fresh heart of the ancient mountain.
 Reckless, unheeding, impulsive and wild as it must be,
 Obeying the stern law of force, and the sweeter law of beauty,
 Over rocks and intercoiled roots wreathing high,
 Over tree-trunks, lying stretched on the ground like gorged serpents,
 Down the steep mountain ravine the wild brooklet tumbles;
 No harsh word murmuring to intruding impediment,
 Only a low-voiced, peace-speaking song all the way.

O troop of bright cataracts—fairies hand in hand leaping
 Adown the precipitous height, like the angels
 That Jacob, in dreams, saw descending from heaven!
 When May morns seek darkest and ruggedest glen-deeps,
 A mortal intrudes into your primitive, holy solitude,—
 Searching amongst the rank undergrowth of thorny Wild Bramble,
 Solomon's Seal, Brake, ever green Laurel, and Sumach.
 Gems costliest, priceless, Earth hides in closed caverns,
 They stumble not on them, unheeding rude footsteps;—
 Only these two clusters of delicate dawn-odored Orchis
 In all thy cool, dewy hollows, sweet valley Webutook!
 Nurtured on juices the richest, sweets drained from her vitals,
 Nature hides her rare child in this secretest ravine,—
 Hiding only from others, concealing—revealing—
 Deep-eyed explorer, no treasure she veils from thy seeking.
 Fond lover of all that is kissed by the weather of heaven,
 (Rough seasons, ice, snow and hail, storm and wild north wind, blessing
 Each life, that it passes incorrupt through the ordeal of sunshine,)
 Counting the spring days advancing, by flower-births calendered,
 Well divinest thou hidden seasons shy Nature would hide.

Pathfinder in somberous woodlands and intricate forests,—
 Wanderer to farthest green uplands and dim mountain summits,

Roving and strolling,—pursuing fond shapes that waver and beckon
From tree-tops and rock-crag, from spirit-thronged cloud-portals open,
From lake-deeps, and star-gazing hill-tops dissolving in sky-air;
Thou hast listened in awe to secrets long ages concealed,—
Voices speaking, whispering, in solitudes deep and untrodden;
Thou hast knelt at consecrated altars, weed-mantled, grass-crowned.
Thronging masses below, worshiping with shouts and rejoicing
Golden calves—idols of Wealth, Power, Theology, Force and Tradition;
Thou, silent, alone, on the mount receivest the law from God.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

THIS question, which the experiments of Schultze and of Schwann were supposed to have settled, actually occupies the scientific world. M. Pouchet, of Rouen, the learned naturalist, much esteemed for his works on *ovulation* and for his *History of the Natural Sciences in the Middle Ages*, has revived this agitation by a recent communication to the Institute, tending to restore spontaneous generation to honor in science.

M. Pouchet has taken all imaginable precautions to assure himself that no germ could have penetrated into his matrasses, and he has obtained plants and animals: hence he concludes that proto-organisms have been developed without preëxisting germs. He has experimented with oxygen and with artificial air. For the first order of experiments, a flask holding a litre was filled with boiling water; it was afterwards hermetically sealed and immediately reversed over a bath of quicksilver. When the water was completely cooled, it was uncorked beneath the mercury, and half a litre of pure oxygen introduced. Immediately afterwards, ten grammes weight of hay was introduced beneath the mercury. This hay had been thirty minutes exposed to a stove heat of 100° centigrade, in a close flask, and removed in the same. Now, the flask containing the oxygen, water and baked hay was hermetically sealed. Eight days afterwards, the submerged hay showed upon some of its leaves or stems globules of a yellowish white as large as a gooseberry seed, evidently formed of the filaments of mildew, and radiating in serried tufts from one centre. On the tenth day the flask was opened and the contents examined. There had

been no exchange between the interior and the atmosphere. The oxygen gas still appeared absolutely pure, and burning substances plunged into it exhibited the usual increase in the energy of their combustion. The large globules or whitish flocks immersed in the water were formed by a kind of fungus (*champignon à mycelium, blanc de champignon*) growing very thick and tufted. This fungus was an *aspergillus* of a new species, to which M. Montagne has justly given the surname of *Pouchetii*. No animalcule was discovered in the flask.

M. P.'s second experiment differed from the first in the use of a flask five times larger, from two-thirds of which the water was expelled by the introduction of oxygen and azote in the proportions in which they exist in the atmosphere. It is unnecessary here to repeat the details by which the access of air was prevented. On the eighth day, the liquid, hitherto limpid, began to become nebulous. Near its edges, a floating isle of glaucous green appeared, three millimetres in diameter, and formed of cryptogamic vegetation due to an agglomeration of *penicillium*. On the twelfth day, a mass of *aspergillus* was discerned near the bottom of the vase. On the eighteenth day, another floating island was composed of *penicillium* in fructification. At the end of a month, the flask was uncorked. The *penicillium* was recognized as belonging to the species *glaucum*, the *aspergillus* resembled those of the oxygen in the last experiment. Finally, a great number of animalcules, proteus, trachelius, monads and vibrious, were discovered, all of them belonging to known species.

The experiments of M. Houzeau have proved that the spores of *mucorinis* analogous to those in question here, are disorganized by a temperature of 100° c. [*L'Univers du 12 Janvier, 1859.*] In the discussion which these experiments excited at the Academy, M. Milne Edwards objected that the time during which the hay was baked was insufficient and the temperature too low. He had always obtained negative results from such experiments when the heat had been great enough to coagulate albuminoid matters contained in the organic substances experimented on. MM. Rayen, Quatrefages, Cl. Bernard and Dumas sustained and confirmed the objections of Milne Edwards.

M. Quatrefages has tried to demonstrate by experiments, which our space forbids us to relate here, the existence in the atmosphere of a vast number of vegetable and animal germs, ever ready to

develop themselves as soon as they are placed in favorable conditions and producing myriads of microscopic animals and plants, which show themselves in infusions at the end of a very short time; he opposed, besides, to the partisans of spontaneous generation the recent beautiful researches of MM. Van Beneden and Kuchenmeister, on the mode of propagation of intestinal worms, which ruin a part of the facts on which the doctrine of heterogeny is supported.

M. Dumas recollected that, thirty years ago, an announcement similar to M. Pouchet's induced him to undertake some experiments, which proved to him that the germs of animalcules and of vegetation might be evolved, after having been heated even up to 130° c.

M. Montegazza, of Turin, replied to this objection in the academic session of February 8th, 1859. In a first experiment, he had placed lettuce leaves in water artificially formed from its component gases, heated them in this water first to 100° c. during thirty minutes, then to 140° c. during forty minutes, and after five hours found living *bacterium sermo*. In his last experiment, he introduced into a flat tube distilled water and a piece of a squash just pulled from the vine, closing by fusion the two ends of the tube. He had remained sixteen hours at his microscope without stirring, and had seen form under his eyes *bacterium* and *vibris limola*.

The next objection was raised by M. Van Beneden, who said that the eggs of certain inferior organisms of parasitic character resisted not only complete desiccation during months and years, but also the most concentrated alcohol or even chromic acid, returning to life as soon as replaced in ordinary conditions, and developing then the different phases of embryonic existence as usual. The air, he said, was often filled with animal or vegetable microscopic forms, the eggs and spores of which, if not their entire organisms, invaded like a fine and impalpable dust our most delicate instruments.

In the same session of February 14th, 1859, M. Gaultier de Claubry said that if weevil wheat were placed in a vase through which a current of air at 130° c. were passed for a long time, traversing a tube filled with fragments of porcelain, etc., and with a view of multiplying surfaces, the weevils would be found dead after a certain time. But if afterwards a portion of the same air, damp, and at the temperature of the atmosphere, were passed through the ap-

paratus, more or less rapidly, weevils appeared in the midst of the wheat. The eggs deposited in the interior of the grains not destroyed by 130° c. have hatched, as those of other orders of animals may hatch. Nothing demonstrates that the hay employed by M. Pouchet enclosed no germ of the animals the development of which he ascertained, and this objection holds to the experiments of M. Montegazza.

M. Jobard, of Belgium, remarked that the resistance of germs to the destruction of their vitality seems to augment in proportion to their tenuity. Hence, however potent be the means of destruction employed, it will always be possible to imagine a class of germs that present a superior degree of resistance. After the carbonization and the destruction of organic matter, the experiments in question are no longer possible, since there is no longer a *fermentescible* substance, which is the condition *sine qua non* of heterogenic production. This objection of M. Jobard is merely an hypothesis.

M. Pouchet answered M. Dumas with other observations detailed in his work on heterogeny, in which, employing putrescible substances heated to 220° c., and artificial water, he has obtained animalcules. He had always seen eggs and seeds lose their genesic properties in less than an hour of boiling in water. M. Pouchet and M. Pennetier, naturalist at the museum of Rouen, maintain that the dried *tardigrades* of which the resuscitation is asserted, do not resuscitate, but only swell up with moisture; but this is a digression from the main point.

The advantage in this debate remained on the side of M. Pouchet and of Heterogeny. From the experiments, let us pass to an examination of the doctrines of M. Pouchet, and after this, to his experimental attack on *Panspermism*, as sustained by his academic objectors.

M. Pouchet does not dream of renewing the theories of the ancient atomist physicians, Leucippus and Epicurus; he has not the ambition to show a lion nor a palm tree, nor even an infusory or a mushroom growing out of a fortuitous concourse of atoms. He places the question on another ground.

First, he states the existence of an initial organizing force; he does not speculate on the nature of this force, but limits his researches to its effects. The point at which he begins to isolate himself from the common opinions is in the doctrine that this force

can manifest itself as well in free organized matter, as in matter in motion.

Its method of manifestation he holds to be simply the production of a MICROSCOPIC OVULE, a vital point. It engenders neither a monad in an infusion, nor a colt in the ovary of a mare, but everywhere alike it engenders eggs. Difficulties had arisen from the idea that the mother elaborates her product, sculpts the foetus; but, according to M. Pouchet, the product elaborates itself, is in revolt against the maternal organism. It elaborates itself in the ovary when the initial force is revealed there; it elaborates itself in a pellicle of an infusion when the conditions are found there.

By numberless experiments, he directly attacks that panspermism now admitted by most physiologists, who show us the air, the water, and putrescible bodies, saturated with germs and with vegetable and animal organisms.

Proceeding at first with order and analytically, he experiments successively and separately with air, water, and solids. He sees organisms produced in artificial air and in oxygen: the common air has not then been the vehicle of these organisms nor of their germs. He sees organisms produced in water obtained by the chemical synthesis of its gases: the common water has not then been the vehicle of these organisms nor of their germs. He sees organisms produced at the expense of carbonized bodies: solids have not then been the vehicle of these organisms nor of their germs. Then grouping in one synthetic experiment these three factors of maceration, artificial water, artificial air, carbonized solids, he still sees mould and animalcule produced in this mould — animalcule, then, of spontaneous origin.

For twenty years past, physiology had been swearing by Schultze and Schwann. Schultze had seen the air that had passed through sulphuric acid prevent all development of infusoria in boiled liquids. Schwann had seen that the same liquids, placed in contact with air previously subjected to a red heat, but still rich in oxygen, and often changed, produce neither infusoria nor mildew, and do not undergo putrefaction: air is then the vehicle of these infusoria and of these mildews and their germs. Now M. Pouchet takes the apparatus of Schultze and of Schwann; he proceeds according to their instructions, and he sees the apparatus filled with animalcules and with plants: these animals and plants are then of spontaneous origin.

Finally, not contented with ruining this theory of modern panspermism, as strange to his mind as the atomism of antiquity, he follows, step by step, the development of several microzoaries in the pellicle of infusoria.

M. Pouchet defines "*Heterogeny* as a synonym of *spontaneous generation*, which applies to the manifestation of a being without the previous intervention of parents. This is a phenomenon actually observed only of animalcule or plants so small as to be visible only with the aid of our strongest microscopes." He denies that this doctrine leads to or implies materialism. "Not a word in my memoirs, I think," says he, "can lead to the supposition that animals and plants could be produced merely by the action of those general forces on which chemical combinations depend in the inorganic kingdom."

Until the seventeenth century, the theory of generation in vogue was Aristotle's, and was resumed in the phrase *generatio unius est corruptio alterius*. Then Harvey upset this theory, in showing that all generation proceeds by an egg, and in establishing the new formula, *omne vivum ex ovo*.

The distinction is most important between a spontaneous generation in elements purely material — the water, the earth and the air, and the spontaneous generation in which M. Pouchet recognizes the necessary intervention of an organic fermentescible substance. He says, in his first answer to the Academy: "I have repeatedly filled and left standing uncovered upon the table of my laboratory, which was covered with animalcules, large crystal vessels, with water distilled, boiled or filtered, and never have I found any animalcule invade its surface. But when, after fifteen days with no result, a fermentescible organized body was put in the water, within twenty-four hours after its surface was populous with microscopic animals. No one would advance, I hope, that the presence of the fermentescible body has determined a rain of germs into our vases. If, when the fermentescible body is added, the animalcules appear, it is neither it nor the air, nor the water that contained them, for this experiment succeeds very well with hay heated to 200° c. and with distilled water." And in all this author's experiments, as in all that he invokes, there is always an organized fermentescible body, which by its corruption produces a new formation, an ovular formation. It is then the perfect conciliation and

synthesis of the two doctrines of Aristotle and of Harvey, *corruptio unius, generatio alterius*, and *omne vivum ex ovo*.

Fay, remarks Muller, pretends to have seen microscopic animalcules form in pure water, and Gruithuisen says he has observed in infusions of granite, of chalk, and of marble, the production of a gelatinous membrane, in which infusoria were later developed. Retgius also speaks of a particular kind of *conserva* which is formed in the midst of a solution of a chloride of barium in distilled water, and kept for months in a vessel closed with a ground glass stopper. But the force of these observations was invalidated by Schultze, who attributed them to the entrance of the molecular dust of organic substances.

Heterogeny is not a creation, in the true acceptation of the word ; it is but the result of a corruption. There may be analogy, but not identity between the two. The creation had been made by drawing beings from the primitive earth, air and waters ; heterogeny draws only the least of them from the corrupted parts of other and preëxisting organisms. Never can materialism make a stand upon heterogeny to explain the creation.



MAY-SONG.

[Translated from the German of Goethe, by J. Benton.]

How gloriously shines
Nature to me !
How glistens the sun —
How laughs the lea !

Flowers break forth
Out of the boughs ;
A thousand voices
The thickets arouse.

And Bliss and Delight
Rise up in my breast, —
O Earth, and O Sun,
O Joy ! my guest.

MADGE VERTNER.

MADGE VERTNER: b. Miss Mattie Griffith. A serial tale published in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*.

It is not usual to call attention to a work which has received only such imperfect publication as the columns of a newspaper afford. Yet for genius, however, as for piety, no place is low, none inappropriate; and whether she tread the mountain heights or hide away in caves and prisons, whether she wear the blazonry of gilt morocco or strew her bread upon the waters of that sea of mind whose waves are ephemeral newspapers, it is our duty to seek, and our pride to confess her.

In the beautiful romance before us is mirrored our southern country life, the gossip of the negro-quarter, childhood's fun and manhood's agony, the exquisite communion of father with daughter in tranquil depths of love that never the plummet of intellect fathomed; truthfulness frightening respectability, or spontaneity conventions, as Madge Mrs. Vertner; Grace setting down her pail to sing and dance before the tavern, and getting strapped by her mother, the cook, for displaying her smartness. Only a Southerner can fully appreciate the richness and genuine humor of these scenes. Then Madge Verner herself! *

* MADGE.

Madge is a wild, sprite-like girl of sixteen, tall and slight of figure, with light, waving brown hair and large blue-gray eyes. Though the face was free, happy and unwritten by care, an earnest observer might have detected a peculiar and sobered light that sometimes stole out of those usually full and happy eyes, betokening a mind and heart that only waited to be roused to purpose and action. Watch her now, as she gracefully swings her little form out of that window, calling gleefully to her dog.

"Down, Rover, down; what, sir, do you try to leap in when I forbid you? Down, I say, down this moment; here, catch my hat, bring it to me;" and away she tossed her straw flat, with its blue ribbons and gauzy veil fluttering in the wind. The dog started after it, and brought it back to his mistress. "Thank you, sir—now, that will do; I am tired of playing with you—go to your kennel. Here, Pomp, come take Rover off and put him to bed."

At this summons, a little black fellow, apparently about nine years old, emerged from the corner of the building. This boy was a peculiar looking child; as black as the ace of spades, with round, pop eyes that were kept in a perpetual roll. As he now bowed and grinned, he displayed a regular row of polished white teeth, that might have excited the envy of many a higher and better-born lad.

"Laws, Miss Madge, Rover's not gwine to let me put him in the kennel

"Queen-rose in the rose-bud garden of girls," she comes in these dark stormy days, wild and sweet as the skylark, shedding from her melody of life tears fresher than the dew on violets, that, falling on the social sod, quicken the germs of heroism in humanity. Right shall be might because she wills it, for "what woman wills, God wills." Let us give thanks, as may Kentucky in her nearing future, that the stars of her intellectual firmament beam with so pure a ray now, amid the constellations of the North, while thunders darken below, and the lightnings of heroism only serve to show the abysses of dishonor into which our nation is sinking.

If ever there was a crisis in the life of Humanity when it was necessary that feminine charm should submerge the irritations of masculine controversy, it is now, when the South, when the Union awaits from the heart of her daughters the message of social salvation. The power that sustains oppression is not the enlightened conviction of self-interest, it is not accessible to demonstrations of advantages industrial or intellectual to be gained by justice. Statistics fall upon the South like snow-flakes on a conflagration. Where the emotional centres of human nature are diseased, virtue must become passion to penetrate and cure. To whatever is most

jist yit. Why, him's wantin' to set up and bark at de moon for good whiles longer."

"How do you know, Pomp? I expect you have not been very particular in seeing to Rover lately, and so don't know his habits." Then, turning to the dog, she said, "What, poor fellow, does he love to sit up and look at the moon? So does his mistress. 'Like mistress, like dog.' Well, Pomp, leave him alone, for he whines now at the thought of being caged and housed up. There, away, Rover—away—and prowl about the lawn as much as you please. I shan't have you controlled. Be as free as you please. I never liked control."

* * * * *

MADGE IN THE NEGRO-QUARTER.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning, Madge rose refreshed, and went out, as usual, for her morning walk upon the lawn, where she met Rover. "Come, old play-fellow," she cried; "come, now, off and away for a scamper;" and she and the dog started for an animated foot race. They ran up and down and around the lawn. Madge's hat fell from her head and swung upon her shoulders, while the brown curls blew and sported about in the cool morning breeze.

"Now, sir, come, off—let us take a race through the quarter;" and they started off in the direction of the cabins.

As this bright, young creature came bounding by in the excitement of a morning romp, her white dress floating in the wind, the blue ribbons of her hat streaming out, and her curls fluttering, she presented a strange contrast to the odd-looking figures grouped about "the yard." The slaves gazed at her with undisguised admiration. "Ain't she pretty?" "Looks

gracious in the child or loveliest in woman, Madge Vertner adds that fervent and spontaneous piety which hastens to apply celestial truth to its terrestrial uses.

Such works establish the permanence of inspiration, the vitality of the Christian tradition. Herein is evinced the irresistible force of sincerity. When a lady, first among the first of her country, signalizes her majority by the emancipation of her slaves, by expatriating herself in accepting a life of intellectual labor and material privation, by repudiating every sympathy that does not take the color of her faith, we feel in all that she does an integrity of character and purpose which even genius cannot simulate, and which animates her words with interior conviction. If, when a limb mortifies, the forces of the organism rally to draw above it the "*line of demarcation*," the sign of spontaneous amputation, so in the political gangrene of States, coincident with their schism from the spiritual life of the nation by their local corruptions of horror and truth, transcendent heroisms, purest affections and luminous genius translate the reactions of vitality upon their borders.

Ten souls of the rank of Madge Vertner might redeem from its moral gangrene any State of the Union, did Fate allow their influ-

fur all de world like de angel of de Lord." "She's de heavenly lamb." Such were the plaudits which were shouted forth as she passed.

"Her's jist as wild as a fawn."

"An' jist as full of romp as dat ar young colt in de stable; her's allers gwine, never still a minit," said an old gray negro, who sat smoking a pipe in front of his little cabin. "Puts me in mind of dem shiny spirite I sometimes sees when I has de fever, an' shuts my eyes, an' seems to go off to heaven like." These words were addressed to his old wife, who stood in the doorway of the cabin.

"Now, Peter, you allers talks dat ar way 'bout Miss Madge, but afore goodness I does t'ink long'r missus dat 'twould be a sight better if Miss Madge didn't romp 'bout an' tear round so. 'Pears to me she ain't 'nuff of lady for one raised into her sarcumstances."

"Now, you jist hush long'r yer pride, Poll; Miss Madge knows what her's 'bout. Now, for all she tears 'bout so, play 'long ber dog, I notices she never talks long'r poor whites. She jist holds her head as high as missus, when any trash comes 'long."

"She daresn't look at any of 'em sort, for missus take de very skin offen her if she was to."

"Well, now, Poll, I am gwine to tell you 'bout de time when mas'er was little boy. You know, Poll, you didn't allers 'long to the Vartners; you isn't one of de ole stock." Peter uttered this with an air of conscious superiority, which the better-born, the self-elected class always assume toward the humbler.

"What's you allers a tellin' me that for, Pete? I doesn't care if I was one of de bought ones; I'se lived long 'nuff in dis family to have de right to be considered one of um."

"No, no, Poll, you's a good ooman, an' my wife; but it doesn't make you

ence diffusion ; and when a social portraiture, such as Dickens might envy Miss Griffith's pen, may not be mirrored on the conscience of her country, when the double obstruction of an envenomed press and of stolidity preclude the possibility for such a voice as this to reach the Southern ear, for such a heart as this to wake responsive sympathies, — too sure a moral gangrene taints the air. If any printed book could awaken to sanity and inspire with horror at outrages in which the law of the land and the fury of the mob strive to outdo each other in iniquity, it would be a *diamond edition* of "MADGE VERTNER." Its idiomatic fidelity to local scenes and characters forms the indispensable vehicle for its social convictions. Above all literary merit, it has that living and loving spirit which creates personal sympathy between the reader and the author, a quality so penetrative that even children yet too young to read or to understand half the words laugh or cry on hearing it, and persons of the most violent pro-slavery opinions sit spell-bound under its charm. This is the record of actual experiment with mixed audiences. Families have hailed the chapter of Madge Vertner every Thursday as the most delightful or thrilling event of the week, and sympathetic fusion was then effected among persons who never met

one of de ole stock, for all dat." He took the pipe from his mouth, looked kindly, condescendingly at his wife, reseated himself upon the stool, and smiled a self-conscious smile of Brahminical satisfaction.

"Good morning, Uncle Peter and Aunt Polly; why, how sleepy and dumpy you look," cried a young, gay voice, and Madge Vertner stood in front of them.

"Good mornin', Miss Madge," exclaimed the two old negroes, and Uncle Peter rose, dashed his pipe away, and remained standing in the presence of his young mistress.

"Sit down, Uncle Pete," said Madge.

"No, please, missy, not when you is 'bout."

"Sit down, I say," repeated Madge, and Uncle Peter, with a politeness something akin to that of the Earl De Stair, obeyed the command of majesty.

"Aunt Polly, you look cross; has he (pointing to Uncle Peter) been scolding you?"

"Bless yer, Miss Madge, Peter's allers a hurtin' of my feelin's, and throwin' up to me dat I am not one of de reg'lar family sarvants — dat I come 'long wid a bought lot. Now, I'se bin a good bit of time in dis family — plenty long for um to quit dat sort of talk."

"I think so, too, Aunt Polly; and if he married you he ought not to trouble you in this way. Why, Uncle Peter, a man's wife is as good as himself, isn't she?"

"Yes, Miss Madge, Polly is 'nuff better 'an me, an' she is my ole coman, an' a good un into the bargain; but for all of 'at, she didn't come of as high a family. I an' my pappy, an' his pappy, an' his pappy's pappy afore um, 'longed to the Vartners, an' dar wan't no better breed saved from de ark dan de Vartners."

on any other point. The interest which we have observed could hardly be exceeded by the best representations which the drama affords.

The triumph of Madge Vertner is to have so absolutely incarnated or personified the truths which she conceives, that every scene she traverses is heart-lit from her presence, and the highest effects of the chorus in Greek tragedy are secured without the cumbrous intervention of that impersonal machinery. The social South is passed in judgment before the light of the spirit of Jesus, shining through an organism the loveliest in which ever humanity enshrined it. It was a noble day for humanity when France could raise the standard of "Art for its own sake;" for this implied the essential unity of the good and true with every æsthetic perception of harmony; the rythm of substance with form.

It were a nobler day of which Madge Vertner should herald the dawn, for here is a Christallization in which the art of fiction has endued that spiritual glory of Love of which Jesus is the permanent focus. It is owing perhaps to the habit of using the heart for an inkstand that winged seeds of thought sown by this artist pen, creations all organic, take instant root in ours. True ideas differ

Madge smiled, her eyes sparkled queenly, and a dash of red stained her cheek and brow. The blood of the Vertners acknowledged the compliment of the veteran slave.

"But, Uncle Peter, hasn't she been living in the family long enough to become one of them? Why, we have a good number of servants, papa says, who do not belong to the original stock."

"'Tain't no use a-talkin' 'bout it, young missy, kase yer kan't make a body of de ole family stock. They's got to be born to it."

Madge smiled, and did not seek further to convince him. Perhaps she believed his doctrine sound, at least when applied to people of a different complexion from herself.

"Oh, laws, Uncle Pete, has you hearn the news?" cried a hearty-looking negro girl, as she rushed up, half breathless, to the cabin; "beg pardon, Miss Madge, didn't see you at fust;" and she dropped an odd, graceless, but polite curtsy to the young mistress.

"What's the matter, Ruth?"

"Laws, Miss Madge, some of our folks has done run 'way last night — orful."

"Who?" inquired Madge, without any effort to seem surprised.

"Its orful mean of um to run 'way — I wouldn't do sich a thing" (she was then debating in her mind the safest method of escape.) "Hopes they'll be kitched. They desarnes to be even sold to de rice-fields, too — hope mas'er won't let 'em stay here."

The old negro man slowly, stendily cyed the speaker, then took another whiff of his pipe, and as the girl began another harangue, said:

"Hush, Ruth; yer says a sight more an' yer believes."

"Laws, Uncle Peter, I doesn't; 'pon my soul, I doesn't."

from grammatical, intelligible and even elegant phrases, precisely by this kind of vitality. Its quality differs according to their source; some sting like wasps, some crawl like snakes; those of Madge Vertner bloom or fly. So we have books that drop to pieces like a card house, while others fast founded in personal experience receive the heart's historic honors and propagate their spiritual species. Such do we owe to this photographic pencil whose graces of fantasy and sentiment are inlaid upon an exquisite delicacy of conception, in all that belongs to friendship and to love, the in-world of the home. Upon a pure white ground, the virgin snow of maidenhood, arise in fine relief the dramatis personæ of this work, motives and wills embodied, hosts of light and darkness battling for the heritage of Earth. And, beautiful echo of womanhood in Nature, bursts forth with the spring of its perennial youth the fresh abounding charm of an Earth unpolluted in sunniest glades of the forest, warbling her mild rebuke of human crime and cruelty, when —

" Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear drops as they pass,"

with all the angelic sense of shame and shock that such deeds can be on an Earth so fair!

"Off now, Ruth, an' don't be swarin' in front of my cabin. I tells you yer has mighty little soul to swar by."

Our heroine had watched Uncle Peter's face closely during this conversation. She had read but few books, and had never known society or life in cities; she turned away from poetry, romance, and social pleasure; but a human face in the rough was a book full of interest to her. This one of the old negro's, however, puzzled her. There was an untranslatable *something* in his manner that went home to her, but his countenance was moveless and heavy.

* * * * *

CHAPTER VIII.

"Now, I tell you, Peter, them ar niggers is gwine to be found out, kotched an' brung back." Aunt Polly said this as she entered the cabin where Uncle Peter sat smoking away at his old pipe.

"Who tole you so, Polly?"

"Why, Peter, Lord love you, I hear masser a-talkin' to 'em about it, an' he says he's done gone and got Tom Hynes and his men sot on thar track, and then they's kotched as clar as guns."

"Humph!" muttered the old man, and smoked away at his pipe. His wife knew that it was not worth while to ply him with further talk, so she set about furbishing up her pans and arranging the scanty furniture of her cabin. It was Saturday afternoon, and she said that she must "fix up for Sunday." What a blessed and beneficent institution in the slave's life is the Sabbath! The pleasant sunshiny afternoon was drawing to a close, and the quarter looked unusually cheerful. Each little grass-plot in front of the cabins had been carefully swept. Two or three of the negroes were

In reading this work, one feels ever so sweetly related with the beautiful beyond humanity, as well as within it. Thus when smarting with the keenest sense of wrong and woe, as after the scene with Jack and Milly in the jail, the Mammoth Cave opens to us a refuge in its crystal palaces, cooling the fevered spirit in Serena's bower; or the blue and sunlit firmament filters through verdure on the forest floor, the lessons of the æon to the hour. If these consolations are real, it is because, finited as we are by our own faculties to do or to be, every emotional genius opens free passage to and from the Infinite, reanimating the tie between man and his Father eternal.

Nature guides the pen in a story like "Madge Vertner;" the brush, in a picture like the Heart of the Andes, and groups such productions among the living realities of her spiritual magic. The heart's instinctual logic of liberty, its demand of the "Group" and of space, are delightfully formulized and realized in that garden of Kentucky, near the town of L., where the drama of our story unfolds itself. Madge groups with her father, with Helen, with Pomp, with Rover her dog, with her horse, her pet animals and flowers, and shines as the Passional Queen of the Negro-quarter

dancing, while an old man played upon a fiddle. Over by a broken fence, and upon an old topple-down keg, which had been used for an ash-bucket, was seated the negro girl Ruth, engaged in an apparently interesting *tête-à-tête* with Daniel, the dining-room servant. She practised, in an humble and grotesque way, all those blandishments of manner that render the city belle so attractive.

Negro women, old and middle-aged, sat out in front of their respective cabins, darning socks or patching old clothes for Sunday wear, while a group of half-dressed boys played marbles, and our little Pomp, in the rear of one of the cabins, but within hearing of the music (if music it was which came from feeble, untaught hands and broken bow), had a private dance all to himself. His motions were quite remarkable, and would no doubt have greatly startled a French dancing-master. Though not such graceful pirouettes or such dexterous vaulting as we have witnessed upon the stage, still, his leaping and twirls were admirable, if it were only for their accurate regard of time. His body seemed a musical instrument in perfect tune. As he danced, he accompanied himself with a unique song, the chorus of which we give for its very oddity:

"Jump up, Ginny, with your booties on,
Three or four yards of calico."

The boy seemed to be in the very rapture of enjoyment. His eyes sparkled, and his shining brown face literally ran over with mirth and frolicsomeness.

Scenes of animal life and enjoyment such as these—little gleams of sunshine and pleasure in a world of blight—form the basis upon which certain wiseacres build up a wondrous superstructure of argument in favor of slavery!

with an authority more spiritual, more real and divinely substantial than ever was boasted by Elizabeth of England or Catharine of Russia. She might have been equally queen wherever the human heart exists, but would she have had anything to gain by the exchange of positions? Let Mary Stuart answer!

Our sole intention, in the selections quoted, has been to show the kind of influence which an adored young mistress exerts among the negroes. It must not be supposed that the book is all in this vein. The humorous element always bears best to be isolated from the context of a serious novel. Madge is in all her developments, animal and spiritual alike, one of the noblest confessions that modern civilization has made of the immense superiority of Nature. She is a fountain-life of instinct, healthy, pure and wise, above the wisdom of the world, with an archangel's sword to guard and to maintain her sovereignty. The truly organic character of this work forbids farther citations. These with a regular analysis could not occupy less than a volume of two hundred pages.

We must distinguish in this work —

1. The *opinions*, which, although original with Miss Griffith, are equally those of the Garrisonian platform of abolitionism, claim-

When the fun was at its highest, Madge Vertner, like a visiting angel, passed through the "quarter." She was dressed in white, with a few blue ribbons fluttering about her arms, neck, and waist, while her straw hat sat jauntily upon her head, and the brown curls, thrown back from her face, swept over her neck and shoulders. Of course, she was followed closely by her companion, Rover.

The dancers did not stop — the frolic did not halt for a moment. "Miss Madge" was no stranger to them, no stiff, exacting visitor — only a higher inspiration to increased pleasures. As they skipped, shuffled and danced along, their black, shiny faces looked happier for the coming of young mistress. As she passed gayly through, she had a word for each — some patronizing comment upon the dance, some joke to give vent to. When she came to an old or a sick slave, she made a kind inquiry after his health, or proposed some nice little remedy which he could get by sending to the house; or, she drew from her pocket a little roll of tea, sugar, or some such luxury, which she gave to him; and so her visits were always welcome. Pomp spied her, and, forgetting both his song and jig, rushed up to her, extending his hand, and cried out, "Please, Miss Madge."

"What, sir?" and she knocked off his hand with a small stick. "What is it you want?"

"Please, ma'am, some of that ar."

"What?" and she held out her two empty hands.

"Some dat ar you's givin' Uncle Ned."

"Uncle Ned is sick, and I brought him a little parcel of tea and sugar."

"Please, ma'am, give me some sugar."

"Why, you are not sick."

The boy paused a moment; then, assuming a serious expression, said: "Yes, miss, I'se sick — I'se had headache in my back fur long time."

ing immediate and unconditional emancipation as a principle of simple justice which does not admit of serious discussion. They are stated with force and lucidity in conversation which are not so much prolonged as to be tedious.

2. The *sentiments*, which are those of a pure and exalted aristocracy of Christian nobility, with just that dash of communism or affability toward democracy which flavored the chivalric tone of the philosophical nobles of France at the germinal period of the revolution of '98.

Madge's contempt of *the shop*, or of cupidity, is always delightfully refreshing; viz., her conversation with Col. V., ch. xxv.:

"She will learn, so will my little Madge, that a man don't lightly throw away forty thousand dollars."

"Who said anything about a man's throwing away forty thousand dollars?"

"Well, forty-five or fifty negroes certainly represent that much money, particularly in the present high and prosperous state of the slave market."

"Papa, you make me sick with such shallow and disgusting talk. Why, you are not any better than that negro-trader whom I saw in the town-jail. You are every bit as vulgar in your ideas."

"The headache in your back! — how is that?"

"Why, you see, Miss Madge, Uncle Ned say de headache is de worst of misery, an' I knows I'se got de worst of dem ar in my back." Suiting the action to the words, he put his hand upon his back, and began to distort his face.

"Come, now, Pomp, no 'possuming," said an old negro.

"No, I feels de pain, I does; I 'clar I does."

Madge laughed heartily, saying, "Well, Pomp, you are such a good actor that I suppose I must give you a cake;" and she threw him a ginger-bun, and continued her walk.

For a moment she paused to look at Daniel and Ruth, smiling half pleasantly, half contemptuously, as she looked. Pomp, the cunning rascal, who, like Rover, loved to follow his Miss Madge, remarked:

"Them's sparking over dar, Miss Madge;" and with this he ran his tongue out, rolled up his eyes, snapped his fingers, and ran off.

Ruth was the first to see Madge, and, with an affectation of timidity, she began to hang her head and turn away from Daniel. Seeing this, Madge, who at times was the very incarnation of Frolic, bethought herself of a little plan for teasing the lovers.

"Now, Ruth," she cried, "what are you doing there — idling your time? Don't you know mamma wants you? And as for you, Dan, I think you had better be about your work in the dining-room. It must be near tea time; get away to your work."

Without specially heeding her assumed tone of command, Daniel began to vindicate himself, with an air of true manliness.

"Yer see, Miss Madge, 'tisen't near tea time as yet; my dinin'-room work is all done up; it's Saturday evening time, when we all takes rest and play. I doesn't see as how Ruthy an' me is a-doin' any harm when we

"Upon my word, you are complimentary; but I want very much to know, Madge, where you learned this sort of reasoning."

"Human reason, you mean. Well, Papa, I am a human being, not a pig, and so I claim to have reason, sentiment, emotion if you will, which I believe distinguish men and women from brutes."

3. The personal principles of life and conduct: they are those of a pure-minded girl incapable of suspecting guile, indignant and peremptory to denounce and punish it whenever, wherever, and in whomsoever it produces itself. In the scenes between Madge and her father the passional sublime is attained, and virtue triumphs at the cost of moral formulas.

Rachel, the quadroon, is not so well characterized as Madge: her personality remains nebulous, from neglect of the principles of grouping and passional perspective. We ought to see her feed her chickens sometimes, or listen to the whippoorwill by her cabin door of evenings. She is a fine lady as well as a great woman out of place, and we only forgive her on account of her behavior toward Maria, which rises again into the passional sublime, setting policy and morality at defiance in the pure spirit of the Christian martyr.

has a little quiet talk 'long of ourselves; an' I'se sure, Miss Madge, as how you'd be the last one as would want to be a-interferin' wid us."

"But, Daniel," said Madge, trying very hard to look stern, "how do I know that you and Ruth are not forming some plan to run off? You see you all need to be watched; and we have a right to be suspicious of two persons who are standing off talking in a low voice to themselves."

"What does yer suspect of us, Miss Madge?" The youthful lover looked curious. Ruth began to twist her body about, pull at her fingers, and look as awkward as possible.

"Laws, now, Miss Madge, an' didn't you hear noffin of what Danel has been a-sayin' to me? I does declar', 'tis orful foolish like, an' I wan't no ways listenin' to it."

"Well, what did he say, Ruth?" inquired Madge.

"'Taint no kind o' use, Miss Madge, to be a-tellin' of yer all his foolish talk, but you see as how Danel, he—well, Miss Madge, Danel, he—Danel, he—"

Ruth broke down for want of feminine courage. Madge, with a pre-terminate wish for fun, continued: "Well, Ruth, 'Danel, he'—what?"

"Laws, Miss Madge"—the girl began to interlock her fingers, bend her head still lower, work her toe into the ground, and writhe her body like a serpent. "Danel, he—pshaw! Danel, he—axed—Danel—pshaw! Danel, you say it yerself." And she darted off to hide herself in one of the cabins.

"Come, Daniel," said Madge, jocosely, "can't you tell me about it?"

"Well, yer see, Miss Madge, yer see as how I'd like to do what you wishes me to, but I kinder feels as how I'd rather not, 'specially as I ain't spoke to Ruthy on de subject."

"Oh, then, I don't care to know," replied Madge; and, whistling to her dog, she walked off in the direction of Uncle Peter's cabin. On arriving there, she received a hearty welcome from the humble occupants.

She perishes, however, in the trial she has challenged, and confesses her despair by suicide.

Col. Verner is a fine cast, spoiled and thrown away by pure recklessness, or rather by illiberality, for the author is evidently unwilling to allow him in the evolution of the plot the fulfilment of her promise in the first conception. It was necessary that he should be criminal and type the vices of the Southern gentleman; but by shameful inconsistencies he is made unnecessarily to forfeit our respect and sympathy. Thus the general effect is much weakened. It would have cost nothing to keep him away altogether from the scene of the execution, where he only appears to make a fool of himself. A more dramatic effect would have been obtained had he been permitted to succeed only at the eleventh hour in obtaining the commutation of the sentence, and been seen riding up at full speed during the execution.

May we hope that in giving to this Shakesperian romance the *dramatic form*, our humble hints may not be scorned?

If this work has a radical defect, it does not lie in the direction of artistic details, but in that simplism which it shares with all civilized philosophy and ethics, and which can not or will not understand that in the practical ultimatum of Divine Providence in Nature

"Laws, now, Miss Madge, an' ain't us glad to see you?" said Aunt Polly, as she stopped rubbing her tin pan and set forth the best chair for Miss Madge. "Now, take a seat, an' rest yer pretty self in this ar dirty ole cabin. I 'clars I'm shamed o' myself, to be all in suds so late of Saturday even'. Things arn't fit for de like of you, Miss Madge."

"Don't make any more apologies, Aunt Polly; everything is as clean as possible, you know."

The old negro woman broke out into a hearty laugh, for she was well aware that the cabin was clean. She had been too hard at work upon it not to know the fact; but it is etiquette with slaves to depreciate everything they do, or that is their own.

Madge took the old split-bottomed chair which Aunt Polly had wiped off with the dust-mop and set down for her, and, seating herself near Uncle Peter, began to talk with him. After lightly touching upon several subjects, such as the old man's rheumatism, the crops, etc., she ventured to ask if anything had been heard of the fugitives. Uncle Peter shook his head.

"I doesn't know, young missy, but I s'poses as how as dey reached de river an' crost, dat dare ain't much hope of trailin' 'em. Dey does say as how 'tis mighty diffikilt to ketch 'em on toder side. Yer see, over dar in Indiany, dem 'lishionists hopes 'em heap—dat is what dey say."

"Who are them 'lishionists?" asked Madge.

"Ah, honey," exclaimed Aunt Polly, "dem's de mean ole dirty white folks dat hopes to steal niggers from dar rightful masters, and den selle 'em down de river, an' puts de money right into dar own pockets. I wishes now dat de dogs would git arter dem ar—dat's what I wish, I does; an' I tell Peter so toder night." To enforce this assertion, she struck her hand

and Society, the strictest correlation must exist between the attributes of distributive justice and economy of means or expediency. There nothing can be finer in its way than Jack's intuition of the right to freedom and natural philosophy of holidays in chapter x.;* but with that internal sense of his soul, Jack, who has never been out of Kentucky, can not see the difference between freedom as it is in a holiday among his friends, and freedom as it is in a scramble for one's bare existence in the hostile climate and among the hostile competitions of the North, whence the promises of the Pole Star glitter, but freeze in their performance, like those wonderful notes on the bugle of Baron Munchausen. Their melody never will flow till the Summer of Harmony shall arrive and exchange for the liberties of death those of life and abundance, refinement and joy. We regret to acknowledge the preference which our fair authoress repeatedly accords to the rays of the Polar Star. Nature endows the negro constitution with prodigious power of resistance against malaria, but not against cold. Lieutenant Maury has shown by statistics that the northward progress of the negro race is one of graduated extermination.

The races indigenous to hot climates enjoy, by the fact of the

* "You see, Miss Madge, if a nigger has a good home and some holiday, he naterally begins to think; an' sure as he thinks, 'tis allers of his freedom; an' dat don't 'pear to be right for a slave. You see, in dem long winter nights, when I made baskets by fire-light, I began to think to myself that 'twas no how right fur me to be working all de time for somebody else; an' as I set thar workin' an' thinkin' side o' the fire, a light broke out over my mind, just as clear as daylight, that I had no right to be given all de strength thar was in my marrow-bones to any man, even if he was white. It seems to me as how God made me to own myself; an', Miss Madge, when dis yer took holt on my mind, it jist fastened itself thar as fast as a snake. I couldn't get rid of it; it stuck by me day and night. Then I didn't kere to eat or to sleep; I just thought on it. Well, then, I had to tell Milly 'bout it, an' she didn't seem to feel it so much; but she was willin' to go 'long with me, though; to be sure. When we laid out o' nights in de woods, wet with rain and nothin' to eat, poor critter, she would wish herself back to the place, an' say I had brought her off fur no good. I never thought to be took and brought back alive; but, somehow, things didn't work right, an' here I is in the jail."

"Don't you see, Jack, that God wouldn't help you off?"

"Oh, no, young Miss; who put dem thoughts in my head 'bout freedom but de Lord? No, it wasn't, I s'pose, de right time; but I does know and feel dat de Lord loves freedom."

violently against the bottom of a tin pan which she had been polishing, and gave a defiant shake of the head, as much as to say, Who can gainsay that threatening wish?

"Oh, Polly, you go 'long; what does you know 'bout dis here? You jist talks crazy like; nigger wimmin is got no bisness a-talkin' 'bout sigh things. Yer jist look arter yerself, an' see dat yer doesn't be a-doin' no sich tricks, an' leave de rest to de Lord. He knows well enuff how to punish 'em dat offends Him, an' He don't want none of yer help."

organic law, more liberty in warm than they can in cold climates. The organic law admits, indeed, of possible individual exceptions; but it is more fundamental for the health, the happiness, and the development of human faculties, than can ever be the political or social institutions which human reason or folly superimpose upon it. For the negro, liberty augments in a general ratio to the temperature and inverse to the latitude, maximum under the Equator and zero at the Poles. Human institutions can only modify and produce local oscillations in this climatic law, the great State Seal of which is health or the harmony of the Soul with its organs; but they never can subvert it nor dispense with it, until they crown the poles with verdure or mingle the sands of Sahara with snows. All this is not impossible. Perhaps the resources wasted in a few Napoleonic campaigns, judiciously applied in works of spherical reintegration, might effect it; but Jack and Milly will have time to freeze while they are waiting. During this period, it is rather in Mexico, British West Indies, and Hayti, than in Canada, that the negro can expect to better his condition.

"But, Uncle Peter, what do you mean by helping the Lord? Oughtn't we to help do His work by living up to what He tells us is right? Don't we all help Him in this way?" Madge's theology always cropped out when she talked with Uncle Peter.

"Ah, now," said Uncle Peter, as he knocked a few ashes off his clay pipe, and rolled up his old bleary eyes with an expression of comical reverence, "'pears to me, young missy, as if none of us would hope Him any how; when we does good we ain't a sarvin' of Him, but our own selves. Ain't we a-strivin' for dat ar home of de New Jerusalem? ain't we a-doin' of de right way to git a home up dar? De Lord, He doesn't want us—what is we to He? Dar He done set on dat great golden throne from de beginnin' of time, an' dar He am a-gwine to set 'out'er any hope from us. We sarves Him bekase He is a good Master, an' we wants to find a good home longer Him, or else be sole down dar (pointing downwards) to de ole bad fellow."

Madge recognized, though in a different dress, the usual and accepted style of religious reasoning. What if it did not altogether agree with her fresh and original views? What if she thought there was a question of the beauty and faith of that service which is only rendered with a hope of reward? What if it appeared to carry with it too strongly the odor of the world-spirit, and to lack the disinterested heart-glow which her simple nature accorded to religion? She did not speak—durst scarcely entertain views which so clashed with the sermons that were poured down each Sunday from a purple velvet-cushioned pulpit, by a reverend man in a black gown. Madge was not wont to confuse her mind with thought or speculation; she had been too active and happy for that; but one can not live long among that lowly but suggestive negro race without finding, at least, his imagination wonderfully accelerated. The immortality of the soul forms one of the chief subjects of conversation in the slave cabins.

LETTER OF WILLIAM PITT.

CHRISTIANITY, as taught and practiced by theologians and their adherents, is so accurately described in a letter on superstition, addressed to the people of England, by the celebrated William Pitt, (afterwards Earl of Chatham, and Prime Minister of Great Britain,) that we are induced to give it entire. It was first printed in the *London Journal* in 1733.—
Ed.

“Pure Religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the Fatherless and Widows in their afflictions, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.”

GENTLEMEN, whoever takes a view of the world will find that what the greatest part of mankind have agreed to call religion has been only some outward exercise esteemed sufficient to work a reconciliation with God. It has moved them to build temples, slay victims, offer up sacrifices, to fast and feast, to petition and thank, to laugh and cry, to sing and sigh, by turns; but it has not yet been found sufficient to induce them to break off an armor, to make restitution of ill-gotten wealth, or to bring the passions and appetites to a reasonable subjection. Differ as much as they may in opinion concerning what they ought to believe, or after what manner they are to serve God, as they call it, yet they all agree in gratifying their appetites. The same passions reign eternally in all countries and in all ages: Jew and Mahometan, the Christian and the Pagan, the Tartar and the Indian—all kinds of men who differ in almost every thing else, universally agree with regard to their passions. If there be any difference among them it is this, that the more superstitious the more vicious they always are, and the more they believe the less they practice. This is a melancholy consideration to a good mind; it is a truth, and certainly, above all things, worth our while to inquire into. We will, therefore, probe the wound, and search to the bottom; we will lay the axe to the root of the tree, and show you the true reason why men go on in sinning and repenting, and sinning again, through the whole course of their lives. And the reason is, because they have been taught, most wickedly taught, that religion and virtue are two things absolutely distinct; that the deficiency of the one might be supplied by the sufficiency of the other; and that what you want in virtue, you must make up in religion. But this religion, so dishonorable to God, and so pernicious to men, is worse than Atheism;

for Atheism, though it takes away one great motive to support virtue in distress, yet it furnishes no man with arguments to be vicious. But superstition, or what the world means by religion, is the greatest possible encouragement to vice, by setting up something as religion which shall atone and commute for the want of virtue. This is establishing iniquity by a law, the highest law; by authority, the highest authority,—that of God himself. We complain of the vices of the world, and of the wickedness of men, without searching into the true cause. It is not because they are wicked by nature, for that is both false and impious; but because, to serve the purposes of their pretended soul-savers, they have been carefully taught that they are wicked by nature, and can not help continuing so. It would have been impossible for men to have been both religious and vicious, had religion been made to consist wherein alone it does consist; and had they been always taught that true religion is the practice of virtue in obedience to the will of God, who presides over all things, and will finally make every man happy who does his duty.

This single opinion in religion, that all things are so well made by the Deity, that virtue is its own reward, and that happiness will ever arise from acting according to the reason of things, or that God, ever wise and good, will provide some extraordinary happiness for those who suffer for virtue's sake, is enough to support a man under all difficulties, to keep him steady to his duty, and to enable him to stand as firm as a rock amidst all the charms of applause, profit, and honor. But this religion of reason, which all men are capable of, has been neglected and condemned, and another set up, the natural consequences of which have puzzled men's understandings, and debauched their morals more than all the lewd poets and atheistical philosophers that ever infested the world; for instead of being taught that religion consists in action, or obedience to the eternal moral law of God, we have been most gravely and venerably told that it consists in the belief of certain opinions which we could form no idea of, or which were contrary to the clear perceptions of our minds, or which had no tendency to make us either wiser or better, or, which is much worse, had a manifest tendency to make us wicked and immoral. And this belief, this impious belief, arising from imposition on one side, and from want of examination on the other, has been called by the sacred name of religion; whereas real and genuine religion consists in knowledge

and obedience. We know there is a God, and know his will, which is, that we should do all the good we can; and we are assured from his perfections that we shall find our own good in so doing.

And what would we have more? Are we, after such inquiry, and in an age full of liberty, children still? and can not we be quiet unless we have holy romances, sacred fables, and traditionary tales to amuse us in an idle hour, and to give rest to our souls when our follies and vices will not suffer us to rest?

You have been taught, indeed, that right belief, or orthodoxy, will, like charity, cover a multitude of sins; but be not deceived. Belief of or mere assent to the truth of propositions upon evidence is not a virtue, nor unbelief a vice. Faith is not a voluntary act, does not depend upon the will; every man must believe or disbelieve, whether he will or not, according as the evidence appears to him. If, therefore, men, however dignified or distinguished, command us to believe, they are guilty of the highest folly and absurdity, because it is out of our power; but if they command us to believe, and annex rewards to belief, and severe penalties to unbelief, then they are most wicked and immoral, because they annex rewards and punishments to what is involuntary, and therefore neither rewardable nor punishable. It appears, then, very plainly unreasonable and unjust to command us to believe any doctrine, good or bad, wise or unwise; but when men command us to believe opinions which have no tendency to promote virtue, but which are allowed to commute or atone for the want of it, then they are arrived at the utmost pitch of impiety,—then is their iniquity full; then have they finished the misery, and completed the destruction of poor mortal man; by betraying the interest of virtue, they have undermined and sapped the foundation of all human happiness: and how treacherously and dreadfully have they betrayed it! A gift well applied, the chattering of some unintelligible sounds called creeds; an unfeigned assent and consent to whatever the church enjoins, religious worship and consecrated feasts; repenting on a death-bed; pardons rightly sued out; and absolution authoritatively given,—have done more towards making and continuing men vicious than all the natural passions and infidelity put together; for infidelity can only take away the supernatural rewards of virtue, but these superstitious opinions and practices have not only turned the scene, and made men lose sight of the natural rewards of it,

but have induced them to think that, were there no hereafter, vice would be preferable to virtue, and that they increase in happiness as they increase in wickedness ; and this they have been taught in several religious discourses and sermons delivered by men whose authority was never doubted, particularly by a late Rev. prelate, I mean Bishop Atterbury, in his sermon on these words, " If in this life only be hope, then we are of all men the most miserable," where vice and faith ride most lovingly and triumphantly together. But these doctrines of the natural excellency of vice, the efficacy of a right belief, the dignity of atonements and propitiations, have, beside depriving us of the native beauty and charms of honesty, and thus cruelly stabbing virtue to the heart, raised and diffused among men a certain unnatural passion, which we shall call a religious hatred — a hatred constant, deep-rooted, and immortal. All other passions rise and fall, die and revive again, but this of religious and pious hatred rises and grows every day stronger upon the mind as we grow more religious, because we hate for God's sake, and for the sake of those poor souls, too, who have the misfortune not to believe as we do ; and can we in so good a cause hate too much ? The more thoroughly we hate, the better we are ; and the more mischief we do to the bodies and states of these infidels and heretics, the more do we show our love to God. This is religious zeal, and this has been called divinity ; but remember, the only true divinity is humanity.

W. PITT.

THE SINGER.

MELCHAH stood looking on the corpse of his son, and spoke not. At length he broke the silence, and said : " He hath told his tale to the Immortals." Abdiel, the friend of him that was dead, asked him what he meant by the words. The old man, still regarding the dead body, spake as follows :

" Three years ago I fell asleep on the summit of the hill Yarib ; and there I dreamed a dream. I thought I lay at the foot of a cliff, near the top of a great mountain ; for beneath me were the clouds, and above me the heavens deep and dark. And I heard voices sweet and strong ; and I lifted up my eyes, and, lo ! over against me, on a rocky slope, some seated, each on his own crag, some

reclining between the fragments, I saw a hundred majestic forms, as of men who had striven and conquered. Then I heard one say : 'What wouldst thou sing unto us, young man?' A youthful voice replied, tremblingly : 'A song which I have made for my singing.' 'Come, then, and I will lead thee to the hole in the rock : enter and sing.' From the assembly came forth one whose countenance was calm unto awfulness, but whose eyes looked in love, mingled with doubt, on the face of a youth whom he led by the hand towards the spot where I lay. The features of the youth I could not discern : either it was the indistinctness of a dream, or I was not permitted to behold them. And, lo ! behind me was a great hole in the rock, narrow at the entrance, but deep and wide within ; and when I looked into it, I shuddered, for I thought I saw, far down, the glimmer of a star. The youth entered and vanished. His guide strode back to his seat ; and I lay in terror near the mouth of the vast cavern. When I looked up once more, I saw all the men leaning forward, with head aside, as if listening intently to a far off sound. I likewise listened ; but, though much nearer than they, I heard nothing. But I could see their faces change like waters in a windy and half-cloudy day. Sometimes, though I heard nought, it seemed to me as if one sighed and prayed beside me ; and once I heard a clang of music triumphant in hope ; but I looked up, and, lo ! it was the listeners who stood on their feet and sang. They ceased, sat down, and listened as before. At last one approached me, and I ventured to question him. 'Sir,' I said, 'wilt thou tell me what it means?' And he answered me thus : 'The youth desired to sing to the Immortals. It is a law with us that no one shall sing a song who can not be the hero of his tale—who can not live the song that he sings ; for what right hath he else to devise great things, and to take holy deeds in his mouth. Therefore he enters the cavern where God weaveth the garments of souls ; and there he lives in the forms of his own tale ; for God giveth them being that he may be tried. The sighs which thou didst hear were his longings after his own Ideal ; and thou didst hear him praying for the Truth he beheld, but could not reach. We sang, because, in his first great battle, he strove well and overcame. We await the next.' A deep sleep seemed to fall upon me ; and when I awoke, I saw the Immortals standing with their eyes fixed on the mouth of the cavern. I arose and turned towards it likewise. The youth came forth. His face was worn

and pale, as that of the dead man before me ; but his eyes were open, and tears trembled within them. Yet not the less was it the same face, the face of my son, I tell thee ; and in joy and fear I gazed upon him. With a weary step he approached the Immortals. But he who had led him to the cave hastened to meet him, spread forth his arms and embraced him, and said unto him : 'Thou hast told a noble tale : sing to us now what songs thou wilt.' Therefore said I, as I gazed on my son, 'He hath told his tale to the Immortals.' "

DR. EINBOHRER AND HIS PUPILS.

CHAPTER V.—MEN AND MONKEYS.

WHEN the Doctor took his seat on the occasion of the next lecture, there was evolved from his pipe an unusually gigantic cloudy pillar for us to follow into the Canaan of Science. We knew that some Titanic subject was indicated, and each phiz was fixed into an expression mingled of awe and curiosity, such as one might have looking down the throat of Vesuvius about the period of its recurring eruption. At length he began solemnly :

"Linnaeus, in making out his catalogue, could find no place for the Ourang-utan except under the genus *homo*. And though later Naturalists have been restive under this until, in their efforts to rid themselves of this proximity to the ape, they have done scientifically what Sinbad is related to have done to the one which clung to his back, shaken it off and smashed its head with a stone, yet the calmer anatomical, not-smashing investigations of the present age tend to establish the ape as *man undergraduate*.

"It is a sure basis when we plant ourselves for probability upon the instinctive conclusions of men : and who ever saw a monkey without human associations with it ? In a simpler age these associations were frankly acknowledged, from the rudest to the most learned. Not only did the Malays give them the name of Ourang-utan, which signifies *wild man*, but Aristotle confirms this by confessing among the three kinds of monkeys which he knew, that he could not find out where man ended and brute began. Purchas in his 'Pilgrims,' published in London, in 1625, gave the reverend

Dean Swift the ground for his story of Gulliver, by his account of how, in Java, the natives caught little apes, flayed them, leaving some hair and whiskers, and sold them to merchants to be carried over the world as the bodies of little men.

"Jacob Bontius in 1658 gave an account of a female Satyr who was so modest as to veil her face at the sight of strangers; she seemed to be a sentimental monkey, and would often sigh deeply, as much as to say, "There *are* chords, Jarby;" also she would weep: insomuch that this very solid, unspeculative Dutchman exclaims, "Nothing human was wanting but speech." Which statements coincide with that of the African at the South, who, standing near an organ-grinder's exhibition of apes, soliloquized thus: 'Plenty o' sense—much as I'se got; kin talk, too, good as I kin,—would, too, only it's afeared white man have a hoe in his hand soon as he speak a word.'

"Doctor Tulpus, a Dutch traveler, was at first in doubt whether one he saw was a wild man or an African.

"The Chimpanzee is nearest man. It probably has more ribs than ordinary men, since it has two additional ribs,—and some have thought even *one* rib added"—the rest of this sentence was lost in a cloud of mystic smoke. "These additional ribs, which have such solemn associations with sacred history, may bear mystically on the report made on the species *Engena* by Dr. Wyman, in 1847. It says: 'They live in bands, but are not so numerous as the Chimpanzees; the females generally exceed the other sex in number. My informants all agree that but one male is seen in a band; that when the young males grow up a contest takes place for mastery, and the strongest by killing and driving out the others establishes himself at the head of the community.' One would say that the name *Simia Engena* might be well replaced by *Simia Mormona*.

"The first account given with scientific authority was by Dr. Tyson, in 1751. The animal, which he called Pigmy, was a native of Angola; was twenty-six inches from top to toe; hair coal black; beard, imperial and moustache; could walk upright, which is more than Presidents can. Tyson writes: 'He was the most gentle and loving creature that could be. Those that he knew on shipboard he would come and embrace with the greatest tenderness; and though there were monkeys on board, he would never associate with them, and, as if nothing akin to them, would

avoid their company.' (How human a disposition toward its poor relations!) 'When a little used to wear clothes it became fond of them.' (Frailty, thy name is Monkey!) 'He would lie in bed, place his head on the pillow, and pull the clothes over him as a man would do.'

"The black Ourang is described by Dr. Traille, in the *Wernerian Transactions* for 1818. It was a female of the delectable height of thirty inches. The Gaboon natives stated, however, that this specimen was a dwarf, and that the rest of its family were from five to six feet high. This lady was something of a Tartar, and had doubtless been the Xantippe to cultivate patience in some old Simial Socrates. She was afraid of no wild beasts, but would attack all. This was a very fastidious Ourangess, for, says Capt. Payne, 'When first our animal came on board it shook hands with some of the sailors, but refused its hands, with marks of anger, to others, without any apparent cause.' 'When angry it would cry like a peevish child;' and it would give a most human 'ahem' upon the reception of sweetmeats. She loved coffee and pretty clothes, and was inclined to imitate the men; traits not wholly unlike female propensities out of Apedom. It is a fact that the more we examine the more do we find identities in men and monkeys. What was the difference to Captain Blanchard, for instance, when he was tapped on the shoulder by an Ourang in Batavia, and sat down with the same to a friendly cup of coffee? They couldn't chat, 'tis true; but has not Mr. Carlyle explained that speech is only silvern, whilst silence is golden? What was the difference to that old lady told of by Broderip, in whose lap a little old monkey would sit 'and pull at its toes with the same pensive air as a human-child exhibits when amusing itself in the same way'—what difference to her, I ask, whether the baby was human or simial?

"Think not, gentlemen," said Einbohrer, as an unwonted light gathered in his eye—"think not, that I would degrade man by this comparison. No truth or fact of nature can fail to be elevating, even holy, if rightly viewed. My object is that we may know what and whence is Man; herein all sciences converge, that their highest object is in the motto, *Know thyself*. Now if we go to look for essential differences between those we call animals and ourselves, we shall be mistaken: they are possessed of every nerve, fibre, bone, phrenological development, sense and feature which we ourselves have. Montaigne ridicules our preference of ourselves

on personal grounds, and quotes with approval the sentiment of Seneca, 'Many animals surpass us in beauty.' And of a truth Beauty is older than man,—the swan's neck, the graceful serpent, were first themes in the symphony of Beauty.

"What then is the difference between Man and Monkey? Physically—that man has two hands and two feet, and the monkey four hands. Although Monkeys have walked erect, yet it is certain that this is a difficult and nowise normal position. It must balance itself and frequently fail. The skeleton of the monkey shows that the head is necessarily thrown forward by the position of the foramen; the vertebral column is not straight over the pelvis. Its feet are hands. And the non-development of the heel shows that it was not designed to be used as a foot only; and it is also in a vertical direction, so that it may be applied to the side of a tree to climb better; in walking it walks on the side of its foot, which is not human. Then these hands of the monkey are not hands, the thumb not opposite the fingers—the token of man's power over the world. The thumb is man's sceptre; mechanic art were impossible without it. The ape is thus tied to the Earth: it is, however, a poor relation of ours who should not be despised.

"Young men, let us go to the Greek for the true distinction and definition of Man: *ἄνθρωπος* (*ἄνω, βλέπω, ὄψ*), to turn the eye upward! The animals must needs look to the Earth,—because physically, spiritually: Man faces Heaven. Doubtless if poor Jocko could walk erect, and see (not merely feel the pressure of) Nature—could with upturned eye contemplate the Heavenly host, the breast-plate on the bosom of Eternity,—he too might in the end have his angry scream changed to a note of adoring Praise and Worship. These varied rays of God would shine on him until Love, Faith and Hope should answer, as the snow-drop and violet answer from the sod the sweet persuasion of the Sun. But as it is, the Earth catches a little light and casts it up at his down-looking eyes—calling forth, as his idea of the sublime, a Cocoa-nut; for Faith and Love—pomegranates and a sinewy tail to swing to them.

"So far as Man attends to appetite, food, wine, coffee, he is doing only what is, as we have seen, common to Men and Monkeys: these being therefore justly called Animal wants. Where all these end, begins the difference;—let us make the most of the difference! Let me not be understood as saying that animals have not an approximation to these higher results; they also have a divers-

ity of Gifts: but they have not the means of their *culture*, and they represent the partial and rudimentary, whilst Man generalizes. What in them is Fate, in man is Consciousness. For instance, I doubt if Capt. Payne's pet would have understood the affecting lines of Dr. Watts,

'Children, you should never let your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made to tear each other's eyes.'

—Just here, as the Professor was wrapt in dreams which "no mortal ever dared to dream before"—a noise!—a scuffle! Slowly did good Dr. Jecovas come to the knowledge that Van Stammer had Peter House by the ear; they were fighting because Peter had set a crooked pin under Van Stammer.

"Alas!" cried Einbohrer, when he had with difficulty restored order, "will you upset my Theory! I now am at a loss to know which would best appreciate Dr. Watts' sentiment, you or the Monkeys. Perhaps it is thus I am to be led to repentance, and taught that I have undervalued the animal, or overrated the human capacities. At least I see how Humanity sits on the boundary-fence between the superior and inferior realms, and at the touch of a pin-point is tumbled back into the forest. How difficult is Humanity's seat of honor retained above the susceptibilities of the animal that dogs us!"

URSULA.

BY HONORE DE BALZAC.

CHAPTER IV.

MINORET and the curate sat at their backgammon.

"Do you believe in apparitions?" asked the skeptic of his pastor, interrupting the game.

"Cardan, a great philosopher of the sixteenth century, has mentioned having seen them," answered the curate.

"I know all that have occupied the attention of the learned. I have just re-read Plotinus. I put the question to you now as a Catholic, and ask you if you think that men after their death can return to see the living."

"Jesus appeared to the apostles after his death," answered the curate. "The Church must have faith in the apparitions of our Savior. As to the miracles, we have plenty of them. Would you

like to know the most recent? It has taken place within the eighteenth century."

"Bah!"

"Yes, the fortunate Marie-Alphonse de Lignori has known, at a distance from Rome, the death of the pope at the moment it occurred, and there are numerous witnesses of this miracle. The holy bishop in an ecstasy heard the last words of the sovereign pontiff and repeated them before several persons. The courier charged to announce the event, came only thirty hours afterwards."

"Jesuit!" replied old Minoret, jestingly, "I ask you no proofs, I only ask you whether you believe it."

"I believe that the apparition depends very much on him who sees it," said the curate, continuing to play with the skeptic.

"My friend, I extend to you no snare; what do you believe upon this point?"

"I believe the power of God to be infinite," said the Abbé.

"When I am dead, if I reconcile myself with God, I shall pray to him to let me appear to you," said the doctor, laughing.

"This is precisely the convention that was made between Cardan and his friend," replied the curate.

"Ursula," said Minoret, "if ever a danger should threaten you, call me—I will come."

"You have just expressed in one word André Cheniers' touching elegy *Néère*," replied the curate. "But the poets are great only because they know how to clothe facts or sentiments with images eternally living."

"Why do you speak of your death, my dear god-father?" said the young girl, in a tone of pain; "we do not die—we Christians; our tomb is the cradle of our soul."

"Well," at last said the doctor, smiling, "it will be necessary to leave this world, and when I shall be here no longer, you will be much astonished at your fortune."

"When you shall no longer be with me, my good friend, my only consolation will be in consecrating my life to you."

"To me, dead?"

"Yes. All the good works that I can do, will be done in your name, to ransom your faults. I will pray God every day so as to obtain of His infinite clemency not to punish eternally the errors of a day, and to set near Him among the souls of the blessed a soul as beautiful, as pure as yours."

This answer, made with angelic candor, uttered with an accent full of certainty, confounded error and converted Denis Minoret, after the fashion of St. Paul. A ray of internal light dazzled him at the same time that this tenderness extended over his future life made the tears come to his eyes. This sudden effect of grace had something electric about it. The curate joined his hands and stood up in emotion. The little one, surprised at her triumph, wept. The old man arose as if some one had called him, looked into space as though he saw there a dawn; then he bent the knee upon his arm chair, joined his hands and bent his eyes to the ground like a man profoundly humiliated.

"My God!" said he, in a tremulous voice, raising his brow, "if any one can obtain my grace, and lead me to Thee, is it not this spotless creature? Pardon this repentant old age which this glorious child presents to Thee." He raised his soul mentally towards God, praying Him to enlighten him by His science, after having smitten him with His Grace; he turned toward the curate and extending his hand: "My dear pastor, I become a child again, — I belong to you, and give up my soul to you."

Ursula covered with joyous tears the hands of her god-father, in kissing them. The old man took the child upon his knees, and gaily called her his god-mother. The curate, quite melted, recited the "Veni, Creator," with pious effusion. This hymn served as the evening prayer to these three kneeling Christians.

"What is the matter?" asked La Bougival, astonished.

"At last my god-father believes in God!" replied Ursula.

"Ah! my faith, so much the better; he only lacked that of being perfect!" cried the old Bressane, signing herself with serious earnestness.

"Dear doctor," said the good priest, "you will have soon understood the grandeurs of religion and the necessity of its practices. You will find its philosophy, even in its human aspect, far more elevated than that of the most audacious minds."

The curate, who manifested an almost infantine joy, then agreed to catechise this old man in conferences twice a week. Thus the conversion attributed to Ursula and to a spirit of calculation was spontaneous. The curate, who had abstained during fourteen years from touching the wounds of this heart, while deploring them, had been solicited as one goes to seek the surgeon in feeling oneself wounded.

Since this scene, every evening the prayers uttered by Ursula had been made in common. From moment to moment the old man had felt peace succeeding in his soul to agitations. Having, as he said, God for responsible editor of things inexplicable, his spirit was at ease. His dear child answered that it was evident by this that he advanced in the kingdom of God. During the mass he had just read the prayers in applying his understanding to them, for he had raised himself in a first conference to the divine idea of the communion among all the faithful. This old neophyte had understood the eternal symbol attached to this nourishment and which faith renders necessary when it has been penetrated in its intimate, profound and radiant sense. If he had appeared pressed to return to the house, it was to thank his dear little god-daughter for having made him enter into religion according to the beautiful old time expression. Thus he was holding her on his knees in his parlor and kissing her sacredly on the brow at the moment when, sullyng with their ignoble fears so pure an influence, his collateral heirs were lavishing upon Ursula the most outrageous expressions. The good man's eagerness to get home, his pretended disdain for his neighbors, his biting answers in coming out of church, were naturally attributed by each of the heirs to the hatred with which Ursula inspired him against them.

* * * * *

"Poor little one!" exclaimed the old man.

He extended Ursula's hand along his arm, tapping it, and led her along the terrace to the river bank, where no one could hear them.

"Why do you say poor little one?"

"Do you not see that they fear you?"

"And why?"

"My heirs are at this moment quite anxious about my conversion; they have doubtless attributed it to the influence which you exert over me, and imagine that I shall frustrate them of their succession in order to enrich you."

"But it will not be so?" said Ursula, ingenuously looking at her god-father.

"Oh! divine consolation of my old age," said the old man, who raised his pupil from the ground, and kissed her on both cheeks. "It is indeed for her, and not for myself, O my God, that I have just prayed you to let me live until the day when I shall have confided her to some good being worthy of her. Thou wilt see, my

little angel, the comedies that the Minorets, the Crémières and the Massins will come to play here. Thou wilt adorn and prolong my life then! They only think of my death."

"God forbid we should hate, but if that is so, oh! I despise them heartily," said Ursula.

"The dinner!" cried La Bougival, from the top of the stair-way which on the side of the garden stood at the end of the corridor.

Ursula and her guardian were at dessert in the pretty dining hall, mingled with Chinese paintings, in fashion of lacker work, when the magistrate presented himself; the doctor offered him (such was his great mark of intimacy) a cup of his moka coffee, mingled with Bourbon and Martinique, (the celebrated café de l'amateur of Brilat Savarin,) parched, ground and prepared by himself in a silver coffee pot à la Chaptal.

"Ah, well!" said Bongrand raising his spectacles, and looking at the old man with a sly expression. "The town is in commotion; your apparition at church has revolutionized your relations. You leave your fortune to the priests, to the poor. You have moved them and they stir. Ah! I have seen their first movement on the square: they were as busy as ants after their eggs have been stolen."

"What did I tell you, Ursula," exclaimed the old man. "At the risk of paining you, my child, ought I not to teach you to know the world, and to put you on your guard against unmerited enmities?"

"I would like to say a word to you on this subject," replied Bongrand, seizing this occasion of speaking to his old friend of Ursula's future.

The doctor put a black velvet cap over his white head, the magistrate kept on his hat and they walked along the terrace discussing the means of securing to Ursula what her god-father would give her. The magistrate knew the opinion of Dionis on the invalidity of a will made by the doctor in favor of Ursula; for Nemours was too much preoccupied about the Minoret succession, for this not to have been discussed among the jurisconsults of the town. Bongrand had decided that Ursula Mirouet was a stranger in relation to Doctor Minoret, but he felt that the spirit of legislation repelled from the family illegitimate superfetations. Those who drew up the code had only foreseen the weakness of fathers and mothers for their natural children, without imagining that uncles or aunts would

espouse the tenderness of natural children in favor of their descendants. Evidently there existed here an omission in the law.

"In any other country," said he to the doctor, in finishing his legal exposition, "Ursula would have nothing to fear; she is a legitimate daughter, and her father's incapacity should only take effect with regard to the succession of your father-in-law, Valentine Mirouet; but in France the magistracy is unfortunately very intellectual and consequential—it searches into the spirit of the law. Lawyers will talk morality and demonstrate that this omission in the code proceeds from the simplicity of legislators who have not foreseen the case, but who have not the less established a principle. The lawsuit will be long and costly. With Zelia they will go even into the court of chancery, and I am not sure of being still alive when this suit will come up."

"The best of law-suits is good for nothing," exclaimed the doctor. "I already see memoirs upon this question, *Up to what degree ought the incapacity which in matters of inheritance attaches to natural children, to extend?* and the glory of a good lawyer consists in gaining a bad cause."

"My faith," said Bongrand, "I would not take upon me to affirm that magistrates would not understand the sense of the law in the intention of extending the protection accorded to marriage, that eternal basis of societies."

Without expressing his intentions, the old man rejected the plan of appointing a trustee. As to that of a marriage which Bongrand proposed to him with a view to assure his fortune to Ursula:

"Poor little one!" cried the doctor. "I am capable of living still fifteen years; what would become of her?"

"Ah, well! what do you expect to do then?" said Bongrand.

"We will think about it. I shall see," replied the old doctor, evidently embarrassed to answer.

At this moment Ursula came to announce to the two friends that Dionis asked to speak to the doctor.

"Dionis already?" cried Minoret, looking at the magistrate. "Yes," replied he to Ursula. "Let him enter."

"I would bet my spectacles against a match, that he is the lightning-rod of your heirs; they have all breakfasted at the post master's with Dionis, there has been something machinated there."

The notary was led by Ursula to the end of the garden. After salutation and a few insignificant phrases, Dionis obtained a

moment of private audience. Ursula and Bongrand withdrew to the parlor.

"*We will think about it ! I shall see !*" said Bongrand to himself, repeating the doctor's last words. "This is the way with intellectual men ; death surprises them, and they leave in embarrassment beings who are dear to them ! The distrust which men of superior natures inspire in business men is remarkable ; they do not accord to them the *less*, in giving them credit for the greater. But perhaps this distrust is a praise. In seeing them inhabit the summit of human affairs, the business men do not believe the superior men capable of descending to the infinitely small of details, which, as well as the interests of finance and the microscopic of natural science, end by equalling the capital and by forming worlds. Errors ! the man of heart and the man of genius see all."

Bongrand, piqued at the doctor's silence, but doubtless moved by the interest of Ursula, and believing it compromised, resolved to defend it against the heirs. He was impatient at knowing nothing of this conversation between the old man and Dionis.

"How pure soever Ursula may be," thought he, as he looked at her, "there is one point on which young girls are accustomed to make their own jurisprudence and morality. Let us try !"

"The Minoret Lurault," said he to Ursula, in settling his spectacles, "are capable of asking you in marriage for their son."

The poor little one grew pale. She was too well bred, she had too sacred a delicacy, to listen to what was passing between Dionis and her uncle ; but after a little intimate deliberation she concluded to show herself, knowing that if she were in the way, her god-father would make her feel it. The Chinese pavilion, where the doctor's cabinet stood, had the blinds of its door-window open. Ursula went to close them, excusing herself to the magistrate, who said to her smiling : "Go, go, my child."

Ursula walked to the steps of the stairway by which they descended from the Chinese pavilion into the garden, and remained there several minutes, manœuvring the blinds slowly and looking at the sunset. Then she heard this response made by the doctor, who came towards the Chinese pavilion :

"My heirs would be delighted to see me in possession of mortgages ; they imagine that my fortune would be much more safe in that shape. I divine all they say, and perhaps you come from hem. Learn, my dear sir, that my dispositions are irrevocable.

My heirs will have the capital of the fortune which I have brought here ; let them consider themselves warned and leave me quiet. If one of them deranged any thing of what I think I ought to do for this child (pointing to his god-daughter), I would come back from the other world to torment him. . . . So Mr. Savinien de Portenduère may well remain in prison, if they reckon on me to take him out," added the doctor. "I will not sell my income."

Hearing the last fragment of this phrase, Ursula experienced the first and only pain that had ever reached her ; she leant her brow upon the blind, attaching herself to it for support.

"My God ! what is the matter with her," exclaimed the old physician ; "she is without color. Such an emotion after dinner may kill her."

He extended his arm around Ursula, who fell almost in a swoon.

"Adieu, sir, leave me," said he to the notary.

He carried his god-daughter to an immense *bergère* of the time of Louis XV., which was standing in his cabinet, seized a flask of ether and made her breathe it.

"Act in my place, my friend," he said to Bongrand, alarmed ; "I wish to remain by my god-daughter."

The magistrate re-conducted the notary to the gate, asking him, without showing any excitement :

"What has happened to Ursula ?"

"I do not know," replied Monsieur Dionis. "She was upon the steps listening to us, and when her uncle refused to lend me the sum needed for young Portenduère, who is in prison for debts, for he has not had, like Monsieur du Rouvre, a Monsieur Bongrand to defend him, she grew pale and was falling. . . . Could she love him ? Was there between them" —

"At the age of fifteen ?" replied Bongrand, interrupting Dionis.

"She was born in February, 1814. She will be sixteen years old in four months."

"She has never seen the neighbor," replied the magistrate. "No, it is a crisis."

"A crisis of the heart," replied the notary, delighted with this discovery which would prevent the formidable marriage *à ex-^{tr}emis* by which the doctor could frustrate his heirs ; while Bongrand saw his Spanish castles demolished — he had long thought of marrying his own son with Ursula.

"If the poor child loved this boy, it would be a misfortune for

her ; Madame de Portenduère is a Breton, and inflated with nobility," replied the magistrate, after a pause.

" Fortunately—for the honor of the Portenduères," replied the notary, nearly exposing his secret.

Let us render the brave and honest judge the justice to say that in returning from the gate to the parlor, he abandoned, not without pain on his son's account, the hope which he had caressed, of being able one day to call Ursula his daughter. He expected to give his son an income of six thousand francs on the day when he should be named substitute ; and if the doctor should give Ursula a dower of one hundred thousand francs, these two young persons might form the pearl of households ; his Eugene was a loyal and charming lad. Perhaps he had boasted this Eugene a little too much, and the distrust of old Minoret came from that source.

" I will come down to the Mayor's daughter," thought Bongrand. " But Ursula, without a dower, is worth more than Mademoiselle Lurault Cremiere with her million. Now we must contrive that Ursula shall marry this young Portenduère, if she really loves him."

— After having closed the door on the side of the library and that of the garden, the doctor had led his pupil to the window that looked out upon the water side.

" What is it, cruel child ?" said he to her. " Without your smile what would become of me ?"

" Savinien in prison !" she answered.

After these words a torrent of tears issued from her eyes and the sobs came.

" She is saved !" thought the old man, who was feeling her pulse with a father's anxiety.

" Alas ! she has all the sensibility of my poor wife," said he to himself, going to take a stethoscope, which he placed on Ursula's heart, applying his ear to it.

" Come, all goes well ! I did not know, my heart, that you loved him already so much," resumed he, looking at her. " But think with me as with thyself, and relate to me all that has passed between you two."

" I do not love him, my god-father ; we have never spoken to each other," replied she, sobbing. " But to learn that this poor young man is in prison, and to know that you refuse to set him free—you who are so good !

"Ursula, my good little angel, if you do not love him, why do you make before the day of Saint Savinien a red point as before the day of Saint Denis? Come, relate me the least events of this affair of the heart."

Ursula blushed, retained a few tears, and there was a moment of silence between her and her uncle.

"Are you afraid of your father, of your friend, of your mother, of your doctor, of your god-father, whose heart has been for some days made still more tender than it was?"

"Ah, well! dear god-father," she replied, "I am going to open my soul to you. In the month of May, Monsieur Savinien came to see his mother. Until that time I had never paid the least attention to him. When he went away to live in Paris, I was a child, and saw, I assure you, no difference between a young man and you others, if not that I loved you without ever imagining that I could love any one in the world better. M. Savinien came by the stage-coach on the day before his mother's fête, without our knowing it. At seven o'clock in the morning, after having said my prayers, in opening the window to air my chamber I saw M. Savinien's windows open and M. Savinien in his dressing gown occupied in shaving, and in all his movements such a grace, . . . well, he seemed to me a charming fellow. He combed his black mustachios, his beard under the chin, and I have seen his neck white, round Must I tell you all? I perceived that this neck so fresh, this face, and that beautiful black hair, were very different from yours, when I looked at you when you were shaving. There rose, I knew not whence, like a vapor, by waves to the heart, to the throat, to the head, and so violently that I sat down; I could not stand, I trembled. But I had so great a desire to see him again, that I stood upon tip-toe; he saw me then, and in playing with me, sent me a kiss with the ends of his fingers, and"—

"And?"

"And," she resumed, "I hid myself, as much ashamed as happy, without being able to explain why I was ashamed of this happiness. This movement, which dazzled my soul in awakening there I know not what power, has been renewed every time that I saw this youthful form again within myself, and I came to take pleasure in finding again this emotion, violent as it was. In going to mass, an invincible force urged me to look at Monsieur Savinien, giving his arm to his mother: his step, his garments, every-

thing, even to the noise his boots made upon the pavement, seemed pretty to me. The least thing about him, his hand so well gloved, acted on me like a charm. I had, however, the force not to think of him during mass. On leaving, I remained in the church so as to allow Madame de Portenduère to go first, that I might walk behind him. I can not express to you how much all his little arrangements interested me, on entering, when I returned to close the gate."

"Where was La Bougival then?" said the doctor.

"Oh, I had let her go to her kitchen work," said Ursula, ingenuously. "I could then naturally see Monsieur Savinien standing and looking at me. Oh! god-father, I felt myself so proud, thinking that I remarked in his eyes a sort of surprise and admiration, that I would have done I know not what to give him the opportunity of looking at me. It has seemed to me that I ought henceforward only to occupy myself with pleasing him. His look is now the sweetest recompense of my good actions. Since that moment I think incessantly of him and in spite of myself. Monsieur Savinien went back to Paris that evening, and I have not seen him again; the street des Bourgeois seemed empty to me, and he has, as it were, carried my heart away with him without knowing it."

"That is all?" said the doctor.

"All, my god-father," said she, with a sigh, in which the regret of not having more to say was stifled under the pain of the moment.

"My dear little one," said the doctor, seating Ursula upon his knees, "you will soon catch your sixteenth year, and your life as a woman is going to begin. You are between your blessed childhood, which ceases, and the agitations of love, which will make you a stormy existence, for you have a nervous system of exquisite sensibility. That which has come to thee, my child, is love," said the old man, with an expression of profound sadness; "love in its holy simplicity, love as it ought to be: involuntary, rapid, come like a robber who takes all: yes; all! And I expected it. I have observed women well, and know that if in most of them love does not take possession until after many testimonies, miracles of affection, if these only break their silence and yield when they are conquered, there are others who, under the empire of a sympathy now explicable by the magnetic fluids, are invaded in a moment. I may tell you to-day that

as soon as I saw the charming woman who bore your name, I felt that I should love her alone and faithfully, without knowing whether our characters or our persons would be adapted. Is there a second sight in love? What answer can be made after having seen so many celebrated unions, under the auspices of so heavenly a contract, at a later period broken, engendering hatred almost eternal, absolute repulsions? The senses may sympathize and the ideas be in discord; and perhaps certain persons live more by the ideas than by the body? On the contrary, characters often accord, and persons displease each other. These two phenomena, so different, which explain many misfortunes, demonstrate the wisdom of laws which leave to parents the chief authority over the marriage of their children; for a young girl is often the dupe of one of these two hallucinations. Thus I do not blame thee. The sensations you experience, that movement of your sensibility which precipitates from its centre still unknown upon your heart and your intelligence that happiness with which you think of Savinien, all is natural. But, my darling child, as our good Abbé Chaperon has told you, society demands the sacrifice of many natural inclinations. The destinies of man and those of woman differ. I could choose Ursula Mirouet as a wife, and come to her saying how much I loved her, while a young woman is false to her virtues in soliciting the love of him she loves. Woman has not, as we have, the right to pursue in open daylight the fulfilment of her vows. Thus modesty is with you women, and especially with thee, my child, the impassable barrier that guards the secrets of the heart. Thy hesitation in confiding to me thy first emotions has shown me plainly enough that thou wouldst suffer the most cruel tortures rather than confess to Savinien."

"Oh, yes!" she said.

"But, my child, you should do more; you ought to repress the movements of your heart, forget them."

"Why?"

"Because, my little angel, you ought to love only the man who will be your husband; and even if Monsieur Savinien de Portenduère loved you" —

"I have not yet thought of that."

"Listen to me: even if he should love you, if his mother should ask your hand for him, I could not consent to this marriage before having subjected Savinien to a long and mature examination. His

recent conduct has exposed him to the censure of all families, and placed between heiresses and him barriers which will not easily fall."

An angelic smile dried Ursula's tears as she said: "Misfortune, too, is good for something!"

The doctor had no answer to this *naïveté*.

"What has he done, my god-father?" she resumed.

"In two years, my little angel, he has run into debt a hundred and twenty thousand francs. He has had the folly to let himself be locked up at Sainte-Pelagie, a blunder which now-a-days altogether discredits a young man. A dissipater capable of plunging a poor mother into misery, makes his wife die of despair, as your poor father did!"

"Do you think he can correct himself?" asked she.

"If his mother pays for him, he will have nothing left; and I know of no worse correction for a noble man than to be without fortune."

This answer rendered Ursula *pensive*. She wiped away her tears, and said: "If you can save him, save him, my god-father; this service will give you the right to advise him: you will make remonstrances."

"And," said the doctor, imitating Ursula's manner of speaking, "he can come here, the old lady will come here, we shall see them, and" —

"I am thinking now only of himself," answered Ursula, blushing.

"Think no more of him, my poor child; it is a folly!" said the doctor, gravely. "Never would Madame de Portendùère, a Kergarouët, had she only three hundred francs a year to live on, consent that the Viscount Savinien de Portendùère, whose grand uncle was the late Count de Portendùère, lieutenant general of the king's fleets, and son of the Viscount de Portendùère, captain in the navy, should marry . . . Ursula Mironet, daughter of a poor musician, and whose father — alas! this is the moment to tell thee — was the illegitimate child of an organist, my father-in-law."

"O my god-father! you are right: we are only equal before God. I will think of him only in my prayers," said she, amid the sobs which this revelation excited. "Give him all that you destine for me. What can a poor girl like me need? . . . In prison, he!"

"Offer to God all thy tribulations, and perhaps He will come to our help."

There was silence for some moments. When Ursula, who durst not look at her god-father, raised her eyes at last, her heart was deeply moved when she saw tears rolling down his withered cheeks. The tears of old men are as terrible as those of children are natural.

"Ah, Mon Dieu ! what is it ?" said she, throwing herself at his feet and kissing his hands. "Are you not sure of me ?"

"I who would satisfy all thy desires, I see myself compelled to cause thee the first great pain of thy life ! I suffer as much as thou dost. These are the first tears I have wept since the death of my children and of Ursula. Hold, I will do all you would have me !" cried he.

Through her tears a sort of summer lightning played over Ursula's face. She smiled.

"Let us go into the parlor, and keep your own counsel about all this, my little one," said the doctor.

This father felt himself so weak against that divine smile, that he was going to speak a word of hope, and thus deceive his god-daughter.

THE CATHOLIC CHAPTER.

THE VISION OF SOCRATES.*

"But it is right, my friends," he said, "that we should consider this, that if the soul is immortal, it requires our care not only for the present time, which we call life, but for all time ; and the danger would now appear to be dreadful, if one should neglect it. The well-ordered and wise soul, then, both follows, and is not ignorant of its present condition ; but that which through passion clings to the body, as I said before, having longingly fluttered about it for a long time, and about its visible place, after vehement resistance and great suffering, is forcibly and with great difficulty led away by its appointed demon. And when it arrives at the

* This exquisite fragment is from the *Phædo* of Plato, and is the translation of Henry Cary, M.A. It was the last discourse of the Philosopher, and was interrupted by the officer who brought the poison. On reading it one feels the justice of Mr. Emerson's exclamation, "Christianity is in the *Phædo* !"

place where the others are, impure and having done any such thing as the committal of unrighteous murders or similar actions, which are kindred to these, and are the deeds of kindred souls, every one shuns it and turns away from it, and will neither be its fellow-traveler or guide, but it wanders about, oppressed with every kind of helplessness until certain periods have elapsed : and when these are completed, it is carried of necessity to an abode suitable to it ; but the soul which has passed through life with purity and moderation, having obtained the gods for its fellow-travelers and guides, settles each in the place suited to it. There are indeed many and wonderful places in the earth, and it is itself neither of such a kind, nor of such a magnitude, as is supposed by those who are accustomed to speak of the earth, as I have been persuaded by a certain person."

Whereupon Simmias said, "How mean you, Socrates? For I too have heard many things about the earth, not however those things which have obtained your belief: I would therefore gladly hear them."

"I am persuaded, then," said he, "in the first place, that if the earth is in the middle of the heavens, and is of a spherical form, it has no need of air, nor of any other similar force, to prevent it from falling, but that the similarity of the heavens to themselves on every side, and the equilibrium of the earth itself, are sufficient to support it; for a thing in a state of equilibrium when placed in the middle of something that presses it equally on all sides can not incline more or less on any side, but being equally affected all around, remains unmoved. In the first place, then," he said, "I am persuaded of this."

"And very properly so," said Simmias.

"Yet further," said he, "that it is very large, and that we who inhabit some small portion of it, from the river Phasis to the pillars of Hercules, dwell about the sea, like ants or frogs about a marsh, and that many others elsewhere dwell in many similar places, for that they are everywhere about the earth many hollows of various forms and sizes into which there is a confluence of water, mist, and air; but that the earth itself, being pure, is situated in the pure heavens, in which are the stars, and which most persons who are accustomed to speak about such things call ether; of which these things are the sediment and are continually flowing into the

hollow parts of the earth. That we are ignorant, then, that we are dwelling in its hollows, and imagine that we inhabit the upper parts of the earth, just as if any one dwelling in the bottom of the sea should think that he dwelt on the sea, and beholding the sun and the other stars through the water, should imagine that the sea was the heavens, but through sloth and weakness should never have reached the surface of the sea, nor, having emerged and risen up from the sea to this region, have seen how much more pure and more beautiful it is than the place where he is, nor has heard of it from any one else who has seen it. This, then, is the very condition in which we are; for, dwelling in some hollow of the earth, we think that we dwell on the surface of it, and call the air heaven, as if the stars moved through this, being heaven itself. But this is because, by reason of our weakness and sloth, we are unable to reach to the summit of the air. Since, if any one could arrive at its summit, or, becoming winged, could fly up thither, or emerging from hence, he would see,—just as with us, fishes emerging from the sea, behold what is here,—so any one would behold the things there, and if his nature were able to endure the contemplation, he would know that that is the true heaven, and the true light, and the true earth. For this earth and these stones, and the whole region here, are decayed and corroded, as things in the sea by the saltness; for nothing of any value grows in the sea, nor, in a word, does it contain any thing perfect, but there are caverns and sand, and mud in abundance, and filth, in whatever parts of the sea there is earth, nor are they at all worthy to be compared with the beautiful things with us. But, on the other hand, those things in the upper regions of the earth would appear far more to excel the things with us. For, if we may tell a beautiful fable, it is well worth hearing, Simmias, what kind the things are on the earth beneath the heavens.”

“Indeed, Socrates,” said Simmias, “we should be very glad to hear that fable.”

“First of all, then, my friend,” he continued, “this earth, if any one should survey it from above, is said to have the appearance of balls covered with twelve different pieces of leather, variegated and distinguished with colors, of which the colors found here, and which painters use, are, as it were, copies. But there the whole earth is composed of such, and far more brilliant and pure than these; for one part of it is purple, and of wonderful beauty, part of a

golden color, and part of white, more white than chalk or snow, and in like manner composed of other colors, and those more in number and more beautiful than any we have ever beheld. And those very hollow parts of the earth, though filled with water and air, exhibit a certain species of color, shining among the variety of other colors, so that one continually variegated aspect presents itself to the view. In this earth, being such, all things that grow, grow in a manner proportioned to its nature, trees, flowers, and fruits; and again, in like manner, its mountains and stones possess, in the same proportion, smoothness and transparency, and more beautiful colors; of which the well known stones here that are so highly prized are but fragments, such as sardin-stones, jaspers, and emeralds, and all of that kind. But there, there is nothing subsists that is not of this character, and even more beautiful than these. But the reason of this is, because the stones there are pure, and not eaten up and decayed, like those here, by rottenness and saltiness, which flow down hither together, and which produce deformity and disease in the stones and the earth, and in other things, even animals and plants. But that earth is adorned with all these, and moreover with gold and silver, and other things of the kind; for they are naturally conspicuous, being numerous and large, and in all parts of the earth; so that to behold it is a sight for the blessed. There are also many other animals and men upon it, some dwelling in mid-earth, others about the air, as we do about the sea, and others in islands which the air flows round, and which are near the continent: and, in one word, what water and the sea are to us, for our necessities, the air is to them; and what air is to us, that ether is to them. But their seasons are of such a temperament that they are free from disease, and live for a much longer time than those here, and surpass us in sight, hearing, and smelling, and every thing of this kind, as much as air excels water, and ether air, in purity. Moreover, they have abodes and temples of the gods, in which gods really dwell, and voices and oracles, and sensible visions of the gods, and such-like intercourse with them; the sun, too, and moon, and stars, are seen by them such as they really are, and their felicity in other respects is correspondent with these things.

“To affirm positively, indeed, that these things are exactly as I have described them, does not become a man of sense; that however either this, or something of the kind, takes place with

respect to our souls and their habitations — since our soul is certainly immortal — this appears to me most fitting to be believed, and worthy the hazard for one who trusts in its reality ; for the hazard is noble, and it is right to allure ourselves with such things, as with enchantments ; for which reason I have prolonged my story to such a length. On account of these things, then, a man ought to be confident about his soul, who during this life has disregarded all the pleasures and ornaments of the body as foreign from his nature, and who, having thought that they do more harm than good, has zealously applied himself to the acquirement of knowledge, and who having adorned his soul not with a foreign but its own proper ornament, temperance, justice, fortitude, freedom, and truth, thus waits for his passage to Hades, as one who is ready to depart whenever destiny shall summon him. You, then," he continued, " Simmias and Cebes, and the rest, will each of you depart at some future time ; but now destiny summons me, as a tragic writer would say, and it is nearly time for me to betake myself to the bath ; for it appears to me to be better to drink the poison after I have bathed myself, and not to trouble the women with washing my dead body."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Leaves of Grass. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge. Year 85 of the States. (1860-61.)

Better dressed than we ever expected to see him, Walt Whitman again makes his bow, but with purpose unabated to "sound his barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world." The sensations of the roofs under this process are, as may be imagined, various and strong. "Some said that it thundered, others that an angel spoke." The *Christian Examiner*, with the unctuous air of one who has just read without blinking the accounts of Joseph and Potiphar, Judah and Tamar, pronounces it "impious and obscene." Mr. Emerson sends word, "I greet you at the beginning of a great career." When doctors, etc. Well, we have gone to the book itself for a decision. The *Leaves of Grass* has been our companion out in the wild outlooks of Newport and Nahant, we have read it at night after following the throngs of New York by day, we have conversed with its music when the obligato was the whizz and scream of the locomotive which bore us across the continent, and have turned to it from the calm rush of the Father of Waters, from the loading here and there on its shores by the glare of pine-knot fires, from the eager crowd of men and women chatting, singing, gaming in the saloon, and we confidently announce that Walt Whitman has set the pulses of America to music. Here are the incomplete but real utterances

of New York city, of the prairies, of the Ohio and Mississippi,—the volume of American autographs. To these formidable eyes the goddess Yoganidra, who veils the world in illusion, surrenders; to them there are no walls, nor fences, nor dress-coats, no sheaths of faces and eyes. All are catalogued by names, appraised, and his relentless hammer comes down on the right value of each.

We can not dwell on this remarkable work as much as we would like, because we wish to place here some extracts.

"O truth of the earth! O truth of things, I am determined to press my way toward you;
Sound your voice! I scale mountains, or dive in the sea after you."

"I do not doubt but the majesty and beauty of the world are latent in any iota of the world."

Voices.

"Oh, what is it in me that makes me tremble so at Voices?
Surely whoever speaks to me in the right voice, him or her I shall follow, as the waters follow the moon, silently, with fluid steps, anywhere around the globe.
Now I believe that all waits for the right voices;
Where is the practiced and perfect organ? Where is the developed soul?
For I see every word uttered thence has deeper, sweeter new sounds, impossible on less terms.

I see brains and lips closed — I see tympani and temples unstruck,
Until that comes which has the quality to strike and to unclothe."

To a Common Prostitute.

"Not till the sun excludes you, do I exclude you;
Not till the waters refuse to glisten for you, and the leaves to rustle for you, do my words refuse to glisten and rustle for you."

The Child.

"There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he looked upon and received with wonder, pity, love or dread, that object he became,
And that object became part of him for the day, or a certain part of the day, or for many years, or stretching cycles of years.
The early lilacs became part of this child;
And grass, and white and red morning-glories, and white and red clover, and the song of the phoebe-bird,
And the Third-Month lambs, and the sow's pink-faint litter, and the mare's foal, and the cow's calf,
And the noisy brood of the barn-yard, or by the mire of the pond-side,
And the fish suspending themselves so curiously below there, and the beautiful curious liquid,
And the water-plants with their graceful flat-heads—all became part of him.
The strata of colored clouds, the long bar of maroon-tint, away by itself—the spread of purity it lies motionless in,
The horizon's edge, the flying sea-crow, the fragrance of salt-marsh and shore-mud —
These became part of that child who went forth every day, and who now goes, and will always go forth every day."

A friend of ours told us that once, when he was visiting Lizet, a fine gentleman from Boston was announced, and during the conversation the latter spoke with great contempt of Wagner (the new light) and his music. Lizet did not say anything, but went to the open piano and struck with grandeur the opening chords of the Tannhäuser overture; having played it through, he turned and quietly remarked, "The man who doesn't call that good music is a fool." It is the only reply which can be made to those who do not find that quintessence of things which we call Poetry in many passages of this work.

We can not, nor do we wish to deny that biblical plainness of speech which characterizes these poems; we or nature are in some regards so untranslatable that in some of these pages one must hold his nose whilst he reads; the writer does not hesitate to bring the slop-bucket into the parlor to show you that therein also the chemic laws are at work; but to lose the great utterances which are in this work because of these, is as if one should commit suicide, refusing to dwell on the planet because it was not all an English Park, but had here and there a Dismal Swamp or a dreary

desert. This Poet, though "one of the roughs," as he calls himself, is never frivolous, his profanity is reverently meant, and he speaks what is unspeakable with the simple unreserve of a child.

Rutledge: New York: Derby & Jackson. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 1860.

A rather interesting story, full of passionate scenes and intense feelings. There is very little originality in the plot; and railroad accidents, runaway horses, brain fevers, dreadful family secrets and remarkable coincidences, murders and suicide, follow each other in too rapid succession to be quite natural. The hero is the stereotyped, middle-aged hero; cold, reserved and interesting; and is kept from the object of his love by a blindness and stupidity inconceivable in one of his years and usual brilliancy. The book is full of common-place quotations and cant expressions, which give it the air of a school girl's composition. The chief merits of the work are the few vivid characters, and the interest you are compelled to feel in them throughout the story. There is very little time wasted in moralising, or in tedious descriptions.

THE WESTERN CONFERENCE.

This body met at Quincy, Illinois, on the 13th of June, and though we were unable to get a word concerning it into the *Dial* for July, we can not allow the time which has elapsed to prevent a comment thereon in our present issue. Indeed, such a gathering as that, with such results, can never be thought of as *passé*; rather does it require months and years ere it can be estimated at all. We can not grow familiar all at once with the largest Thought or Fact.

We can give only some features of that Liberal Reunion.

1. We do not make too hasty an assertion when we say that at the Quincy Conference the Crisis of Liberal Christianity in the West—we might almost say in America—was safely passed. The verdict of the Churches there represented—about thirty in number—was perfectly clear for the utmost catholicity. The Churches of the West have resolved that they will stand by every honest mind in its sacred right of inquiry and judgment; that they will not falter at any earnest conviction held in a reverent spirit; and that they will do this not under that frozen charity called *TOLERATION*, not because the organization contains no room for ostracism, but heartily and because above even faith and hope is Love. In that Conference men of the most different sentiments and temperaments—Sabellians, Arians, Socinians, Humanitarians, Conservatives, Radicals, Supernaturalists, Universalists, Transcendentalists,—met without descending to meet; hands clasped hands, hearts joined hearts, without compromising any of their individual veracity and solemn specialty. They were not lumped together by the chemistry of conformity, but rather as various fingers are united in one hand:

Thank God, we are to have no more of the successors of Channing and Freeman and Ware turning with averted faces from those who are by truth and earnestness their own brothers; no more pious fratricide; no more the heaping on any honest free-thinker of unjust burthens and sorrows and isolations which will not rest until he reposes in a premature grave!

2. This diversity thus, for the first time perhaps in any conference of Churches, entirely respected (not tolerated merely), secured a unity but little known in Christian History. A common faith and purpose arose, clear and sun-like; the living Christian Idea stood in the eyes of all against the sky waiting to lead us to a full possession of this Promised Land of Truth and Liberty. For this Unity we did not burn anybody, nor excommunicate anybody, nor coerce

any mind; therefore it was not a Unity full of secret dissents and discontents; and that unity for the truth and the mission of Christian Liberty of thirty or more Churches made us stronger than a Papal See, and freer from schism than any other body in the world.

3. This great Purpose of Liberal Christianity in the West thus rising up clear and defined, the many-fingered hand of which we have spoken at once grappled with it. It was plain that there had been awakened in the West a spirit which was of vaster dimensions than any which had been contemplated. From cities, towns, villages, throughout Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, appeals came up for help, for ministers and prophets. Several ministers came who had but lately broken away from the old trammels, and desired to be received into fellowship. These circumstances made the sessions of the Conference of thrilling interest; indeed, the feeling in our meetings frequently grew into an intense excitement, pervading the large crowd of those in constant attendance.

The practical results of this were chiefly two: First, initial steps were taken, under a proffer of union from Dr. Krebs, a distinguished Unitarian (German) minister, of St. Louis, towards securing help and interest for the German Liberal Churches, which stand between the Evangelical (soi disant) Churches and the Materialists and Atheists. Ministers in St. Louis, Alton and Cincinnati were appointed to consult with the German ministers for this desirable object. In the second place, a Missionary Association was formed for the purpose of answering the ever-growing hunger of the West for a higher religious life and faith. The object of this association is to support a man, an energetic, live man, whose duty it shall be in the good old style of Wesley and Asbury to go around through the West and see after the bands of seekers and thinkers, establish institutes for discussion and inquiry among them, foster them where they are already established. The small societies of independents scattered in the West are generally calling for pastors, but they are generally not prepared for pastors, and to help them from outside to support pastors is often to do them an injury. There should be a crystallization about some self-sustaining centre *before* a minister is called, and this would be secured best by regular meetings amongst the people for discussion of the religious topics of the day. For example, at a certain point, it was told us, two prominent members had declared that they would not help support a minister who would touch the Slavery question in the pulpit; two others in the same place declared they would have nothing to do with one unless he rebuked the national sin. Now, it is not best for a Church in that condition to call a minister. Let them meet from Sunday to Sunday, and bring their respective views side by side, and see which is the true path on such questions, and when they have reached a fair and honest platform on which they can meet without compromising their manhood, their crystallization will be pure; otherwise it will not be.

A strong effort is now being made to induce the Rev. Robert Collyer, Pastor of the Second Church in Chicago, and Minister at Large also in that city, to throw himself into this work. Mr. Collyer was formerly a blacksmith; he was afterward a Methodist minister in the Philadelphia Conference. On the anvil of strong and true experience he was shaped into the stalwart and influential character which he now is. A man of perfect health, both physical and theological, of unwavering purpose, of a heart rich and broad as a prairie, whose extemporaneous utterance is a stream of copious and delightful eloquence, he is the man who can unite the "right and left wings," (and it is on two pinions that Liberal Christianity is to sweep over this country,) can create the interest needed for such a work,—and to him with much hope our eyes turn.

Most reluctantly did we bid each other farewell, and take our departure from the beautiful and hospitable city of Quincy. As we came down the magnificent Father of Waters, it seemed to hint of that great destiny as yet sheathed in the grand resources of the West. Star after star climbed up to its setting in the breastplate of Infinitude above us, and cast its clear image into the waves; and so, we prayed, may the great tide of Humanity setting Westward reflect in its heart the holy truths which human progress is ever lifting above the horizon into the soul's clear vault.

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THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST.

[Seventh Article.*]

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF JESUS.

THAT the divine nature should manifest itself in the world is a necessity of its own perfection. The Light shines from the beginning, though it shine in darkness and the darkness comprehend it not. It will express itself as it can, and it will express itself completely. It will find its way through chink and loophole. It will illuminate dim transparencies. It will crowd in at every opening, and fill every form. It will seek out the most perfect form—the Human, and rising like a fountain in some great person, will make him an organ of its effulgence. The visible creation reveals the Godhead, even in its invisible and secret elements. Nature is the material form of spirit; and there is no one attribute of the Supreme Spirit, no one thought, no one spiritual quality, no one transcendent perfection, no single interior and delicate grace that is not shown in the wonderful works of the universe, and is not willing to be discovered there. But they are revealed symbolically, and only they who can understand the symbol are able to read the Truth. The doctrine, for example, of the Divine Forgiveness has for thousands and thousands of years been most convincingly and sweetly taught by the sandal-wood tree, which, however severely and often wounded, immediately perfumes the weapon that gave the blow. But no ear save that of the poet was fine enough to catch the inaudible whisper of surpassing love in the tree, and to interpret to men its immortal significance. From time immemorial the summer rains had been falling upon the fields of the just and of the unjust, preaching to all who might listen the equal goodness of the Father celestial; from time immemorial the sun-

* The seventh installment of this valuable series arrived too late for our August number.

shine had been gladdening the evil as well as the good, letting all men plainly see that Heaven's benignity was boundless, active and universal. Yet when Jesus read off the meaning of these beautiful phenomena the world listened as to a strain of enchantment, and greeted a new Revelation : sunshine and rain had never told such a story as that before. Year after year and century after century the lilies had been blowing in the green valleys of Judea ; but how few had the sense to discover in them the living pulpits from which season after season the Great Teacher was telling a heedless world that the choicest treasures of beauty and grace were bestowed on the lowly and pure.

To the multitude Deity is hidden by the visible universe. He is there, but they can not see him there. He is there in emblem, but they can not interpret the emblem. It requires a deep vision to do that. None but the highest souls can see Divinity in the smallest things—in the rain-drop as well as in the ocean, in the pebble as well as in the planet, in the sunbeam as well as in the flash of lightning, in the sprouting seed as well as in the upheaving of a mountain range. To most people symbols are boxes that conceal Truth, not shrines that set it forth. If all were poets, endowed with the vision and the faculty divine which are bestowed on very few, we should be satisfied with the manifestations of Deity in Nature, and should ask no more : as it is, the manifestation of Deity in Nature is no manifestation at all to mankind at large, who see nothing in the material world but a wild war of elements or an inflexible rule of Force.

More palpable, therefore, — not more real or complete, but more intelligible to the common apprehension — is the manifestation of Deity in Man. For here the eternal attributes of the Godhead are not hinted at in emblems which appeal to the fancy, but exhibited in qualities which appeal to the reason and the heart. The mind of man exhibits the divine intelligence ; the conscience of man declares the divine justice and holiness ; the spirit of man reveals the divine infinitude and sanctity, the divine adorableness and tenderness. But this manifestation is by no means plain to all : to very few, indeed, is it clear. There are those who, from lack of penetration, regard the beauty of humanity as being only skin-deep, and look on man as a revelation, not of Deity, but of Devil. Human Nature in its surface appearance is so dim and confused, the lower elements so much predominate over the higher, there is

so much passion and so little principle, so much sense and so little soul, so much earthiness and so little spirituality, so much desire and so little devotion, that they who look longest at human kind as they seem find it hardest to discover in them aught of the divine. "In this United Kingdom of Great Britain," says Mr. Carlyle, "we have about twenty-seven millions of people, mostly fools,"—which is only a blunt way of stating the proposition that men as they are do not to practical observers manifest the divine nature in any excessively luminous way. To see God in Humanity we must either take the race at large in all the length, breadth, depth of its history and experience, or we must take some single individual as a specimen, or, in the third resort, we must construct an ideal man and estimate human nature by him. The first has never been attempted, until recently by Mr. Buckle. The second and third have been undertaken with only partial success. The method of Christendom has been a blending of these last two methods—the construction of an ideal person on the basis of a historical character.

The clearest, the noblest, the only universal and self-evident manifestation of Deity must be the revelation of spiritual qualities in a human soul. Our popular speech confesses this. The dictate of conscience we call "the voice of God;" the impulse of a pure affection is "the guidance of Heaven;" the movement of a holy purpose is "a mighty working of the Lord;" the disposition of praise, adoration and worship is "the action of the Holy Spirit." This revelation of the Divine in eminent virtue needs no outward authentication—it is its own proof. No certificate of authority, no mass of credentials adds a feather's weight to your conviction of its truth and power. Learning and philosophy will not help you to understand it. Instead of being authenticated by signs and wonders, it is necessary to authenticate them. It judges opinions, and is not judged by them. Not only does it criticise Faiths, it constructs Faiths, and is no more the last product of Religion than it is Religion's first cause and original fountain. People say they must have the belief before the life—the ideal of Christianity before the actual of Christianity. But then, once at least, life must have preceded belief, else whence could the belief have come? Faith is the child of goodness,—and Love is the source of illumination. They that would know Truth must have the spirit of Truth, which is the Holy Spirit, or the Spirit of Holiness. Every belief expresses a character. Infidel theories come from infidel

lives, and "great hopes belong to great souls." The man who is austere in his disposition and sensual in his appetites is likeliest to be a materialist in his philosophy and a fatalist in his creed. The vindictive nature worships a vindictive Deity and dreams of an endless damnation for the wicked; while the tender hearted, the compassionate, the indulgent find a judgment nowhere, but wash away the very pillars of equity with a flood of sentimental tears. The expansive mind sees beyond the finite creation the infinite God. The understanding that is narrow by constitution or restricted by defects of education will not trust God out of its sight, but must have him close by in special and miraculous providences all the time. The Deity of Epicurus was a wreath of vapor floating in a sea of midsummer glory. The Deity of Plato was the embodiment of all spiritual greatness. The Deity of Jesus was such an Infinite as the heart of Jesus was able to devise. He could not help calling God "Father" whose sentiment towards the Absolute was so filial; he could not help calling man "child of God and brother" whose affection was so self-sacrificing and true; he could not help believing in an immortal life whose mortal even here put on its immortality, in whom the corruptible gave place while he was on earth to incorruption of thought and desire. He who used the world so faithfully for spiritual ends can not but have thought that the world was given for such uses; and he who "was in heaven" must have deemed heaven the source of strength and joy. Understand the character, and the belief becomes plain. How, indeed, can we guess what Jesus believed, save by conjecturing what Jesus was? They who read as genuine expressions of his thought all the words put into his mouth by the evangelists will find themselves grievously perplexed to reconcile one thing with another. How shall we decide which belief was his and which not—the Divine Benignity, or the Bottomless Pit? the Heavenly Love, or the Abysmal Satan? There is but one test. Which *could he have believed?* Which *faith was in him?* Whatever is attributed to him inconsistent with his presumed character is to be set down either as some refuse thought of his age not yet swept away from the outer courts of his intelligence, or as a discolored prejudice which minds less noble than his own laid over his thought.

To get at the character, then, is to get at the faith. But how shall we get at the character? In the eyes of Christendom Jesus is not a character, and has not a character in the ordinary sense of

the word. He is a mythus, not a man. It is difficult to speak of him as possessing human qualities. So long he has been regarded as God, so long he has been eulogized as a being of absolute perfection, that there is a besetting danger of running into fantastic exaggerations and heaping upon him unconsciously unjustifiable epithets. Horace Bushnell paints a reputation, not a man, and seems only to aim at saying the finest things in the finest way. In fact, to do anything else is reckoned sacrilegious; for this is a sacred and mysterious image, held in as much veneration as the fabled statue of Minerva. The Church guards it jealously against all profanation, and places it apart and aloft in an unapproachable niche in the skies, saying, "It is miraculous. It fell from the clouds; it has mysterious properties; it must not be touched with profane hands, nor criticized by vulgar thoughts." Let us protest against such superstitious prejudices, and claim the right to examine it for ourselves; but its perfections, if it has any, we must allow, notwithstanding the difficulty of proving it to be an authentic bust of a hero deceased.

In the Christian consciousness we have, perhaps, a photographic likeness of the Christ far more true to the original than the rude drawings sketched by his contemporaries. He has written his own gospel for all the world's reading in a sacred and yet most popular language, whose characters are the celestial graces of meekness, humility, resignation, thankfulness, purity, devoutness, compassion, disinterestedness, charity. The Christian life is projected after his type. The saints and martyrs, reformers and regenerators, mystics and philanthropists, are his animated traits. If his biographers had never touched a stylus, his autobiography would still remain to us, and in the consent of all believers we should know essentially what he was, and should feel that, however faint and irresolute the outline might be here and there, however incomplete the details, the grand attributes were fairly presented to us. A few noble men have spoken disparagingly of Jesus as compared with other men they have known or read of. Francis Newman frankly avows his preference for Mr. Fletcher of Madely as seeming to him the more admirable person. Others have measured him unfavorably by Fenelon, or some modern saint. But this is rather an outbreak of impatience with orthodox exaggerations than the calm judgment of unbiassed minds. As a general rule, none but the coarsest rationalists, the number of whom, to say nothing of their character,

is of no great account in or out of Christendom, have ever cast reflections on the moral character of Jesus. The simple Humanitarians have been profoundly reverential towards him. Theodore Parker speaks of him again and again in a way that might satisfy any believer who appreciated qualities, and prized the solid elements of character more than the accidents of rank or the prestige of office. We have ourselves more than once heard Mr. Parker speak of Jesus in tones of the deepest enthusiasm, with trembling voice and moistening eyes; and probably he has done more to impress upon the mind of his generation a conviction of Christ's real greatness than the most eloquent "Orthodox" preacher or writer has done. Could we take the voice of Christendom's extreme "Left" to-day—could we get the judgment of the "infidels," the "come-outers," the "Deists," the "socialists," the "unbelievers" of every stamp, we should undoubtedly find Jesus enthroned in the most sacred niche of their reverence, as the representative of their ideal of manliness in its elements.

What shall we make of this universal sentiment of respect, of this universal resemblance of copy, if we do not regard it as the stamp of a very strong personality. There is more agreement in the images of Jesus that hang up in our minds than there is in the likenesses painted by the evangelists. We know him probably simply as a historical character better than they could know him; for we have the advantage of standing at a better focal distance. Small men are best understood by their contemporaries, as a statnette is best appreciated by those who stand nearest it. But as Mt. Blanc can only be seen in its grandeur some sixty miles away, so the great person must be adjusted to the eye of posterity. He grows larger as the generations move away from him and follow the fall of his shadow across the centuries. A great many neighbors, if they catch any glimpse of his greatness, are overpowered and bewildered by it. Not being able to comprehend and analyze the character, to seize its elements or place it in its relations, they simply glorify it in their imaginations, and express their sense of its majesty by a profusion of myths, which transform the mortal shape into some cloudy spectre of the Brocken. The charming legends of the early biographers—the virgin overshadowed and embraced by the Holy Spirit; the midnight birth in the stable near the inn; the angels making the air rustle with the movement of their wings, and the starlight vocal with their songs; the shep-

herds startled from their slumbers on the plain by the great blaze of light and the sound of the celestial message ; the meteor throwing its trail of splendor over sleeping cities and across leagues of dim and perilous desert ; the Magi with their costly robes and jeweled turbans, their stately forms and flowing beards, their troops of sable attendants and their strings of camels bearing wondrous treasures, wending their tedious way from distant Arabia to lay their gifts at the feet of the little child,—were enthusiastic attempts to picture a glory which could not be accurately described. It is only as these gorgeous cloud-paintings fade and disappear that the eyes of men are permitted to measure the figure they so fantastically but adoringly misrepresented.

To say that Jesus was a complete and exhaustive expression of human nature in its whole varied and vast possibility of excellence, —to say that he carried every spiritual faculty to its very last point of consummate beauty and power, would be saying a great deal more than he allowed his contemporaries to say in his presence. To say that he introduced into the world an original type of human character, which may well be regarded by us of to-day as the final and perfect type of manliness,—to say that he demonstrated the worth of a new order of capacities, opened for daily use a new magazine of powers, set in action a new class of principles, glorified a new stamp of goodness, established a new classification of virtues, fixed a new standard of duty, and thus inaugurated a new era in the life interior and exterior of the individual, reorganized indirectly the elements of society, reconstructed virtually the constitution of the state, infused a regenerating spirit into the relations which man sustains to man,—to say this is to say no more, perhaps, than is justified by the common sentiment of the Christian world comprehensively taken.

Who can fail to see in Jesus a certain cosmopolitan character, such as marks the man of the world in the highest sense ? A child of the East, he has traits that are not Oriental ; of Jewish extraction, he is something more than a Jew ; a descendant of Abraham, the blood of Abraham is not red in his veins ; a pupil of Moses, the laws of Moses fall from him like outworn garments. He takes on the lineaments of every nation, yet is ever himself. He has been Anglicised, Germanized, Italianized, Gallicized, still his personality remains unaffected by change of climate. We have his face in Greek outline, in French, but the soul looks as well out

of one countenance as out of another. His moral nature is catholic. He can discern and appreciate goodness in all races and in all classes of men. His sympathies were broad. The Jew was the very type of an aristocrat. He regarded himself as a sacred person set apart from all the rest of the world ; the uncircumcised in his eyes were no better than dogs ; he could have no dealings with misbelievers, save with the sword. Hate with him was a sacred virtue. Greedier he was than an American ; for he wanted to annex all the empires of the earth to his holy city. The Greek, too, was narrow, counting all foreign nations indiscriminately as outside barbarians. The Roman was exclusive. Modern history exhibits to us most conspicuously the antipathies of race. It is deemed unreasonable that Americans should be expected to make common cause with Hungarians or Italians, that white men should interest themselves in black men. The most comprehensive affection known to most men is patriotism. " Our country, however bounded," was received as a grand sentiment here a few years ago. Every nation has its Samaritans ; every sect its infidels ; every order its pariah caste, upon whom it looks with all the contempt felt by the Pharisee for the Publican. But the heart of Jesus was broad enough to take in every species of man he met. He held intercourse freely with the neighboring heathen, whom his countrymen held to be accursed ; the Canaanite woman, daughter of a race abhorred, received his benediction ; the chief personage in one of his loveliest parables was a Samaritan. From the order of Publicans he chose a disciple. The harlot was not an object of scorn to him ; nor was the leper an object of disgust ; nor did he hide his face from the man possessed with devils. To him all men were brothers ; and the more they needed his assistance the more they were his brothers. There is no evidence that he recognized at all the common distinctions universally and almost instinctively recognized between man and man. The world has enjoyed eighteen hundred years of instruction in the school of Jesus ; and yet we find no tribe, no class, no individual — yes, no individual philanthropist whose sympathies are at once so quick and so broad as his. They all have their pet bigotries — he alone is human.

And yet, as Robertson in one of his sermons finely remarks, the private sympathies of the man are not lost in this comprehensiveness, nor is any sacrifice made of personal affectionateness to general humanity. His love for all men does not kill his love for

individual men, as is so frequently the case. He does not spread the sheeny vans of a sentimental philanthropy, and soar triumphantly over the groaning earth, through a rarified atmosphere of abstract principles, intent on conveying moral pocket-handkerchiefs to the natives of Timbuctoo, and earnest to bear a message to the Indians of Bengal, having meanwhile no attention to bestow on the individual native of Timbuctoo shrinking a fugitive in his shed, or the individual savage lurking round the corner. Jesus had strong personal friendships. There was at least one beloved disciple. In the little village of Bethany stood a house at which he was a frequent and cherished visitor; and in that house lived a Mary whose name is very tenderly associated with his own, and whose connection with him was probably something closer and fonder than one of discipleship. Cases of misery came to him one by one, and one by one he ministered to them. He pities persons; thus showing that his nature was deep as well as broad. For Humanity is in individual men and women. He who sees it not there to love it, surely will not see it in masses of men and women; nor, on the other hand, can one see it there without seeing it also wherever men and women are found.

In this character we meet with other singular combinations of qualities. He is reformer and regenerator; he is devotee and philanthropist; he is friend of the simple and teacher of the wise; he is poet and moralist; uniting a Greek's love of natural beauty to the holy conscience of a Hebrew; he can bear without shrinking and work without faltering; he can scorch hypocrites with his flaming invective, and pray on the cross that his murderers may be forgiven. He loves retirement and meditation; he knows the blessing of solitude; he can pass nights in devotion; and yet from the very Mount of Transfiguration he enters the crowd that surrounds the lunatic and does a deed of humblest compassion.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small"—

Is as profoundly as it is sweetly true. But so to understand prayer and so to understand love that aspiration and affection, devoutness and duty, work and worship shall increase and fulfil each other, is given only to the divinest spirits. Tempest and calm, the tornado and the breeze, both had their home in this capacious heart. He can denounce evil and evil-doers; he can drag a sin out into the light, convict it, shame it, crucify it with a stern justice that

hearkens to no apologies and admits no defence. But penitence melts him in a moment ; for the weak, the unnurtured, the misled, the betrayed, his pity is boundless. He kneels down and waters with his tears the affections which cruel men have trodden under foot. In the contrite all error and turpitude are forgotten ; he sees only a child of God needing mercy and forgiveness now. His endeavor was to open the hidden springs of the heavenly life which gurgle far down in every human heart, now shattering by earthquake force the mountain of worldliness that hid them from view, now by the copious rain of his compassion enticing them to bubble up through the arid sands of the desolate and withered life. And this is the reason why "the vilest of the vile came to him as the babe comes to its mother, fearing no rebuke, expecting indeed the milk of an unprecedented consolation."

It is charged against Jesus that he was violent, denunciatory and bitter in his speech. And it is true enough, he did use strong language. Dr. Channing translated the "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees," into "Alas for you." But that terrible indignation is not thus to be turned into a sigh. It is invective, and pointed invective — no declamation against abstract perfidy, but an overwhelming rebuke of personal guilt. But observe, the wrath is holy. Jesus never scorns, nor speaks a word that might make the wickedest feel himself despised. Like a volcanic eruption, his anger breaks up the crust of earthiness only to make the soil more quick and fertile. Pure moral indignation never injures. Jesus spoke the truth in love. But his love was comprehensive, deep, intense. It was the passion of a great soul that took into itself the sorrows of a world and longed to lift the heavy burdens of sin and error from its weary heart. Such a love sees the mischief and feels the enormity of wickedness as no ordinary nature can. The heartier its admiration of good, the heartier its abhorrence of evil. It uses no sweet, syrupy sentences in describing guilt ; but in the interest of those whom it harms and wrongs, breaks forth against it in speech proportionate to its feeling. Merely amiable natures can not judge the words of Jesus, for they can not appreciate his emotions. Only they who hate sin as he did can speak of it as he did. Only they who love men as he did have a right to blast them so — can blast them so with the lightning which is nothing more at last than the genial, regenerating electricity in its most concentrated form. Instead of imputing the invective of Jesus, therefore,

to a passionate or fanatical temper, we deem it a mark of his moral earnestness and elevation, seeing how free it was from private animosity. True, we can not read those words of his ; but that may be for the reason that we can not feel as much as he did either towards good or towards evil.

The crowning distinction of Jesus was, however, that he exalted the feminine elements of character to their due rank in the estimation of men. He was himself a man and a woman. Is his manliness questioned ? If it is still regarded as manly to triumph over passion by sheer force of a consecrated will,—to choose the hardest path, the crookedest, the thorniest, and to walk in it firmly with bleeding feet to the end ; if it is still considered manly to maintain one's personal honor amid all inducements to falter or palter ; if still it is reckoned manly to bear witness to the Truth, through uproar and flattery, and sternly to hold one's purpose though foes grow furious and friends become faint ; if it is yet allowed to be a manly thing to let rich supporters go rather than compromise a principle, and calmly to choose a lonely and bitter death in preference to an ignominiously successful career ; if still we concede Truth to be a manly quality, or Justice, or Fortitude, or Self-Possession, which lets fall no complaint amid toil and suffering ; if the power to bear hunger and thirst and fatigue is to be counted a manly possession, then we must grant that Jesus was manly, and after that old heroic style of which we see few imitators now. An iron man we might almost call him ; a disciple of the ancient Zeno, trained in a school of indifference, hardened against emotion, and toughened against every accident of Fortune. But see now this iron man melting into tears by the grave of his friend ; hear his wail over Jerusalem (how like a mother's !) ; listen to his conversation at the parting supper with his disciples, so full of tender compassion ; behold him dropping the big tears of a solitary spirit upon Gethsemane's hallowed dust ; look at him as he bends yearningly over his drowsy followers who could not watch with him one hour ; he murmurs gentle charities as he staggers beneath the cross, and from its cruel elevation drops benedictions down. This certainly is no stoic. This is a woman. Here we have a powerful illustration of the womanly virtues as elements of greatness in personal character, as elements of strength in the organization of society. Our attention is called to the fact that what people contemptuously speak of as "passive virtues" really display the

highest form of activity ; that one of the ruling forces in the world is charity. The grandeur of self-renunciation, the sublimity of meekness, the loftiness of obedience, the heroism of patience, and the all-subduing might of gentleness Jesus taught and manifested. He was a living demonstration of the power of sympathy to disarm violence, allay passion, convert unbelief, and reclaim error.

The theology of Christendom is a standing testimony to the prominence of these feminine attributes in the character of Jesus. They have reflected themselves in its whole conception of the God-head. The Christian's God has always had a tender, womanly side. A virgin who was at the same time a mother shared his throne, and mingled an ineffable sweetness with the principles that ruled the earth. Was the deification of Jesus anything more than the deification of qualities which Jesus displayed ? In saying that Jesus was God, was anything else meant than that God was like Jesus ? In worshipping Jesus, had men any other thought than to worship the attributes he exhibited—sanctity, pity, mercy, benevolence ? What was the Christian Trinity but an attempt to engraft on the awful Hebrew Divinity the qualities Jesus had made them feel were Supreme ? The Son was Deity coming down in human form, sharing human infirmities, bearing human burdens, soothing human sorrows, lifting the dead from human graves. The Spirit was Deity working in the hearts of the grieving and the lonely, counselling the erring, warning the tempted, pleading with the bad. The Virgin was Deity discharging towards the womanly half of humanity especially those more delicate offices of consolation which Jesus in two or three instances is reported as having fulfilled while living on the earth.

A new and original type of character this, to be glorified among men and gods,—a character which commands instant respect, but which no age would be likely to throw out as its ideal type of humanity. The qualities held practically in highest esteem are now as heretofore the harsher qualities that rule by conquest. The military commander is still the model man. We do not care so much to see him dressed in regimentals and marching at the head of his brigade,—we rather prefer to see him in the dress of an explorer, pioneer, discoverer ; but we honor in him the same attributes that we honor in the soldier—the knowledge to direct affairs, and the energy to subdue men. The popular idols are even yet made of muscle and brains. Straws show which way the wind

blows. Go into a photographic gallery, examine the portraits of men there, and you will see that every one has put on as his finest expression a look of sternness, hauteur, defiance. They look like prize-fighters who have just flung down the glove as a challenge to all mankind. They meant to look their best, and they look their fiercest. But every picture of Jesus is a picture of resignation. Christian art in all its departments has caught from him a look of triumphant suffering, and lends its witness to the truth that a new ideal of humanity has seated itself on imagination's throne.

The type of character which Jesus represents deserves to be called *human*. The virtues that prevailed in the ancient world,—and that prevail in the modern world, too,—are individual rather than social, private rather than humane. They tend more to keep men apart than to draw them together. Some of the radical evils of society are perpetuated by what is popularly regarded as virtue. Pride, for instance, even in its noble form of self-respect, is never quite free from a wounding and discouraging disdain. Honor, through its sensitiveness to offence, is ever provoking suspicion and quarrel. Justice has too rarely the quality of mercy, without which it is injustice. Bravery becomes a bully, and Fortitude becomes a bruiser; Truth pinches and Integrity badgers, Generosity squanders and Economy scrimps. People magnify a small sacrifice of comfort for a friend: here was one who spent all he had, and himself at last, for strangers and enemies. We hardly know how to yield knowing ourselves to be in the wrong: here was one who said, "Say what you will of me, only respect the Holy Ghost." It is thought much to preserve purity while associating only with the pure: here was one who sat at meat with publicans and sinners, and maintained a spotlessness of life which was not only proof against contamination, but which made pollution itself ashamed to be unclean. They who are deemed the noblest have much to say about rights: here was one who spoke only of duties. The world's good people make a point of shunning the vicious, abhorring the criminal, pursuing the guilty with vengeance, and exhibiting their excellence in strongest possible contrast with other folk's evil. The true Son of Man came to seek and save the lost; to call not the righteous, but the sinful, to repentance; and consequently we read of him as going about among those whom we should shun, ministering to those whom we should punish, inviting those whom we should repel, blessing those whom we should curse,

and promising the kingdom of heaven to those whom we in pride of sanctity should doom to perdition. Men speak of sympathy, meaning by it a common feeling on the ground of congenial tastes, dispositions or experiences : Jesus by sympathy meant a fellowship in suffering with the unfortunate and the unhappy. Jesus is virtually the father of those enterprises in behalf of the poor, the neglected, the despised, the oppressed, the wicked, which foreshadow the coming of a new era in civilization. He is the inspirer of the peace men, the anti-slavery men, the laborers in the cause of woman's emancipation from civil disabilities and social wrongs. Reformers, philanthropists and saints make appeal to him, and the resistance which is made to the movements of the new social ideas is the resistance of the first Adam against the second, is the angry amazement of a world long settled in ancient selfish ways at seeing this fresh ideal of man and his relations rise like a white spirit and dictate what is to be the order of things.

That the Christ of the Church is to a great extent a creature of the imagination, or, as we say, an ideal being, is frankly conceded. But as frankly it is conceded, on the other hand, that the Christ of the Church is no more than the Jesus of history rounded and developed,—as the great sculptor, not flattering his subject, but more deeply comprehending it, not disguising, but unfolding it, presents you with a bust of your dear friend, almost too beautiful to be true, and yet only beautiful because of the truth which flashes out upon you from day to day.

We feel constrained to admit that Christ has introduced a new type of human character. The absolutely perfect and consummate specimen of the type may not have appeared, but the type is decided ; the shape is inaugurated, the fashion is set, and the new type sums up and judges those which went before it in the order of development. Out of the vast dust-heap and wreck and pile of rubbish of the theologies, burying fanciful Christologies out of sight we hope forever, like the praying boy from the Tiber mud comes up erect and radiant this form of the new man, to become the standard of manly beauty henceforth. Each animal in the scale of nature seems perfect until a higher form of organized being appears. Before the advent of the human creature, the ape, the chimpanzee, the gorilla may well have considered themselves as crowning forms ; but the coming of man with his perfect frame makes each inferior order look defective and deformed. So the

character of Jesus, proving itself perfect in kind, if not in degree, becomes the rule by which humanity is silently measured and judged.

CALM.

BY JOHN A. DORGAN.

On a dreary eve of a winter day
A poet sate by his fire alone;
His brow was wrinkled, his hair was gray,
His heart of fire was a heart of stone.
The poet sate by the fire alone,
And silently gazed on the flickering flame,—
And calmly he thought of the days ago,
As the light on his forehead went and came.

Quenched in his heart was the fever-thirst
For fame: he had labored; the world was proud—
Praised alike his best and worst
With noisy clamor and homage loud;
But his haughty spirit their praise denied:
All he had done he held as naught—
Wan as the moon by the day descried
In the light of his great afterthought.

For he knew that the works they held so great
Were the shards and shells his soul had rent
And cast behind, as from state to state,
Stronger and brighter, it onward went.
Through the night of time, which he knew was near,
His name like a star might onward roll;
It mattered not; in pain and fear
He had built, not fame, but a god-like soul.

FATE.

THESE withered hands are weak,
But they shall do my bidding though so frail;
These lips are thin and white, but shall not fail
The appointed words to speak.

Thy sneer I can forgive,
Because I know the strength of destiny;
Until my task is done I cannot die,—
And then I would not live.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

THE FERMENTESCIBLE BODY.

[By Dr. F. Frédault.]

DOES a fermentescible body itself contain ovules? They have not yet been demonstrated.

It is proper to state that there are two sorts of *fermentescible bodies* — one of which has belonged to a living body, which is now separated, and the decomposition of which gives birth to *infusories*; the other which still belongs to a living body, and serves as blastema to *parasites*. There are consequently two sorts of heterogeny: one fermentescible putrid for the infusoria; the other fermentescible morbid for the parasites.

The question, Does the fermentescible body contain ovules? is then stated for both cases, and there is a probability that, resolved for the one, it will equally be so for the other.

Now we must recognize this well, that in no case has the preëxistence of ovules been ascertained. If we suppose them, however, to have existed, although they have not been seen, we find ourselves drawn into the extraordinary and unacceptable hypothesis of their transmission in germ by hereditary descent, in passing by the sperm or by the egg. Never has any thing been seen in either to confirm this view. Indeed, a germ would have to contain at once the material ovules of all the parasites that will arise from the living body which is about to be developed, and the material ovules of all the infusoria which will arise from this same body after death.

There remains another hypothesis: that the infusories and parasites developed in the fermentescible body come from metamorphoses. It was formerly supposed that the germs of lumbrici and of other insects penetrate the system and there develop themselves in changing their nature and their form. But this supposition itself contains two hypotheses not demonstrated: the first that the external germs penetrate, without our knowing why, or by what means, and the second that the parasitic species are but metamorphoses of insects, which no one has been able to demonstrate. The most serious motive which this opinion has adduced is no other than the analogy, very distant in truth, existing between intestinal lumbrici and terrestrial lumbrici. As to the transformation of one species into the other, it has never been seriously pretended.

Much noise, however, has been made of late years about the transformations of the *tænia* into the *cysticerque*; and reciprocally, according to the experiments of MM. Kucheinmeister, Leukart, and Van Beneden. The last has even recalled it to the Institute in regard to spontaneous generation. But, in reality, what do these facts prove? Supposing them perfectly exact, have they the value which has been accorded to them in this question? Animals have been fed with pieces of *tænia*s; and *cysticerques* have been produced in several parts of the bodies of these animals, even under the skin; then others have been nourished with *cysticerques*, and *tænia*s have been developed in their bodies; the experiment has even been made, and has succeeded, upon a man condemned to death.

Here are facts known to every one. Do they really prove a transformation? In fact, there has been here a certain vitiated nourishment, which has occasioned worms. Any food that disorders the nutrition may be a cause of morbid developments. But we ask how *tænia*s, crushed and digested, could still have eggs intact; and how these eggs could have passed in absorption, traversed the torrent of the circulation, and be deposited here and there in the economy, to develop themselves as *cysticerques*. This is a mechanism too extraordinary, and too different from what is known, for it to be accepted without incontestable proofs. Were this as constant as is pretended, we should observe, among persons affected with *tænia*, production of *cysticerques*, especially when this worm having been in part destroyed and broken, its eggs float freely in the intestinal canal; then they ought to be absorbed, and we should see them give rise to *cysticerques* in several points of the system, in the same manner as in the experiments in question. This has never yet been ascertained.

Even in the absence of all proof, suppose these metamorphoses admitted; suppose it true that a few parasitic species may be transformed into each other; or even proceed to the extreme exaggeration of admitting that all the parasitic species constitute but so many metamorphoses of one and the same: the origin of this unique species would still remain in question. And since we find no eggs preëxisting in the fermentescible body; since we discern none with the aid of the microscope; and since these eggs can not come from the air or the water, which we have shown to contain none,—it must indeed be admitted that a mode of generation exists

very different from those to which we have been in the habit hitherto of applying the formula, "*omne vivum ex ovo.*" There remains, it is true, the ground of contagion. Some observers admit that no ovules exist in the air, or in the water, as a constant fact; but they say that ovules may exist around bodies already infected; and because several parasites are contagious, they would view all heterogeny as the fact of a contagion. This opinion is shown to be unacceptable by the generation of infusoria; for when a fermentescible body is taken, detaching it from a living body; and when it is immediately enclosed in apparatus where only distilled water and artificial air enter, it is impossible to suppose any contagion whatever. That it might take place in certain cases, exceptionally, is all that it is possible to admit, after what we have related in the preceding article against the dissemination of ovules.

The same for parasites: their contagion is not contestable—is not contested, in certain cases, for the itch, pediculi, the pulex, the myceliums. But who would dare maintain that lumbrici, tænia, cysticerques, gourd-worms, the oxyurus, the trigonoccephalus, are only developed by contagion? And even for species eminently contagious, this origin is often inadmissible; there are cases where these parasites—pediculi, for example—develop themselves outside of all possible communication; children, either in the beginning or at the end of a malady, may be suddenly covered with this vermin, without any contagion being possible. Finally, contagion itself explains nothing; for even the itch can not be taken at pleasure. Many persons expose themselves with impunity to the contagion, which only takes on condition of a peculiar morbid predisposition: so that this contagion is not itself the malady, but the occasional cause of the malady. If the malady be developed, the parasite will develop itself and multiply; if not, it perishes barren. In the last researches made upon the itch by M. Bourguignon, who has long been occupied with this question, it is demonstrated that the *acarus scarabei* contains a venomous juice, which is by itself capable of producing vesicles, in every respect resembling those produced by the insect itself; so that it would seem to result that the acarus only develops on condition of having given rise to a vesicle, and to the production of the vesicular liquid which is to nourish it; thus it develops a lesion, in order to feed upon the morbid product. But if the indi-

vidual exposed to contagion resist the morbid production, by the very fact that the disease does not take place, the acarus perishes sterile. Contagion is, then, insufficient to explain all the cases of heterogeny; and the reason of this phenomenon does not lie in the exterior causes, but in the very disposition of the fermentescible body, or heterogenic blastema.

Under whatever point of view we examine this question of the preëxistence of ovules in the fermentescible body, the result is still the same. This body contains no visible ovules; none can come to it from the air, or from water which contains none; we can not suppose that it has received by the generation of the being all which would be necessary to the development of its parasites and of infusories; the theory of metamorphoses explains nothing on this point; and finally, contagion has hardly a greater value. In short, heterogeny can not be explained by the preëxistence of ovules.

2. *Does heterogeny depend simply upon material dispositions or molecular arrangements?* We have shown that heterogeny is manifested in no purely material or inorganic body, and that it is only observed in blastemas which are still organized; all experiments agree on this point. *It is not, then, matter itself which gives rise to heterogeny*, but bodies which still contain something of the living forces which have animated them.

Parts detached from a living body do not immediately lose all vital force; but only gradually do they enter by decomposition the empire of purely physical and chemical forces. On a limb which has just been amputated, we find signs of contractility and of irritability; and these phenomena last several hours longer. It is known that a membrane, even when dried, preserves, as long as it is not altered in its nature, the endosmotic property which it possessed in the fresh state, and during life. The contractility of the vibratile cilia persists on the epithelial cells which have been for many hours torn away from the nasal fossæ. Zoöspersms preserve, several hours after they have been emitted, their lively and rapid movements. The yellow elastic tissue keeps long after death its properties, so long as the alteration of the tissue is not effected. In a word, all the forces called *organic*, may remain for a certain length of time inherent to the organized body separated from the living organism to which it belonged.

Forces, called by the Germans *plastic*,—those which combine matter,—remain much longer after the manifestations of animal life

have ceased; dead parts which have long lost their organic forces, still keep their plastic forces which hold them in their organized arrangement. It is to *their* persistence that we justly attribute the properties which these organized bodies manifest, long after the separation of parts from the living whole. Thus diastase and pepsine preserve during indefinite periods, so long as they are not decomposed, their fermentescible virtues. The animal viruses, in another order of forces, are but organic matter, which, so long as it is not altered chemically, preserves virtues which it has acquired during life; and these venoms are preserved for very long periods after the death of the animal. The same is true of the vaccine virus, of variolic pus, of chancrous pus, etc., which are but organic matter containing virtues acquired during life.

3. The two heterogenic blastemas — that of infusoria and that of parasites — are both, we have just seen, matter which conceals forces, pathological matter as well as the fermentescible body of infusories. And it is not as chemical matter that these blastemas are generated; it is as organic matter treasuring powers of activity. There are genescic powers, or, if another expression be preferred, seminal virtues, independent of the material forms of seeds or eggs.

We have seen that the same matter gives, according to particular arrangements, different products. This is especially sensible for parasitic productions. I will not say that the blastema which gives rise to the *acarus scabiei*, that of the *pediculi*, that of myceliums, of tænias, of cysticerques, of ascarides, and all the other parasites, are in all cases identically the same, chemically speaking, although no chemical differences have ever been appreciated. But these differences, if they exist, are doubtless very slight; and it is very probable that they are of no value, in the heterogenic point of view, since we can detect no chemical differences between ordinary pus, variolic pus, chancrous pus, vaccine pus, and pus in which vibrios are formed.

It is not because the blastemas differ under the chemical point of view that they give rise to different parasitic products, but rather because, with different morbid dispositions, and according to the malady with which the individual is attacked, there is produced in the same liquids or solids of the organism sometimes a cysticerque, sometimes an echinococcus, sometimes another parasite.

So of the generation of infusories from the fermentescible body. "A certain coleopter, a certain spider, a certain lepidopter, has

each at its death a cryptogamic vegetation that takes possession of it," justly remarks M. Pouchet; and he adds, that "such examples are extremely numerous." Now, each of these bodies is not confined to the production of a single kind of infusions; it may, on the contrary, produce many species,—sometimes one, sometimes another, sometimes several at once, according to dispositions as yet little known. Thus in two experiments of M. Pouchet, the same matter employed, a little wisp of hay, once produced *aspergilli*, another time the *penicillium glaucum*; and in two experiments of M. Montegazza, the same matter, an infusion of lettuce, gave rise once to *monads*, another time to *bacterium sermo*. There appear to be, then, dispositions independent of the appreciable material composition, and which seem to act in the same way as in the production of parasites. The difference in the two cases depends only upon the position of the fermentescible body: in one, this body is distracted and completely separated from the living support—such is the blastema of infusories; in the other, this blastema still holds to a living support—such is the parasitic blastema. And remarkable facts show that this difference may be sometimes unimportant; thus when vibrios are developed in pus within the living organism, or when pediculi suddenly show themselves upon a corpse already several hours dead. There is then a very curious relation to be observed between infusories and parasites: the latter are developed in consequence of morbid dispositions during life, and the former proceed from dispositions certainly analogous, but after death; while here and there an exception interlocks the phenomena completely as either encroaches upon the field of the other.

These generations are not given up to chance; and there are not as many different beings as there are occasions for their generation; on the contrary, these abnormal generations, these parasites, and these infusories, have their *species*; these species are known, they are described, they are classed, and they are always found again the same; they have their definite types, so that the generative causes which produce them are not promiscuous heterogenic causes, but specific causes, which act as true germs. The ovule, it is true, is wanting; it is seen no where; it can not be materially seized; we can not even understand how it should materially subsist, without alteration, through all the phenomena of life into which it would pass if it existed; but its seminal power is clearly manifested.

Parasites, like maladies, are hereditary. Some attacks everybody; and few children, exposed to lice, escape this contagion. Some are peculiar to races or to families; the dragunculus is observed among the race that inhabits Arabia and the neighboring African coasts; the *tænia* among the Swiss, and in Germany; the *botriocephalus* on the other side of the Vistula.

Among the parasites which are hereditary in our country, there are none more remarkable than the *oxyurus vermicularis*, which sometimes skips a generation, is transmitted from the grandfather to the grandson, and is developed in the son at the very age when it was developed in the father, or in the ancestor. In order to explain these facts, hereditary dispositions must indeed be admitted. To admit hereditary ovules, is the wildness of an unrestrained hypothesis; to admit hereditary aptitudes for production, is implicitly to accept the doctrine of seminal virtues.

For infusories as for parasites, the facts are the same. Every living species produces at its death a certain number of infusory species, and always the same, as during life it can produce a certain number of parasitic species, always the same. Every species has its infusories after death, as it has its parasites during life; and both these aptitudes must be transmitted by generation, along with so many other impressions from parents to children, influencing their development, their acts, the formation of their tissues, and all the phenomena of life.

The essential principle exists alone as such; but the form of its action may vary according to the modifications which it undergoes by the contact of final causes; and hence the so great variations of its acts. Thus maladies have no subsisting active principle — no *morbid force*; maladies are but the morbid modifications of the normal energy. They are hereditary, and the aptitude to develop them is transmitted from father to son; they are only predispositions passed into acts; and as they have no subsisting principle, they are but intentional forms transmitted by generation.

On the day when Man became susceptible of illness, he became equally susceptible of producing beings of corruption and of imperfection — beings of destruction; and these predispositions, transmitted from generation to generation, exist in him as the intentional forms which his vegetative or formative energy can endue.

REVELATION:

HAVE WE A SYSTEMATIC AND INFALLIBLE REVELATION FROM GOD?

It is an argument which has been long and often urged against the Bible, as the "Word of God," that if the Supreme Being were to make a systematic revelation of his will to mankind, it would bear on every part of it the impress of his own perfection, and be accompanied with both internal and external evidences sufficient to prove its divine origin, at least to every intelligent, inquiring and honest mind; and the position, I think, has never been successfully refuted — nor can it be; for it is quite evident, self-evident, that a Being of infinite wisdom would write no errors, whether in science, or history, or morals, or religion, — nor any contradictions or obscurities on any subject that would throw sound-minded and good men into doubtful disputations as to their true meaning. Our first-class writers, like Channing, for instance, are readily understood in what they aim to communicate; and a score of conflicting sects, such as cover Christendom to-day, could never be built up on them. But with how much more clearness, even, should we naturally expect the Infinite Intelligence to reveal his mind to us, were He to attempt it!

Clergymen, indeed, frequently tell us that the Bible is just such a revelation as we should naturally expect from God — a consistent, harmonious, beautiful whole, from Genesis to Revelation; so luminous and plain a book that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err respecting it; that whosoever runs may read — read running, even, and *understand* it! The Catholics do not, indeed, say this, for they know better; but the representatives of all the divisions of evangelical Protestantism say it with frequency — say it, and yet quarrel with each other, frequently unto bloodshed, respecting the meaning of it — the meaning of what God wrote, either with his own finger or by passive amanuenses! But whatever else may be said in praise of the great Book, this that is thus said of it, can not be said with any semblance of truth; else why so many parties so variously interpreting it? — some getting out of it Trinitarianism and some Unitarianism; some Partialism and some Universalism; some baptism by immersion and some by sprinkling, and others no water baptism at all; some slavery and

some freedom ; some war and some peace ; some revengeful punishments and some non-resistance ; and so on to the end of a long catalogue of differences.

The truth is, all intuitively know the Bible to be a book often difficult to understand, and containing many things that shock both the intellect and the heart ; all who ever read the Book know this. No sensible and good man or woman ever read it through, that could earnestly say that it all appeared reasonable, and beautiful, and true—as if written in Heaven. Those who have felt forced, by the influences of education, to believe it infallible, have deeply regretted the presence of many things in it ; whilst others, more free and independent, have turned from it in disgust, declaring that if their faith must embrace the whole of it or none, it should be none. The popular view of the Bible, therefore, makes against it, not for it. But it is the confession of the distinguished Dr. Tholuck, one of the foremost orthodox theologians of Germany, and very popular in America, that “ In many places where we compare Scripture with Scripture, we meet with difficulties where either the contradictions will not admit of removal at all, or but very imperfectly.” And he sarcastically adds : “ What one does not know gives him no annoyance.” Even for the Bible’s sake, then, it is best to look at it from this stand-point ; for when it shall be better understood, it will be more rationally and gratefully appreciated.

The Bible is generally called “ The Word of God ; ” and when ministers quote from it they frequently say, “ Now hear what God says,”—not considering whether the beast whereon Balaam rode, or the Devil, even, did not speak it ! “ Is not *all* Scripture,” they solemnly inquire, “ given by inspiration ? ”—and so insist that any passage from it must end all controversy. But the Book itself nowhere claims such a character ; and they who accept it all as the Word of God do so without reason, and upon no better authority, at least, than tradition.

“ The Word of God ” is not a book, but a spirit—“ sharper,” as Paul says, “ than a two-edged sword.” The same apostle says to his Roman readers, “ The Word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth ; ” in harmony with the apostle John, who also says, “ The Word of God abideth in you.” And Rev. Rowland Williams, “ orthodox,” of King’s College, Cambridge, says : “ Let not the natural metaphor by which men call a sacred record ‘ The

Word of God,' ever blind us to the fact that no text has been found in which this holy name is made a synonym for the entire volume of Scripture."

But supposing the Bible to be a systematic and infallible revelation direct from God, going to it as a Standard, and interpreting it by our best aids, does not produce uniformity of opinion, or always holiness of character and life. There are as many creeds, it is probable, among Christians, as there would be without such a standard; and many a Bibliolater is far less moral, humane, and truly religious, than some heathen philosophers, and not heathen "infidels." The opinion, therefore, that the Bible is the unalloyed Word of God, is practically a useless opinion, even if it be true; for men bring away from it about what they carry to it—as Calvin and Wesley.

After all that is said of the necessity of a supernatural standard of truth, it must be admitted that the religions of the various classes of men, whatever ones they may profess to endorse, are, to a great extent, simply the outgrowth of their own peculiar natures, characters, and culture. If their minds are broad and their hearts pure, their religions will likewise be so; but if narrow and impure, the same law will govern. Many plenary inspirationists mould the Bible to their shape of mind, much more than they are moulded by it. Whether they originate a religion of their own, or interpret Moses', or Christ's, or Calvin's, or Wesley's, or Channing's, they succeed in fashioning it into a most striking resemblance of themselves. And men and women go to Presbyterianism, or Methodism, or Unitarianism, or Rationalism, or Spiritualism—those who go in earnest and become genuine disciples of either—because they are naturally or by education predisposed to do so. If they were in India, or in any other part of the world, they would probably go into the various sects corresponding with the ones they are now in.

In the process of time, of ages, perhaps, these various and varying classes of men may be greatly changed in condition and character; and being so, going up higher, they will accept, or project from themselves, higher forms of religion; but they will not at present. Humanitarians can not well be "orthodox;" and the orthodox, ingrained ones, can not well be Humanitarians. The "Liberalists" who retreat to orthodoxy are not the radical abolitionists and philanthropists of the times, but the conservatives,

or semi-conservatives; for they who have an intense, uncompromising objection to injustice and oppression, and possess the spirit of Abou Ben Adhem—the Christ-spirit—generally go forward, even theologically, rather than backward. Whether these two classes profess to get their theologies out of themselves, or out of the Bible, it will be all the same—their image and superscription will be on them.

The same Testaments, both Jewish and Christian, laid open before Calvin and Wesley, and each recognized and studied them as plenarily inspired and authoritative; and yet the two men differed so widely that Wesley said he would rather be called a Deist, an Atheist—yea, a Turk—than to be called a Calvinist! and could Calvin have caught such a heretic in Geneva, he would have probably served him as he did Servetus. And yet they were both guided, they thought, by the Bible.

But some men seem to be almost naturally born fatalists, and they always get Fatalism out of the Bible; but others, differently constituted, believe in their ability to choose between evil and good, and they get Free Agency out of it; and whilst Locke and Priestly drew Materialism from it, Fenelon and Channing brought away Spiritualism from their explorations of its pages. So, too, when we come to more practical matters, and have the most explicit declarations of Christ himself, we see the same differences. Christ was a non-resistant; but how few appropriate his doctrine!—the many having no affinity for it.

Emerson somewhere uses the proverb, "He that would bring back the wealth of the Indies, must carry out the wealth of the Indies;" and will not this admit of application to Bible students? Does not the selfish man bring away its selfishness, and the loving man its love? So it would seem.

The conclusion, then, is, that if the Bible were the unalloyed "Word of God," it could not be understood by all men alike, and would therefore need a Pope or Church to interpret it. Hence, and legitimately, Catholicism. But it is not the Word of God in any such sense, but has human as well as divine elements in it. All its truths are indeed precious treasures; but they are in earthly vessels. It is best, too, that it should be so; and we should be satisfied with God's wisdom in not putting his whole mind in a book. He has opened to us "a more excellent way" to eternal life.

THE SWEDENBORGIAN HERETIC.

SECTS have been well called the Shadows cast by great Souls. The average class, not able to rise into the light which illumined their leader, sit under his shadow, fancying that so they become Wesleyans, Calvinists, or Swedenborgians. The great soul shines on and departs; straightway the limitations which his culture and intellect must have, reflecting his light, are worshiped, instead of the spirit of the man: the tide follows the moon, not the sun. But then even this borrowed light is almost sure to be dimmed and reduced for the vulgar adherents. The prejudice exists, that in the arrangement of Light the interests of the sore-eyed are alone to be consulted: we must all be shut in darkened chambers simply because some of us can not bear the light. Thus Wilkinson, Henry James, Barrett, Smithson and others are to be dragged into a sectarian attitude, because the average dulness of the New Church can entertain Swedenborg only when he comes in the costume of John Calvin, redolent with the fumes of everlasting damnation. For nothing less than this is the result of the expulsion from the New Church, by the Massachusetts Association and the General Convention of that Church, of the Rev. W. M. Fernald, for no other cause than his belief in the "non-eternity of the Hells."

Such action on the part of a church professing to be liberated from ancient trammels, needs no comment. It is simply a confession that, despite the imploring protestations of the great Seer, who would not even found a church, those steeds of the Sun which he guided so gloriously over the earth have been harnessed to the common car of Dogma, which plods in the ruts of Prejudice. No doubt there are honorable exceptions,—men who opposed this narrow action. We are told in the reports of the General Convention, that, when this case was under consideration, the Rev. Mr. Giles, of Cincinnati, "made some remarks which were considered very kind and judicious." Does this mean that the pastor of our New Church has given the Queen City a right to be proud of him, by defending this young man from expulsion from his church and its sympathies, because of an honest conclusion on his part that Swedenborg did not believe in the eternity of the Hells? We hope so.

But our chief object in this paper is to furnish readers who may

not be acquainted with Swedenborg's writings with the means of discriminating between New Church dulness and the high vision of the Seer. Thank Heaven, there is a large and ever-growing class of men outside of the Churches who bear the true messages of the religious leaders from age to age, respecting their sacred seals. And now when it is asked, Did Swedenborg believe in eternal torments, in punishments simply vindictive, as all punishments not disciplinary must be? we hasten to lay before our readers certain extracts which may cast some light upon that question.

We have before us "The Spiritual Diary of Emanuel Swedenborg." It is the authentic London Translation of Dr. Tafel's Tübingen edition. In vol. i., p. 44, we read as follows:

The State of the Damned in Hell.—In the night between the 29th and the 30th of October, 1747, I had a dream, from which I occasionally awoke, for evil spirits at times so much infested me that I could not continue my sleep. After I had been several times thus awoke, I was at length fully awake, and I trembled over my whole body, and I manifestly perceived that a certain column [of spirits] as it were surrounded me, which I could perceive by sensation When, therefore, that column, or wall, continued around me (which could be nothing else than an angelic column, amongst whom was God Messiah, who is the Wall of Brass), I observed the reason: it was because I was let down to the unhappy in Hell, that I might perceive their state, and hence announce to the world that there is a hell, especially to the unbelievers; not only that there is a hell, but also what the state of those is who are there. This state, indeed, I can not sufficiently describe. I heard lamentations of this kind: O God! O God! Jesus Christ, have mercy! Jesus Christ, have mercy! In a word, they suffer ineffable torments; but it was permitted to relieve or console them with a certain degree of hope, so that they should not entirely despair. For they said they believed the torment would be eternal. They were relieved or consoled by saying that God Messiah is merciful, and that in His Word we read that the "prisoners will be sent forth from the pit" (Zech. ix. 11). It was told them that the pit signifies hell, which I heard confirmed from above. These things were stated to them that they might receive some consolation, which, they said, they did then feel. But what is still more wonderful, and what I can attest as worthy of belief because it is true, is, that God Messiah, being moved with inmost mercy, appeared out of heaven unto these spirits, and, indeed, as was told me, in glory; I could also discern it, but not so manifestly as those unhappy spirits; from which appearance they confessed that they received great consolation. I am now informed that the angels consoled them, and that they would continue to console them. Moreover, I desire to state this fact, for I know it to be true, that many of them have been raised from hell and torments into heaven, where they now live; and that it appeared to a certain one, who had been in the greatest torment, as though God Messiah embraced and kissed him. (See Luke xv. 20.) Afterwards several were delivered from hell and raised up into heaven.

On page 63 of the same volume we read:

Certain of those who are bound, or prisoners in the pit, are not delivered before they come to the last degree of despair—that is, when they have paid the uttermost farthing. (See Matt. v. 26.) This also is called the pain of a travelling woman, and to come to the birth.

If any one should be so anxious to prove that Swedenborg maintained the eternity of the hells as to affirm that the “pit,” “hell,” “greatest torment,” here spoken of, are not the very hell or lowest place after all, we must call his attention to a third quotation from the Diary (p. 67):

I have been taught by a very sensible experience that the spheres, so called, where human souls dwell after the death of the body, entirely correspond to the members of the human frame. Thus celestial spheres correspond to the head of man, but inferior spheres to the loins, and the lowest of the feet. . . . The *lowest place* must consequently correspond to the soles of the feet. . . . I was also permitted, of the mercy of God Meessiah, to perceive that some came up from those lower places and entered the ultimate heaven. I conversed with them when they were in that lower place, and also when they came up; and I saw how they manifested their gladness that they were delivered from bonds and from the pit. —Nov. 28, 1747.

There is no intimation here that from this gradual ascent those who correspond to the soles of the feet are excepted.

There is a passage in the “Arcana Celestia” (v., 967) which is sufficient with a candid mind to set the matter at rest: “Such is the equilibrium of all things in another life that evil punishes itself, and *unless it were removed by punishments, the evil spirits must necessarily be kept in some hell to eternity.*” But he assures us that there are varied punishments, each one of which “operates to the removal of something.”

We could multiply these quotations, if it were necessary. We shall only give Swedenborg’s admirable conception of the nature and office of punishment, which, it will be at once seen, excludes the very idea of *endless* retribution, which last is nothing other than that “punishment for the sake of punishment” which the Seer strongly pronounces “the punishment of a devil,” and one not permitted of the Lord. We quote from the Diary (p. 319):

All punishment in the other life is inflicted for the sake of the amendment of him [who suffers it]; for such punishments have a tendency, as it were, to take away evils, or to induce a faculty of doing good. Thus all punishments are, in themselves, vastations, because they devastate evils by inducing the faculty of speaking truth and of doing good, which faculty is something superadded, as a gift from the Lord.

— We have no disposition to do an injustice to the noble and

catholic intellects which are to be found in the New Church ; indeed, it is in their behalf that we have written this article. One of the organs of that denomination has solemnly charged the *Dial* with dogmatism, simply because we refused to publish a criticism on one of our issues, which, though well meant, had been written in a fit of absence of mind. We affirm that we are ready to publish any view, however adverse to our own, which is given in a reverent and courteous spirit, and is, in a literary point of view, worth the room it will occupy. Our pages are open to Mr. Beecher to establish the Trinity, or Mr. Bellows to advocate the Broad Church, or Mr. Brownson to maintain Roman Catholicism. We have published articles even of atheistic tone, because they seemed to us earnestly and ably written ; so also we have not expurgated Balzac's story, Ursula, of its obvious Catholicism. We intend to be true, if possible, to our motto, and number no hours but those of sunshine ; and if any Swedenborgian has a ray to cast on this expulsion or the above passages of Swedenborg, we shall most gladly record it.

DR. EINBOHRER AND HIS PUPILS.

CHAPTER VI.—EPISODE.

WHEN our Professor had concluded his Lecture, he was kind enough to invite me into his study, where, he said, he would soon meet me. I esteemed this a great privilege ; for we all regarded this library as the objective brain of our Doctor, to which none but those in whom he had discovered some spiritual kinship, or at least reverence for his conclusions (which was all I could claim), were admitted. When I entered, it was waning toward twilight. The indistinctness which veiled the book-shelves gave me an awful sense of my indistinctness of philosophic vision ; and the large busts of great men which surmounted them said "Poor child !" not with the tenderness which the words contained when Mignon heard the marble statues speak to her, but as if to say to me, "Thou ignoramus ! what hast thou in common with Plato, Plutarch, Humboldt or Einbohrer, that thou shouldst venture this presence. If thou comest for us to classify thee as insect or reptile, welcome for the cause of Science !"

I sat down in a large arm-chair, and gazed at the roaring fire. Here all the lecture of Dr. Einbohrer passed before me. Above all, I could but think of that Ourang-utan, the venerable Tommy, described by Broderip. I could almost see his mild and pensive human face, sitting there in his nurse's lap, "pulling about his toes with his fingers with the same pensive air as a human child exhibits when amusing itself in the same manner." Then the impression he made on every one in the vessel of a sad and thoughtful little old man, joined with his efforts to speak, was very affecting.

"*Could* he only have spoken," I exclaimed, under my breath, "what would he have said?"

"Thou shalt know!" said a pleasant voice near me.

I started. Surely no one had entered! I looked through the dim light at the Doctor's chair, on the other side of the grate,—and, lo, there sat a little old man, withered with age: white locks fell over a brow which was thoughtful and melancholy. Intuitively I knew it was the same wild man of Broderip—no longer wild, but occupying with dignity the venerable chair, and surrounded by the richest lore of the world. He had spectacles; a Socratic beard fell on his breast.

"You have just heard your Professor's lecture," said the old Ourang, "in comparison of Men and Monkeys. You do well to honor such a man as Einbohrer. He has been as true in his statement of this immense question as a mere man can be. His errors have all arisen from the fact that of every question there are two sides, which can not be seen by any representative of one side. As there is a Man-side to this, so is there a Monkey-side. Neither of us being both Man and Monkey, I will allow his to stand for the Man-side, and I will give you the deductions on our side. When I say 'our,' I do not mean that I shall state the Monkey-side as a specific thing: a judge can not sit on his own case. I will be the representative of the Animals, all of which were catalogued in Monkey, summed up in Man.

"And first, you must be mindful that the experiences of the lower animals are much fuller and more venerable than those of men. Ages before the Earth had labored and brought forth Man, animals had been living and earning for him the dry land whereon he should stand. Man is found only here in this last formation of the Earth, but you can not dive so deeply that you will not find animals. In all this time, surely, they may have won experiences

which they may authentically give to the new monarch, to whom they resign the crown so long maintained. It will not be by despising the lower orders, but by advising with them — by believing their Revelation,— that Man will find his strength and throne. Take the race of bees : Can you find an artist to build anything more strictly mathematical or philosophical than their comb ? Can Fourier or Fuerbach improve on their community, where there is such perfection of laws for prevention of drones, and division of labor ? None is born but to his proper place ; none is a drag on the rest ; none are paupers. No Fugitive Slave Bill could pass *this* Senate ! Young man, it will take a proximate millennium to convince men that their governments are all nuisances until they are built on the principle of Beehives ! ” — Here the old man took up Virgil and read from Georgics, iv. 29, of the sages who ascribed to the bee a part of the Divine Mind.

“ Another thing should be considered, and that is, that Man has the same — and only the same — chances of success of his race, or failure, with primitive animals. Scorpion, serpent, rat, dog, fox, hyena, are not conquered because Man is born and subdues them ; but they have climbed up into higher seats. One could fancy ” — the old man had a queer tone of satire here — “ that when men were about to be made, the animals which had long been sorrowing because of their indifferent and inefficient bodies, collected in the various parts of the Earth where it was rumored Man was to appear, and as men were created they all began leaping into their bodies : so that, in spite of externals, one man was a bear, another a snake in the grass ; this woman a wildcat, that a wasp ; and the number of foxes were only exceeded by the apes and calves. Hear you not that bray in the parlor ? Is its observation not warmly approved by a distinct grunt ? Ha, ha ! What is your Society — Senate — Church, — but a vast menagerie of these ?

“ Einbohrer intimated, but did not enough insist, that modern inclinations and habits were the remains of animal nature ; and modern virtues have not originated with man. The highest authority has directed us to go to school to the fowl of the air, — to the ant, for our virtues. A mother's tenderness, a father's care, are anticipated in the matronly hen, and the good sense wherewith the swallow builds its nest in Spring, choosing those materials and architectural rules most conducive to safety and health.

“ I will now on reference give you some thoughts and narratives

which may be of use to you.”— Hereupon the old man, who seemed so old that I fancied him an incarnation of the first *Æon*, adjusted his spectacles.— “When you are spending a long time learning a trade, bethink you of how Democritus proved that ‘most of the arts we have were taught us by the animals: by the spider, weaving and sewing; by the swallow, building; by the swan and nightingale, music; by several animals, to make medicines.’ When next you hear of a young lady going to Italy to be spun out into a *Prima Donna*, take to heart this paragraph which I read from Montaigne: “Aristotle is of opinion that ‘the nightingales teach their young ones to sing, and spend a great deal of time and care in it;’ whence it happens that those we bring up in cages, and which have not had the time to learn of their parents, want much of the grace of their singing. We may judge by this that they improve by discipline and study. And even amongst the wild it is not all and every one alike— every one has learnt to do better or worse, according to its capacity. And so jealous are they one of another while learning that they contend with emulation, and by so vigorous a contention that sometimes the vanquished fall dead upon the place, the breath rather failing than the voice. The younger ruminates pensively and begin to mutter some broken notes; the disciple listens to the master’s lesson and gives the best account he is able; they are silent by turns; one may hear faults corrected and observe some reprehensions of the teacher.” I doubt not this might be mistaken for a description of Corelli’s school, with slight modification. Here is likewise a story from Plutarch of a magpie which lived in a barber’s shop at Rome, and imitated every one’s voice. Once some trumpeters sounded before the shop. For two days after the pie was songless— sad— thoughtful; which, it was supposed, was occasioned by the stupefying noise, and that it had lost hearing and voice. But it was discovered that this was only a ‘retiring into herself,’ exercising herself to imitate the trumpets—that imitation being her very first utterance. Is this not like the great Jullien, who goes along the street, hears sleigh-bells and a boy whistling ‘Jordan,’ and reproduces them on his great band?

“And when you see a dance, you may recall this, cited from Arrian by Pliny: ‘I have formerly seen an elephant having a cymbal hung at each leg, and another fastened to his trunk, at the sound of which all the others danced around him, rising and bend-

ing at certain cadences, as they were guided by the instrument ; and it was delightful to hear this harmony." Pliny assures us that elephants have been known to take private practisings of their dancing lessons to themselves !

" Great warriors should remember that elephants have gained the greatest battles ; slave-catchers, that bloodhounds are more skilful than they in that sublime art ; Yankees, that they can not vie with a weazel in shrewdness. It has long been conjectured that elephants have a sort of worship, since at certain hours they perform ablutions, and remain for hours lifting their trunks toward the sky ; and it is as old as Cleanthes that ants make treaties and have funeral processions. You may know, also, of that elephant who was a persistent rival of Aristophanes in the love of an Alexandrian beauty. In the *Æneid* (xi. 89) we have this picture of a horse weeping :

‘ To close the pomp, *Æthon*, the steed of state,
Is led the funeral of his Lord to wait ;
Stripped of his trappings, with a sullen pace
He walks, the big tears rolling down his face.’

" Lactantius insists that animals have risibilities ; and did I not fear an overgrown catalogue, I could show that man is between animal and spiritual, as twilight between Night and Day. This would not be bad were it not that in him the animal has overmuch range and power. A snake crawling is not so harmful as when in man's form ; nor is a calf deplorable until it comes on two legs.

" Know, then, that the Orient Creed is true. The animals for thousands of years wandered beside the sea that divides the animal from the spiritual world, enough of which was enfolded in them for unconscious aspiration. Man was the bridge thrown across the sea whereby the animal might pass over. Life, then, must be an elevation of the animals incarnate in man into divine types. Man will be redeemed only when the beasts of the forest shall become subdued Passions, and a little child shall lead them. Else he too must become fossil, and a higher race " —

" Since, sir, my library has such a narcotic effect, you may arise and walk ! " Lo ! in place of pensive Ourang was the Doctor. I suppose I felt as St. Antony did when the devil tempted him in the form of a lean monk.

MISANTHROPY.

BY W. D. H.

THE Nightingale loved the Rose—

He kissed her leaves apart:

“O Love, I must know the secret
That lies in Love’s secret heart.”

The Red Rose waned,—the Nightingale sang

Wild songs of sorrow and scorn:

“A worm in the heart of the Rose is hidden,
So I w’ll woo the thorn.”

He clasped the envious thorn,—

That subtly pierced his side:

“A worm in the heart of Love is hidden!”
He sang to the stars and died.



HOMELESS.

BY A. P. M.

SITTING and weeping all the day,
Seeing the ships go down the bay,
Watching the waves that climb the shore—
Climb and fall back, and nothing more,—
Finding so soon that life is sad,
Finding so soon that men are bad,
Weary of life from self-disgust,
Fearing to live from self-distrust,
Seeking for what he cannot find,
Knowing that he is weak and blind,
Waiting for that which will not come—
A heart to love him, and a home.

Sitting and weeping all the day,
Seeing the ships go down the bay,
Watching the waves that climb the shore—
Climb and fall back, and nothing more,—
Symbol of what his life has been,
Climbing, and falling back to sin;
Father of love, shall his efforts be
Forever like the waves of the sea?

PSYCHOLOGY OF OPIUM AND HASHEESH.

OPIUM.

THAT in all the historic periods of which we have any written record, from the remotest antiquity to the present time, men have been addicted to the use of *stimuli*, is a very wonderful and significant fact. It is a custom which reaches all the way from the primeval night of barbarism to the burning noon of modern civilization, and there is no people without the marks of this frightful scourge upon its shoulders. Neither is it, nor has it ever been confined to any particular class in society or given order of intellect, but is common alike to the most ignorant and abject human herd in the South-Sea Islands, and to the proud and polished circles of Paris, London, and New York. An exposition of the various conditions and motives out of which so universal and so destructive a habit has grown would doubtless prove both interesting and profitable; but this would be foreign to our present purpose. We shall ignore for the most part another very important branch of the subject—the use of fermented liquors,—and confine ourselves to the use of narcotics, and mainly to the practice as it obtains among intellectual and cultivated men, and to its psychological manifestations.

Narcotic indulgence, in some form or other, is common to almost every people on the face of the globe. It is estimated that Tobacco is used among eight hundred millions of men—four-fifths of the human family; Opium among four hundred millions, chiefly in Turkey, India, and China; Hemp, or Hasheesh, among two to three hundred millions—this is the narcotic of all Africa, and is very extensively used in Persia, India, Turkey, and among the Indians of Brazil. The Betel-Nut is used in India, China, and the Eastern Archipelago, among, perhaps, one hundred millions. Coca, the narcotic of Peru and Bolivia, is probably used among ten millions. The Intoxicating Fungus, or common toad-stool, is used in Siberia; the Ava in the Polynesian Islands; the Thorn Apple in New Granada and among the Himalayas; Ledum and Sweet Gale in Northern Europe and America; the Emetic Holly by the Florida Indians; the Hop throughout England and Germany; the common Lettuce in France; and many other poisonous

substances in various parts of the world, as substitutes for some of those already mentioned. Out of this formidable array of narcotics we shall speak more particularly of two — opium and hasheesh — as most frequently resorted to by cultivated and highly susceptible minds, for that factitious exaltation and power, that marvelous insight into the profound mysteries of the human soul, which they alone can give.

It is one of the sorrowfullest things in all literary history that so many really gifted and beautiful souls have sought inspiration, not at the immortal fountains which the Infinite God opened up “before time was, or man,” but at enchanted pools whose waters set on fire the frail temple of the Holy Spirit, and turn the delightful incense of its altars into rank smoke, rising to pollute the courts of heaven. Ebenezer Elliott, or, as he loved to be called, the Corn-Law Rhymer, genuine poet and high-souled reformer that he was, used sometimes to ask if *genius* might not, after all, be a disease. And this question recurs with mighty emphasis and meaning when we review the lives of many whom the world has dignified with that name. Though far removed from personal contact, do we not still contemplate with pain the excesses of Cowley, Otway, Prior, Addison, Parnell, Samuel Johnson, and the rest,—the frightful debaucheries of Savage, Dermody, and Sterne? It is impossible to forget that Thomas Campbell was almost a sot; that Byron, at one period of his life, drank his pint Hollands nightly, and deluged us with infamous verse in consequence; that neither Burns, Hazlitt, Hartley Coleridge, nor Jerrold could resist the bottle. We can not but remember that Hoffman, the beautiful German, died of *delirium tremens* — that “the tavern was his study, his pulpit, and his throne,” — that there, in the language of Carlyle, “his wit flashed and flamed like an Aurora Borealis, and the table was forever in a roar; and [that] thus, amid tobacco smoke, and over coarse earthly liquor, [he wasted] the faculties which might have seasoned the Nectar of the gods.” Did not Charles Lamb write, with tears trickling down his cheeks, of the “*wet damnation* through which alone reason seemed to visit him”? Were not Bulwer and Dr. Nichol almost destroyed by opium? Was not De Quincey *confessedly* its slave for nearly twenty years, and Coleridge for more than a quarter of a century? It were useless to remind the American reader of the sad career and melancholy end of Edgar Allan Poe. Nor need this catalogue of moral and intellectual

shipwrecks be extended to the hundred others, in all the learned professions, whose names are "familiar in our mouths as household words." There is a skeleton of this sort in every community.

That there are in some men constitutional tendencies to the protean vice of intemperance is an undeniable fact ; perhaps it is equally undeniable that there are few who have not this tendency in some form or other, so frail and erring is poor human nature. There are men of such ardent and excitable temperament that their whole organisms, mental and physical, vibrate at the lightest breath of passion — men who are equally capable of being exalted into lyric raptures, or plunged into bottomless barathra of wretchedness and despair. These are they who, not satisfied with the beautiful and beneficent earth, with its grand unities and diversities, which God has placed under their feet, nor with the bediamonded curtains of immensity He has hung above their heads,—neither with the companionship of men, the ministry of angels, nor with the divine possibilities and promises of an endless life,—these are they who seek, through the mysterious thaumaturgy of narcotics,

"To lift the veil of the unknown,
The curtain of eternity —
To look uncensured, though unbidden,
On marvels from the seraph hidden !
Alone to be — where none have been !
Alone to see — what none have seen !
And to astonished reason tell
The secrets of th' unsearchable !"

The effects of stimuli are very various ; greatly modified both by the nature of the stimulus and the peculiar constitution, mind, or temperament of the individual. The general effect of all such agents is greatly to exaggerate all the natural tendencies, and especially those which are most powerful. There seems, however, to be this marked and peculiar difference between narcotics and fermented liquors, that while the latter, when taken to excess, are essentially brutalizing, under all circumstances and in every instance, excesses in the use of the former are not followed by such gross and shocking consequents, except, indeed, among those who are by nature barbarous and brutal. Opium, hashesh, coca, and the thorn apple bring divine enjoyments, occasionally at least, to the uncivilized and grossly ignorant. The forlorn and oppressed Peruvian, pausing in his toil, gives himself over to the influences of his beloved coca, and straightway bursts the bonds of time and sense,

and meeting face to face the spirits of his ancestors, tells over the woes of his captivity, and takes consolation and new hope from those who never bowed the neck to Spanish yoke. Nor, when the fantasia is over, does he less believe it real, but relates it to his neighbors, who listen with an equal faith. So that, while there is such a deep and unmitigated vulgarity in the use of strong drink that it is difficult to conceive how any cultivated man can descend to it, the great depths of intellect and imagination which at least two of the narcotics have opened up, the illimitable capacities for pleasure and pain which they have revealed in the human soul, render it by no means difficult to account for the fact that many men of great natural gifts, and of the widest culture, have become the slaves of opium and hasheesh.

Of this class of minds was Thomas De Quincey, who was the High Priest of what he called the "one true church" of opium-eaters, and whose hierophantic expositions of the sublime mysteries of the "celestial drug" have rendered his name immortal. The marvelous witchery of his dreams, and the pomp and splendor of the style in which he relates them, have fired many already too ardent imaginations with the delights of opium indulgence, and with the absurd notion that they too might become De Quinceys, so

"That those eat now who never ate before,
And those who always ate now eat the more."

But there are few in cold Northern countries who are capable of reaching by this path the diviner heights and depths of imagination; we are of the earth far too earthy, and when the experimental dose has been taken, instead of being borne in Triton's pearly shallop along the "rivers of the rainbow, which course through the valleys of heaven," into a Mahomet's paradise, we are just suffered to hover over the region of horrible qualms in the stomach and frightful sick headaches, all of which is most likely to result in an oath, duly registered, never to "touch, taste, or handle" the accursed stuff again. For the humbler ends of quieting nervous irritation, and giving an artificial serenity to the mind amid the manifold perturbations and distresses of life, it will serve a much greater number, and, with these ends in view, there is a large and constantly increasing class of opium-eaters, both in this country and in Great Britain.

Much has been said and written on opium-eating, but, aside from

the personal experience which any one may have, we must accept De Quincey as the *ἀρχηδιδάσκαλος*, who, indeed, vehemently protests that he alone is authority. It is in his writings, and especially in the "Confessions," that we find the most wonderful psychological phenomena connected with this divine madness. We will take him as the highest type of the genus, and attempt in some way to account for him. It would be impossible to do this satisfactorily without taking some notice of the peculiarities of his organization. He was born with a highly nervous and susceptible temperament, which, coupled with a transcendent imagination and great powers of reflection, made him while yet a child an extraordinary being, living apart in a grand world of his own, peopled with the celestial creatures of his thought. A determination to reverie was an original element in his constitution — whence, in some measure, the habitual splendor of his dreams. But, aside from his peculiar temperament and the immense quantities of opium which he took, De Quincey refers the "vast clouds of gloomy grandeur," which overhung his dreams at all stages of the indulgence, in part to the experiences of his childhood. The solitude in which much of it was spent, and the preternatural development of his intellect and imagination, drove for him, as he says, a shaft into the worlds of death and darkness, which was never again closed, and through which he ascended and descended at will. The circumstance which made the greatest impression on his tender mind was the death of a sister, two years older than himself, when he was but six years of age. Once before death had snatched away a sister, but he was too young to understand the significance of the event; he was sad because of her absence, but "summer and winter came again — crocuses and roses: why not little Jane?" Now it was far otherwise; little Jane had not returned; and it was God's thunderbolt launched at his heart when another was added to

"The loved, the lost, the distant, and the dead."

The day after her death he formed a plan for seeing her once more. It was high noon, the sun "showering down torrents of splendor," when he stole up into her chamber. The bed had been moved, and nothing met his eyes but a large open window, and, as he gazed through it upon a cloudless sky, to him "the blue depths seemed express types of infinity; and it was not possible for eye to behold or for heart to conceive any symbols more pathetic of life and the

glory of life." He turned from the gorgeous sunlight to the corpse ; in his heart, as Carlyle has it, "there lay a whole lake of tears, pent up in silent desolation ;" he stood there, awed but not afraid, looking upon the sweet childish figure — "the marble lips, the stiffening hands laid palm to palm, as if repeating the supplications of closing anguish," — and while he stood, "a solemn wind began to blow — the most solemn that ear ever heard. . . . *It was a wind that had swept the fields of mortality for a hundred centuries.*" And, as the "hollow, solemn, Memnonian, but saintly swell" vibrated through all his being, he fell into a trance. "A vault," he says, "seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft which ran up forever. I, in spirit, rose as if on billows that also ran up forever ; and the billows seemed to pursue the throne of God ; but *that* also ran before us and fled away continually. The flight and the pursuit seemed to go on forever and ever. Frost, gathering frost, some Sarsar wind of death, seemed to repel me ; I slept — for how long I can not say : slowly I recovered my self-possession, and found myself standing, as before, close to my sister's bed." Nursing a mighty grief, the child secluded himself more and more, — marrying, with every opportunity, the dumb sorrow of his heart to the silence of sequestered nooks. Of course, the dreamy faculty was stimulated by these means into abnormal activity.

On Sunday mornings he was regularly taken to one of those grand old English churches, "having aisles, galleries, organs, all things ancient and venerable, and the proportions majestic." Here he was always greatly affected by those beautiful passages in the litany where God is supplicated on behalf of young children, of all who are sick or in bonds. On sunny days he would lift his streaming eyes to the windows of the galleries, where the glad sunbeams played through "the deep purples and crimsons" of the storied glass — "emblazonries of heavenly illumination mingling with the earthly emblazonries of what is grandest in man" — and, while his imagination was steeped in these sublime representations of earth-trampling apostles and martyrs, there would come to him, "through the wide central field of the windows, where the glass was uncolored," visions of immortal grandeur and beauty ; "white fleecy clouds sailing over the azure depths of the sky ;" clouds which grew and shaped themselves into "visions of beds with white lawny curtains ; and in the beds lay sick children,

dying children, that were tossing in anguish, and weeping clamorously for death." It seemed to him that "God, for some mysterious reason, could not suddenly release them from their pain; but he suffered the beds . . . to rise slowly through the clouds; slowly the beds ascended into the chambers of the air; slowly, also, his arms descended from the heavens, that He and His young children, whom in Judea, once and forever, He had blessed, though they *must* pass slowly through the dreadful chasm of separation, might yet meet the sooner."

A vision more touchingly beautiful than this it is scarcely possible to imagine. Yet it was entirely independent and self-sustained, as were all such, suggested only by the plaintive reading of the litany, the painted windows, and the little clouds. The music had its own peculiar effect: his soul, borne through the riven walls of sense, would mount upon the grand crescendos of the organ until it soared triumphantly among

— "the sailless worlds, which navigate
Th' unutterable deep that hath no shore."

Such was the nature of the organization which made De Quincey an opium-eater; and these and similar experiences peopled the dreams of more than half a century. It was in 1804 that, having suffered excruciating rheumatic pains in the head and face for three weeks, he took a dose of opium, at the recommendation of a college acquaintance, and in an hour not only had the pains vanished, but the tremendous secret of that "happiness which can be bought for a penny and carried in the waistcoat-pocket," was discovered. From that time forward he ate or drank opium constantly, but for the first eight years with some degree of moderation; like a certain Duke of whom he speaks, who used to say, "Next Friday, by the blessing of Heaven, I purpose to be drunk," De Quincey also would fix beforehand how often and when he would debauch himself. But the habit grew upon him, and for more than three years he consumed eight thousand drops of laudanum per diem. During this latter period, having arrived at an "Iliad of woes," he lived mainly in the nether deeps of an imagination frightfully diseased. His volition was paralyzed—he had outraged the majesty of his soul, and the curse of the Everlasting Jew was upon him; he was driven forth from the sweet city of Peace to an endless pilgrimage of sorrow; insatiable desire was

— “aye entempesting anew
The unfathomable hell within.”

That, distorting the intellect and imagination, it also distorts the moral perceptions and dries up the fountains of moral energy, is the greatest curse of opium indulgence; the soul lives on under the mighty bereavement, but, weeping amidst her orphaned faculties, she cries aloud in the extremity of her anguish that it were better far to have died. Like a ruined city, among whose prostrate domes wander the silent ghosts of the past, the majestic ruins of De Quincey's mind were haunted by “vast processions” which “passed along in mournful pomp; friezes of never-ending stories, that [to his feelings] were sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before *Œdipus* or *Priam*, before *Tyre*, before *Memphis*.” Every night he seemed to descend, not metaphorically, he says, but literally, into chasms and sunless abysses, depth below depth, from which it seemed impossible ever to reascend; nor when awake did he feel that he had reascended.

His mind had now become the unwilling theatre of the most frightful imagery; he was “stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys,” and “kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, among reeds and Nilotic mud.” He was fixed for centuries on the summits of Chinese pagodas, and “buried for thousands of years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids.” But more horrible than all the rest was the tyranny of the human face; he was surrounded by seas which appeared “paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens—faces imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries;” his agitation at such moments was indescribable—his mind “tossed and surged with the ocean.”

Three times did De Quincey succeed in throwing off the horrid enthrallment of opium, and thrice was he again trampled ignominiously into servitude; and though we were led nearly forty years ago to believe that he had entirely overcome this degrading habit, he was to the day of his death almost as much its slave as ever. Have we not in him, and also in Coleridge, ever memorable proofs of the awful fascinations and despotism of this wonderful drug? If this be its influence upon gifted and highly cultivated men, how terrible must it be among those rude and barbaric millions who are re-

strained neither by the blessed light of reason, nor the holy influences of the Christian religion. Indeed, we are not left to speculate upon its effects there. So necessary do opium excitements become to the Theriakis of Constantinople, that when the drug in its usual form has lost its original power over their systems, they mix it with corrosive sublimate, even to the extent of ten grains per diem, in order to give it greater potency. "The Javanese," says Lord Macartney, "under an extraordinary dose of opium, become frantic as well as desperate. They acquire an artificial courage; and, when suffering from misfortune and disappointment, they not only stab the objects of their hate, but sally forth to attack in like manner every person they meet, till self-preservation renders it necessary to destroy them." It is said that they shout, as they run, "Amok, amok" (kill, kill); hence the phrase, *running a-muck*. There is a story of a Javanese who ran a-muck along the streets of Batavia, and, having killed several persons, a soldier at last run him through with his pike. The man, however, had become so infuriated by the drug that he pressed himself forward on the pike, stabbed his adversary, and they expired together.

Are there any advantages to the man of letters resulting from the use of opium?—do not the benefits overbalance the injuries? These are pertinent questions, and demand candid consideration; for if answered in the affirmative, a plausible reason for its use will at once be furnished. Opium, unquestionably, stimulates the imagination—*lashes it*, as it were, into preternatural activity; but it never imparts power! Whipping a horse gives him no additional strength, but only causes him to make larger drafts on that which he already possesses, and sooner to exhaust the original capital. Thus it is with opium.

It never makes an unimaginative man imaginative. Let the lion provide never so splendid a banquet, the hogs he invites will always cry clamorously for grains. The phantasmagoric splendors which opium revealed in De Quincey were the result of his own inherent power, unduly and unnaturally excited, and are useful only as they furnish data for a wider induction on the morbid anatomy of the human mind.

Besides destroying the nervous system, and paralyzing the energies, opium destroys the power to think consecutively, and is fatal to all intellectual system and order. Where the imagination is powerful, it is made to bring forth in such abundance that amid the

sphinxine wanderings of its metaphors "all comprehension wanders lost." The rhetoric of the late Rufus Choate, who, unfortunately, was addicted to opium-eating, was greatly vitiated in consequence; and the writings of De Quincey are not wholly free from the same stain.

[To be continued.]

DESOR ON PARKER.

WE are enabled through the kindness of Mr. Josiah D. Whitney, the geologist, to lay before the readers of the *Dial* the following extracts from a private letter to him from the distinguished naturalist of Neufchatel. It was when Desor was in this country, some ten years ago, that the intimate friendship between him and Theodore Parker was formed, which lasted until he followed the remains of the great American to their resting-place. The letter serves also to show the tendencies of the scientific mind of Europe in the matter of religion.

NEUFCHATEL, 10th June, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—It requires some time for the head and heart to settle again after they have been shaken so deeply as mine have been of late. You understand that I mean to speak of the death of our dear friend, Theodore Parker. Moleschott writes, "with him a column of humanity has fallen down;" and this is true. There will be a long time before another Theodore Parker arises. But his work, though unfinished, will not be lost: his writings will remain a living fountain for many who are thirsty for truth and righteousness. To me his death has been a hard blow. I went to Italy with the hope and prospect of meeting him at Rome and of going thence with him on an excursion to Naples and Vesuvius, which he refused to visit during the winter because he wanted to see it with me. From thence we were to return to Florence, stay a short time about the Italian Lakes, for the purpose of searching for subaquatic (Celtic) habitations, in which he had become quite interested, then come over to my chalet and stay until Autumn, when he expected to return to New England. Instead of that, I found him very weak,—he had been failing rapidly for several weeks; and the idea of an excursion to Naples had to be given up at once. He had hardly strength to ride some two or three times with me to visit the chief monuments of the Eternal City. Of course, he could not fail to become aware of his declin-

ing condition ; and all at once his mind became engrossed with one idea, that of leaving Rome as soon as possible, because he could not bear the idea of laying **his** bones in the cursed soil. It was a trying case, for I did not feel at all sure that he could ever reach Florence ; but he was bent upon going, in spite of rain and wind. Dr. Appleton, of Boston, who had attended him regularly, went so far in his kindness towards Mr. Parker as to accompany us ; he also provided for the carriage, the passports, and all the little comforts that might be necessary on the journey. Thus we started on the 20th of April,—Mr. and Mrs. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Appleton, and myself, with a vetturino,—for Florence. He declared that he had “decided upon reaching Florence ;” that he had “wound himself up to the task, and would get there,” but after that he did not promise anything at all. It was the last effort of his strong, energetic mind. So it happened. But the effort he had to make was followed by a great prostration. As soon as we arrived he went to bed, not to rise again. He at the same time lost the control of his mind, which, with the exception of a few lucid intervals, was more or less wandering all the time. In one of these lucid intervals he asked for me, and gave me the direction for his burial (which has been followed), observing that he hoped it would soon be over,—but did no longer express any regret about his unfinished work. He seemed perfectly resigned. This was the last time he spoke to us in a perfectly lucid way. Still he always recognized his friends, though he was unconscious of the places—he mostly thought himself at Boston, or on board the steamer on his way home. I have tried to cheer him as much as I could. His wife never left him an instant. Miss Stevenson had left him a short time before my arrival, but came back when informed of his failing. His death was a very quiet, and, I dare say, unconscious one : his wife did not become aware of it for a time after his breath came no longer. * * *

I hastened off as soon as possible, and sought some distraction among the collections of Boulogne, Milan and Turin. It is a hard experience of advancing age that we must see all those who were dear to us disappear, one after the other, at a period of life when we have no longer the required adaptiveness to form new friends.

* * * * *

Last summer, when at my chalet, at the occasion of the death of my friend K  chler, with whom he had been staying some time,

we decided together that we should write a kind of album dedicated to his memory, and in which all those assembled at Combe-Varia should take part. Mr. Parker promised two articles, one on the Teutonic races, the other a fine irony upon the pretensions of some modern naturalists (of the Bridgewater school)—“A Bumble-Bee’s Thoughts on the Plan and Purpose of Creation.” The first was not written out, but the latter has just gone through the press; it is, therefore, Theodore Parker’s last production, and will be the jewel of the Album. I have given direction to the printer to send several copies to America. The publication of the Album must, of course, be somewhat postponed in order to enable me to write a short notice of Mr. Parker. The Album will now be called *Ein Nachruf an Parker und Kuchler*.

Will not the scientific and literary bodies of the United States feel ashamed now for the manner in which they have treated the man who, after a short time, will outweigh them all—the noblest specimen of American scholarship that ever lived? Had he lived but two months longer I would have secured for him the Secular Doctorship at the Jubilee of the University of Basle, to be celebrated next month.

LOVE.

I THINK that Love makes all things musical:
I think that, touched by its deep spiritual breaths,
Our barren lives to blossoming lyrics swell,
And new births, shining upward from old deaths,
Clasp dark glooms with white glories. Thus, to-day,
Watching the simple people in the street,
I thought the lingering and the passing feet
Moved to a delicate sense of rythm alway,
And that I heard the yearning faces say,
“Soul, sing me this new Song.” The very leaves
Throbbled grand pulsations of an audible tune;
And when a warm shower wet the roofs at noon,
Low melodies seemed to slide down from the eaves
Dying delicious in a dreamy swoon.

URSULA.

BY HONORE DE BALZAC.

CHAPTER V.

MADAME DE PORTENDUERE, alone with the curate in her cold little parlor on the ground floor, had at last confided her griefs to this good priest, her only friend. She held in her hand the letters which the Abbé Chaperon had just returned her, after having read them, and which sharpened her anguish to the highest point. Seated in her *bergère*, on one side of the square table where the remains of the dessert were seen, the old lady looked at the curate, who, on the other side, drawn up in his arm-chair, caressed his chin with that gesture common to valets on the stage, to mathematicians, to priests, and which betrays meditation on a difficult problem.

This little parlor, lighted by two windows upon the street and adorned with a carved wood-work painted grey, was so damp that the panels below showed the geometrical fissures of rotten wood, when it is only kept together by paint. The tiled floor, red, and rubbed by the old lady's only servant, required before each seat little round stools in *esparto*, on one of which the Abbé held his feet. The curtains, of a light-green old damask with green flowers, were drawn, and the blinds had been closed. Two candles lighted the table, and kept the room not quite dark. Need we say that between the two windows a fine pastil of Latour's showed the famous Admiral de Portenduère, the rival of the Suffren, the Kergarouet, the Guichen, and the Simeuse? On the wood-work in face of the chimney appeared the Vicount de Portenduère and the mother of the old lady, a Kergarouet Ploëgat.

Savinien had, then, for his grandfather the Vice Admiral Kergarouet, and for his cousin the Count de Portenduère, both of them very rich. The Vice Admiral Kergarouet lived in Paris, and the Count de Portenduère at the chateau of that name in Dauphiny. This cousin (the Count) represented the elder branch, and Savinien was the only offset of the cadet branch of the Portenduères. The Count, past forty, who had made a wealthy alliance, had three children. His fortune, augmented by several inheritances, afforded, it was said, an income of sixty thousand francs. Deputy of Isère,

he passed his winters in Paris, where he had repurchased the hotel de Portenduère, with the indemnities secured to him by the law Villèle. Vice Admiral de Kergarouet had recently married his niece, Mademoiselle de Fontaine, simply with the view of securing his fortune to her.

The Vicount's faults must then have lost to him two powerful protectors. Young and a handsome fellow, if Savinien had entered the navy, with his name and supported by an admiral, by a deputy, perhaps at his twenty-third year he would have been already lieutenant. But his mother, opposed to her only son's adopting the profession of arms, had educated him at Nemours, with the aid of Abbé Chaperon's vicar, and had flattered herself with keeping her son near her until her death. She wished to marry him prudently with a demoiselle d'Aiglemont, of twelve thousand francs income, to whose hand the name Portenduère and the farm des Bordières allowed her to pretend. This plan, limited, but safe, and which might raise the family by the second generation, had been baffled by events. The Aiglemonts were then ruined, and one of their daughters (the eldest, Helena,) had disappeared without this mystery having ever been explained by the family. The ennui of a life without air, without issue and without action, without other aliment than the love of sons for their mothers, rendered Savinien so impatient that he broke his chains, gentle as they were, and swore never to live in a country town, comprehending rather late that his future did not lie in the street des Bourgeois. At the age of twenty-one he had, then, left his mother to claim recognition by his relatives and try his fortune at Paris. It must have been a fatal contrast which life at Nemours and life at Paris presented to a young man of twenty-one, free, without any one to control him, famished for pleasures, and for whom the name of Portenduère and his rich relationship opened the best society. Certain that his mother was keeping her economies of twenty years amassed in some cachette, Savinien had soon expended the six thousand francs that she had given him to see Paris. This sum did not defray his first six months, and he then owed twice as much to his hotel, to his tailor, to his boot-maker, to his livery-stable, to a jeweler, to all those ornamental trades which gravitate like satellites around the stars of young ambition. He had hardly succeeded in making himself known, hardly knew how to converse, how to present himself, to wear his waistcoats and to choose them, to order his coats

and tie his cravat, before he found himself at the head of thirty thousand francs of liabilities, and was still at a loss for a delicate style of declaring his love to the sister of the Marquis de Rongue-rolles, Madame de Sérizy, an elegant woman, but whose youth had shone under the Empire.

"How did you manage, young lions," said Savinien, one day, in after-breakfast chat, to some young men of fashion with whom he had formed that sort of attachment which grows up among those whose pretensions are in all respects similar, and who claim an impossible equality. "You were no richer than I am. Now, you move without cares — you maintain yourselves, and I have already debts!"

"We all began that way," gaily said Rastignac, Lucien de Rubempré, Maxime de Trailles, Emile Blondet — the dandies of the day.

"If De Marsay found himself rich at the outset of life, it is a chance," said the amphitryon, a *parvenu* named Finot, who was trying to make his way among these young gents. "And had he not been himself," he added, bowing, "his fortune might have ruined him."

"That is the word," said Maxime de Trailles.

"And the idea, also," said Rastignac.

"My dear," gravely said De Marsay to Savinien, "debts are the order on experience. A good education at the university with masters of the polite and the impolite, costs sixty thousand francs. If education by the world costs twice as much, it teaches you life, business, politics, men, and sometimes women."

Blondet finished this lesson by rendering thus a verse of La Fontaine's:

"The world sells very dear what we think it gives!"

Instead of reflecting on the sensible things that these ablest pilots of the Parisian archipelago said to him, Savinien found only pleasantries in them.

"Take care, my dear," said De Marsay to him; "you have a fine name, and if you do not acquire the fortune that your name bespeaks, you may go and end your days under a quartermaster's dress in a regiment of cavalry.

"Nous avons vu tomber de plus illustres tête!" *

* We have seen more illustrious heads than yours fall.

said he, declaiming this verse of Corneille, and taking Savinien's arm. "There came to us," resumed he, "it will soon now be six years, a young Count d'Esgrignon, who did not live more than two years in the paradise of the great world! Alas, he has risen like the rockets. He raised himself up to the Duchess de Maufrigneuse and he fell back into his natal town, where he expiates his faults between an old father with a chronic catarrh and a game of whist at two sous the rubber. Tell your situation to Madame de Sérizy quite openly, without shame,—she will be very useful to you; whilst if you play the charade of the first love with her, she will attitudinize like Raphael's Madonna, will play games of innocence, and cause you to travel at great expense in the country of the Tender."

Savinien still too young, all for the pure honor of the gentleman, durst not confess his position of fortune to Madame de Sérizy. Madame de Portenduère, at a moment when her son knew not which plank to try, sent twenty thousand francs, all that she possessed, upon a letter in which Savinien, instructed by his friends in the artillery of missiles directed by children against the paternal strong boxes, spoke of bills to pay and of the dishonor of allowing his signature to be protested. With this aid he reached the end of the first year. During the second, attached to the car of Madame de Sérizy, who was seriously smitten with him, and who besides was *forming* him, he employed the dangerous resource of usurers.

A deputy, one of his friends, a friend of his cousin De Portenduère, Des Lupeaux, referred him, one day of distress, to Gobseck, to Gigonnet, and to Palma; who, well and duly informed of the value of his mother's property, rendered the discount of it light and easy to him. The usurer and the deceptive aid of notes renewed allowed him to lead a happy life during about eighteen months. Without daring to leave Madame de Sérizy, the poor child became madly in love with the beautiful Countess de Kergarouet, a prude, like all young persons who are expecting the death of an old husband, and who ably carry over the credit of their virtue to a second marriage. Incapable of understanding that a calculated virtue is invincible, Savinien paid court to Emilie de Kergarouet in the grand style of a rich man: he missed no ball or theatrical performance where her presence was expected.

"My little one, you have not powder enough to spring that rock," said De Marsay, laughing.

This young king of the Parisian fashions in vain from compassion explained Emilie de Fontaine to this child. The dark lantern of misfortune and the gloom of the prison were needed to enlighten Savinien. A note of hand imprudently given to a jeweler in agreement with the usurers, who wished to avoid the odium of the arrest, caused Savinien to be locked up in Sainte-Pélagie without the knowledge of his friends. As soon as this was known to Rastignac, to De Marsay and to Lucien de Rubempré, they all three went to see Savinien, and offered each a note of one thousand francs, as they found him destitute of everything. His valet de chambre, bribed by two creditors, had indicated the secret apartment where Savinien lodged, and all there had been seized, except the clothes and the few jewels which he wore. The three young men, provided with an excellent dinner and drinking sherry wine which De Marsay had brought, informed themselves of Savinien's situation, apparently in order to organize his future, but doubtless in order to judge him.

"When one's name is Savinien de Portenduère," observed Rastignac, "when one's cousin is a prospective peer of France and one's grand-uncle the Admiral Kergarouet, if one commits the enormous fault of letting oneself be shut up at Sainte-Pélagie, one must not remain there, my dear!"

"Why not have mentioned it to me?" exclaimed De Marsay. "You had at your orders my traveling carriage, ten thousand francs, and letters for Germany. We know Gobseck, Gigonnet, and other crocodiles; we would have made them capitulate. And first, what ass has led you to drink at this fatal spring?"

"Des Lupeaux."

The three young men looked at each other, communicating thus the same thought, a suspicion, but without expressing it.

"Explain to me your resources—show me your game," asked De Marsay.

When Savinien had depicted his mother, her cockle-shell caps, her little house with three windows in the street des Bourgeois, without any other garden than a court, with a well and a woodshed,—when he had cyphered up to them the value of this stone house and of the farm des Bordières, the three dandies looked at each other and uttered with a profound air the word of the abbé in the *Chestnuts in the Fire* of Alfred de Musset, whose Spanish Tales had just appeared: "Sad!"

"Your mother will pay upon an ably written letter," said Rastignac.

"Yes — but afterwards ?" exclaimed De Marsay.

"If you had only been put in the hackney-coach," said Lucien, "the king's government would make you a place in the diplomacy ; but Sainte-Pélagie is not the antechamber of an embassy."

"You are not strong enough for the life of Paris," said Rastignac.

"Let us see !" resumed De Marsay, who measured Savinien as a jockey estimates a horse. "You have full blue eyes, well cleft ; you have a fair brow well drawn, magnificent black hair, small mustachios that sit well on your pale cheek, and a lithe form ; you have a foot that shows blood, shoulders and a chest not too much like a porter's, and yet solid. You are what I call an elegant brown. Your face is in the style of Louis XIII., little color, a well-formed nose, and you have, moreover, what pleases women—a something undefinable of which men take no account themselves, and which belongs to the air, to the step, to the sound of the voice, to the ray of the eye, to the gesture, to a number of little things which women see and to which they attach a certain sense that escapes us. You do not know yourself, my dear. With a little management, in six months' time you would enchant an English-woman with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, especially in taking the title of Vicount de Portenduère, to which you have a right. My charming mother-in-law, Lady Dudley, who has not her equal for skewering two hearts, would discover her for you in some of the alluvion lands of Great Britain. But you must contrive to get the payment of your debts deferred for ninety days by a manœuvre of high banking. Why have you left me in the dark ? At Baden, the usurers would have respected you—served you, perhaps ; but after having put you in prison, they despise you. The usurer is like society, like the people, on his knees before the man strong enough to make game of him, and without pity for the lambs. In the eyes of certain folk Sainte-Pélagie is a deviless that furiously singes the souls of young men. Will you have my advice, my dear child ? I will say to you as to the little D'Esgrignon : Pay your debts with moderation, keeping enough to live on three years, and marry in the country the first girl who shall have an income of thirty thousand francs. In three years you will have found some discreet heiress that would like to be called Madame

de Portenduère. Such is the course of wisdom. Let us drink, then. I give you this toast: To the golden girl!"

The young men did not leave their ex-friend until the official hour of leave-taking, and on the door-sill they said to themselves, "He is not strong—he is much depressed! Will he recover himself?"

The next day Savinien wrote to his mother a general confession, in twenty-two pages.

After having wept a whole day, Madame Portenduère wrote first to her son, promising to get him out of prison; then to the Counts of Portenduère and of Kergarouet.

The letters which the curate had just read, and which the poor mother held in her hand wet with her tears, had arrived that very morning, and had broken her heart.

PARIS, September, 1829.

To Madame de Portenduère.

Madame.—You can not doubt the interest which the Admiral and I take in your troubles. What you ask of M. de Kergarouet affects me the more because my house was your son's—we were proud of him. If Savinien had placed more confidence in the Admiral, we would have taken him with us: he would already have been suitably placed; but he said nothing to us, the unfortunate child! The Admiral could not pay a hundred thousand francs; he is himself in debt, and has incurred onerous responsibilities on my account, while I knew nothing of his pecuniary position. He is so much the more distressed by this as Savinien has for the moment tied our hands, in allowing himself to be arrested. If my handsome nephew had not had for me I know not what madcap fancy, which stifled the voice of the relative under the pride of the lover, we should have made him travel in Germany while his affairs were being settled here. M. de Kergarouet might have asked a place for his grand-nephew in the bureaux of the navy department; but an imprisonment for debt will doubtless paralyse the Admiral's steps. Pay Savinien's debts; let him serve in the navy: he will make his way like a true Portenduère—he has their fire in his fine black eyes, and we will all help him.

Do not, then, despair, madame; you have still friends, among the number of whom I wish to be comprised as one of the most sincere. Accept with my vows for the future of Savinien the respects of your very affectionate servant,

EMILIE DE KERGAROUET.

PORTENDUÈRE, August, 1829.

To Madame de Portenduère.

My dear Aunt.—I am vexed, as well as sorry, for Savinien's escapades. Married, the father of two sons and a daughter, my fortune, already so moderate relatively to my position and hopes, does not allow me to lessen it by a sum of one hundred thousand francs to ransom a Portenduère from the grip of the Lombards. Sell your farm, pay his debts, and come to Portenduère: you will find there the welcome that we owe you, even were our hearts not already entirely yours. You will live happily, and we shall find a match for Savinien, whom my

wife thinks charming. This freak is nothing; do not vainly affect yourself, it will never be known in our province. We know several very rich girls who will be enchanted to belong to our family.

My wife joins me in assuring you of the joy that you will give us, and asks you to accept her vows for the realization of this plan.

With our affectionate respects,

LUC SAVINIEN, Count de Portenduère.

"What letters for a Kergarouet," cried the old Bretonne, wiping her eyes.

"The Admiral does not know that his nephew is in prison," said the Abbé Chaperon, at last. "Only the Countess has read your letter, and has replied to it. . . . But we must take our part," he resumed, after a pause, "and this is what I have the honor of advising you. Do not sell your farm. The lease is expiring after a term of twenty-four years. In a few months you can rent it at six thousand francs and stipulate for a handsome bonus. Borrow from an honest man, and not from the people in town who trade in mortgages. Your neighbor is a worthy man—a man of good company, who has seen the world before the revolution."



THE CATHOLIC CHAPTER.

ALCOTT'S ORPHIC SAYINGS.

Enthusiasm.

BELIEVE, youth, that your heart is an oracle; trust her instinctive auguries, obey her divine leadings; nor listen too fondly to the uncertain echoes of your head. The heart is the prophet of your soul, and ever fulfils her prophecies; reason is her historian; but for the prophecy the history would not be. Great is the heart: cherish her; she is big with the future, she forbodes renovations. Let the flame of enthusiasm fire alway your bosom. Enthusiasm is the glory and hope of the world. It is the life of sanctity and genius; it has wrought all miracles since the beginning of time.

Immortality.

The grander my conception of being, the nobler my future. There can be no sublimity of life without faith in the soul's eternity. Let me live superior to sense and custom, vigilant alway, and I shall experience my divinity; my hope will be infinite, nor shall the

universe contain, or content me. But if I creep daily from the haunts of an ignoble past, like a beast from his burrow, neither earth nor sky, man nor God, shall appear desirable or glorious ; my life shall be loathsome to me, my future reflect my fears. He alone who lives nobly, oversees his own being, believes all things, and partakes of the eternity of God.

Hope.

Hope deifies man ; it is the apotheosis of the soul, the prophecy and fulfilment of her destinies. The nobler her aspirations, the sublimer her conceptions of the Godhead. As the man, so his God : God is his idea of excellence, the complement of his own being.

Vocation.

Engage in nothing that cripples or degrades you. Your first duty is self-culture, self-exaltation : you may not violate this high trust. Your self is sacred, profane it not. Forge no chains wherewith to shackle your own members. Either subordinate your vocation to your life, or quit it forever : it is not for you ; it is condemnation of your own soul. Your influence on others is commensurate with the strength that you have found in yourself. First cast the demons from your own bosom, and then shall your word exorcise them from the hearts of others.

Sensualism.

He who marvels at nothing, who feels nothing to be mysterious, but must needs bare all things to sense, lacks both wisdom and piety. Miracle is the mantle in which these venerable natures wrap themselves, and he who seeks curiously to rend this asunder, profanes their sacred countenance to enter by stealth into the Divine presence. Sanctity, like God, is ever mysterious, and all devout souls reverence her. A wonderless age is godless ; an age of reverence, an age of piety and wisdom.

Spiritualism.

Piety is not scientific, yet embosoms the facts that reason develops in scientific order to the understanding. Religion, being a sentiment, is science yet in synthetic relations ; truth yet undetached from love ; thought not yet severed from action. For every fact that eludes the analysis of reason, conscience affirms its root in the supernatural. Every synthetic fact is supernatural and miraculous. Analysis by detecting its law resolves it into science,

and renders it a fact of the understanding. Divinely seen natural facts are symbols of spiritual laws. Miracles are of the heart, not of the head ; indigenous to the soul, not freaks of nature, not growths of history. God, man, nature, are miracles.

Mysticism.

Because the soul is herself mysterious, the saint is a mystic to the wordling. He lives to the soul ; he partakes of her properties, he dwells in her atmosphere of light and hope. But the wordling, living to sense, is identified with the flesh ; he dwells amidst the dust and vapors of his own lusts, which dim his vision and obscure the heavens wherein the saint beholds the face of God.

Aspiration.

The insatiableness of her desires is an augury of the soul's eternity. Yearning for satisfaction, yet ever balked of it from temporal things, she still prosecutes her search for it, and her faith remains unshaken amidst constant disappointments. She would breathe life, organize light ; her hope is eternal ; a never-ending, still-beginning quest of the Godhead in her own bosom ; a perpetual effort to actualize her divinity in time. Intact, aspirant, she feels the appulses of both spiritual and material things ; she would appropriate the realm she inherits by virtue of her incarnation : infinite appetencies direct all her members on finite things ; her vague strivings and Cyclopean motions confess an aim beyond the confines of transitory natures ; she is quivered with heavenly desires ; her quarry is above the stars ; her arrows are snatched from the armory of heaven.

Apotheosis.

Every soul feels at times her own possibility of becoming a God ; she can not rest in the human, she aspires after the Godlike. This instinctive tendency is an authentic augury of its own fulfilment. Men shall become Gods. Every act of admiration, prayer, praise, worship, desire, hope, implies and predicts the future apotheosis of the soul.

Identity and Diversity.

It is the perpetual effort of conscience to divorce the soul from the dominion of sense ; to nullify the dualities of the apparent, and restore the intuition of the real. The soul makes a double statement of all her facts,—to conscience and sense ; reason mediates between the two. Yet though double to sense, she remains single

and one in herself ; one in conscience, many in understanding ; one in life, diverse in function and number. Sense, in its infirmity, breaks this unity to apprehend in part what it can not grasp at once. Understanding notes diversity ; conscience alone divines unity, and integrates all experience in identity of spirit. Number is predicable of body alone, not of spirit.

Discontent.

All life is eternal : there is none other ; and all unrest is but the struggle of the soul to reäsure herself of her inborn immortality ; to recover her lost intuition of the same, by reason of her descent amidst the lusts and worship of the idols of flesh and sense. Her discomfort reveals her lapse from innocence, her loss of the divine presence and favor. Fidelity alone shall instaurate the God-head in her bosom.

Temptation.

Greater is he who is above temptation than he who, being tempted, overcomes. The latter but regains the state from which the former has not fallen. He who is tempted has sinned ; temptation is impossible to the holy.

Choice.

Choice implies apostacy. The pure, unfallen soul is above choice. Her life is unbroken, synthetic ; she is a law to herself, and finds no lusts in her members warring against the instincts of conscience. Sinners choose ; saints act from instinct and intuition : there is no parley of alien forces in their being.

Instinct and Reason.

Innocent, the soul is quick with instincts of unerring aim ; then she knows by intuition what lapsed reason defines by laborious inference ; her appetites and affections are direct and trustworthy. Reason is the left hand of instinct ; it is tardy, awkward,—but the right is ready and dextrous. By reasoning the soul strives to recover her lost intuitions ; groping amidst the obscure darkness of sense, by means of the fingers of logic, for treasures present alway and available to the eye of conscience. Sinners must needs reason, saints behold.

Speech.

There is a magic in free speaking, especially on sacred themes, most potent and resistless. It is refreshing, amidst the inane common-places bandied in pulpits and parlors, to hear a hopeful

word from an earnest, upright soul. Men rally around it as to the lattice in summer heats, to inhale the breeze that flows cool and refreshing from the mountains, and invigorates their languid frames. Once heard, they feel a buoyant sense of health and hopefulness, and wonder that they should have lain sick, supine so long, when a word has power to raise them from their couch and restore them to soundness. And once spoken, it shall never be forgotten; it charms, exalts; it visits them in dreams and haunts them during all their wakeful hours. Great, indeed, is the delight of speech; sweet the sound of one's bosom thought, as it returns laden with the fragrance of a brother's approval.

Theocracy.

In the theocracy of the soul majorities do not rule. God and the saints; against them the rabble of sinners, with clamorous voices and uplifted hand, striving to silence the oracle of the private heart. Beelzebub marshals majorities. Prophets and reformers are alway special enemies of his and his minions. Multitudes ever lie. Every age is a Judas, and betrays its Messiahs into the hands of the multitude. The voice of the private, not popular heart, is alone authentic.

Thought and Action.

Great thoughts exalt and deify the thinker; still more ennobling is the effect of great deeds on the actor. The dilation and joy of the soul at these visitations of God is like that of the invalid, again inhaling the mountain breeze after long confinement in chambers; she feels herself a noble bird whose eyrie is in the empyrean; that she is made to bathe her bosom and plume herself in the ether of thought; to soar and sing amidst the seraphim, beholding the faces of Apollo and Jove.

Originality.

Most men are on the ebb: but now and then a man comes riding down sublimely in high hope from God on the flood-tide of the soul, as she sets into the coasts of time, submerging old landmarks, and laying waste the labors of centuries. A new man wears channels broad and deep into the banks of the ages; he washes away ancient boundaries, and sets afloat institutions, creeds, usages which clog the ever-flowing Present, stranding them on the shores of the Past. Such deluge is the harbinger of a new world and a renovated age. Hope builds an ark; the dove broods over the assuaged waters; the bow of promise gilds the east; the world is again repeopled

and replanted. Yet the sons of genius alone venture into the ark : while most pass the rather down the sluggish stream of usage into the turbid pool of oblivion. Thitherward the retreating tide rolls, and wafted by the gales of inglorious ease, or urged by the winds of passion, they glide down the Lethean waters, and are not. Only the noble and heroic outlive in time their exit from it.

Conscience.

Ever present, potent, vigilant, in the breast of man, there is that which never became a party in his guilt, never consented to a wrong deed, nor performed one, but holds itself above all sin, impeccable, immaculate, immutable, the deity of the heart, the conscience of the soul, the oracle and interpreter, the judge and executor of the divine law.

Action.

Action translates death into life ; fable into variety ; speculation into experience ; freeing man from the sorceries of tradition and the torpor of habit. The eternal scripture is thus expurgated of the falsehoods interpolated into it by the supineness of the ages. Action meditates between conscience and sense : it is the gospel of the understanding.

Valor.

The world, the state, the church, stand in awe of a man of probity and valor. He threatens their order and perpetuity : an unknown might slumbers in him ; he is an augury of revolutions. Out of the invisible God, he comes to abide awhile amongst men ; yet neither men nor time shall remain as at his advent. He is a creative element, and revises men, times, life itself. A new world preëxists in his ideal. He overlives, outlives, eternizes the ages, and reports to all men the will of the divinity whom he serves.

Each and All.

Life eludes all scientific analysis. Each organ and function is modified in substance and varied in effect, by the subtle energy which pulsates throughout the whole economy of things, spiritual and corporeal. The each is instinct with the all ; the all unfolds and reappears in each. Spirit is all in all. God, man, nature, are a divine synthesis, whose parts it is impiety to sunder. Genius must preside devoutly over all investigations, or analysis with her murderous knife will seek impiously to probe the vitals of being.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Lucile. By OWEN MEREDITH, author of "The Wanderer," "Clytemnestra," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

A beautiful love-story, told in verse,—and very exquisite verse some of it is. It is such a book as one likes to have near to commune with, and derive constant pleasure from, as from a gentle, loving man who has seen much sorrow, but has learned much wisdom through sorrow. Owen Meredith seems to have studied both nature and man deeply, and with a clear, loving eye. His descriptions of scenery are vivid and picturesque, and his men and women have a reality about them rarely found in novels. There is no dreadful villain, and no godlike hero in the book, but the characters are strongly drawn, with great capabilities for both good and evil. The moral reflections are sound, healthy, and full of faith in purity and goodness. The leading idea of the book is the purifying influence of sorrow when received in the right spirit.

There are many beautiful passages which we would like to quote, but must confine ourselves to one:

"The mission of genius on earth! To uplift,
Purify, and confirm by its own gracious gift,
The world, in despite of the world's dull endeavor
To degrade, and drag down and depress it forever.
The mission of genius: to watch, and to wait,
To renew, to redeem, and to regenerate.
The mission of woman on earth! to give birth
To the mercy of Heaven descending on earth.
The mission of woman: permitted to brulce
The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,
Through the sorrow and sin of earth's registered curse,
The blessing which mitigates all: born to nurse,
And to soothe, and to solace, to help, and to heal
The sick world that leans on her. This was Lucile."

The interest in the story is admirably sustained throughout, and you close the book with the feeling that you have a new and valued friend, whom you would like often to meet.

Christ the Spirit: being an attempt to state the Primitive View of Christianity. By the author of "Remarks on Alchemy and the Alchemists," and "Swedenborg a Hermetic Philosopher." St. Louis, Mo.: L. Bushnell. 1860.

The beauty of Peace in a nation never shines out more than in a new and happy direction given to materials and forces which in war are committed to the work of chaos and deformity. In this country, since the outrage upon Mexico, a healthy recoil from war has prevailed to escape all the causes of contention which demagogues have sought to create for their own ends; and in this interval we have seen, with pride, our navy employed on the seas for exploration, for scientific observations, and other high objects,—giving us, instead of charts of campaigns, charts of the winds and the Gulf-Stream. Our army officers have had time to superintend the building of light-houses, the coast survey; and many of them have given most valued contributions to general science. But not often have we the pleasure to gain from the world militant a great and clear survey of Spiritual Shores, or light-houses along the perilous coasts of Theology.

Col. Ethan Allen Hitchcock, late of the United States Army, is, we are told on good authority, the author of this fresh and significant voice from the West, which comes in the form of the work named above.

We have long been awaiting some work of this kind. The human mind has been long moving by the "inevitable logic of events" toward the Western Methods of Thought: it is plain that the vague, dreamy, credulous Orient can not satisfy it, — that its mirage-forms, however gorgeous, can not stand for that "city that hath foundations" which we seek. Yet the essential Christ is so definitely a universal formation — whether known as Messiah, Chreeshna or Christ — that to yield Christianity would be like losing oxygen out of the atmosphere. The work of Emanuel Swedenborg was a brave, but almost a violent effort to harmonize this heart-logic and head-logic; if he had not thought it necessary to build his Kosmos on the Bible, his effort would have been successful: as it is, his work has already taken its place in the philosophic world as a transition-movement, not meant to mark a regular reign, any more than fishes with reptilian appearances which precede the reign of reptiles.

But in the work before us we have a pretty fair outline, at least, of what the new creature is to be. With a profound but cautious respect for human scriptures and reverences, — a clear perception that where there is a highway there is (or was) a reason for there being a highway, — our author kindly challenges all literalisms and form-worship. It is clear that he sees the Church, in its dating from the letter, to be much like that Chinaman who heard some of Esop's fables read in England, then returned from that country and announced to the astonished Celestials that the English believed that foxes, wolves and crows could converse with the ease of human beings!

The point where Common Sense comes to an obstinate pause is well presented by our author, as follows:

"It is impossible for any rational inquirer to observe this negative testimony against the reality of the history of Jesus, and not be struck with it. This, in connection with the absence of all allusion to so extraordinary a person by the contemporary Greek and Roman historians, makes it almost certain that there could have been no such miraculously endowed person. We look in vain for any contemporary notice of the gospels, or of their authors, or even of the subject of the gospels, *CHRIST* himself — I mean outside of the New Testament itself. 'The most remarkable man the world ever saw, lived, wrought miracles, and was publicly crucified at or in the vicinity of a great city;' and no profane historian makes the least mention of him, until his history has become a tradition."

Common Sense has a right to demand that it shall be met at this point.

What shall we reply who know no in-fidelity but unfaithfulness? We simply agree that there was no *such* Christ; but that there was a much greater one we find in the very absence of personal details. Who can tell whether Orpheus, who first gave laws to Greece, or Romulus, who founded Rome? Of how many butchers of men in ancient Greece can you give me details; and what of their greatest man, Homer? Of Jonson, of Beaumont, of Bacon, I have biographers; but where is any of the great Shakespeare? The really great men have something better to do on earth than draw attention to *themselves*: they live only in their work; the incidents of their lives are revolutions; the smallest part of them is that which can be located or dated in any place or generation. It is a sublime circumstance that the greatest worker should be least known. It is in consistency with what he says of himself: "Of myself I can do nothing;" "I bear no witness of myself."

And here is really the key-note of "Christ the Spirit." It sees a Principle where the vulgar see a person; it knows nothing of Jesus, everything of Christ. Adam, Moses, Christ, are bosom experiences; and through many ages they slowly wrote their symbolic names on the heart of Man. "Except from some such view as this the Bible does not seem to speak to me; but from this principle I find in the sacred volume inex-

haustible treasures. It is a study of life and for life. It is a sacred volume speaking of and to the nature of man. Its principles are within us, and, as we see them truly, we are assisted to the knowledge of ourselves, which has always been considered an attainment of the highest worth."

The aim of this work is precisely that which the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews had in view of the difficulties which beset the presentation of Christianity to the Jews. The vitality, the fervor which were *really* contained beneath the threadbare ceremonial vesture, they had known and were sure of: it was necessary to show them that all that was good in Judaism was preserved in Christianity as a blossom in its fruit. Jesus must be seen as the flower of Israel. So it is an analogous and a high apostolic work in this age to call men to see the eternal Spirit of Truth as it passes down from age to age, under all its forms—even those which seem contradictory. Shall we never get beyond this inability to see the faces of our Stephens "as of angels," until we have devoted our best strength to stoning them to death: shall we wait eighteen hundred years before we recognize the Christ that walks with us our daily path? Until we can uplift the essential and cast aside the empirical,—until we can have our special rods blossom,—the priesthood of Nature is not for us. But when we can pierce the Letter which killeth and attain unto the Spirit that giveth life, then shall we find a Bethlehem-star in every sky, a babe to adore in every cradle, a Christ to rebuke every storm, and to lead the soul to the radiant summit of its Thabor.

Right at Last; and other Tales. By MRS. GASKELL. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

Mrs. Gaskell's stories are too well known to need much recommendation. The book before us contains four short tales, which have all appeared before in Dickens' periodical; they are all interesting and well written, but very sad—too sad to be healthy. "Lois the Witch" makes us shudder, and draw back with horror from our benighted Puritan forefathers who burned innocent women and children as witches.

The Mount Vernon Papers. By EDWARD EVERETT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

Great as was the sensation when it was announced that Bonner—Barnum of Editors—had enrolled the distinguished Bostonian along with such prizes as Cobb and Judson, as contributors to the *Ledger*, the deadness with which these papers have fallen from time to time before the public gives a funereal air to this work. Why this indifference to what Edward Everett writes? These papers are not beneath his standard; many of them are more interesting than the mass of his writings; yet who reads or quotes the Mt. Vernon papers? Mr. Everett has lost the respect and interest which it is the instinct of the people to feel for the gifted and educated. Their reproach has been clear and vehement:

"Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety!"

In time even those to whom such a man compromises himself, lose their trust in him. The people, vacillating, weak, ignorant, still do not wish their strong men to descend to their level: they say, "We have cast our palm-leaves in your path, we have made our hills vocal with your name, have placed you in seats of honor and power, not that you should duplicate and aggrandize our weakness and poverty, but that you should overcome us and redeem us from ourselves." Never was there a human soul yet projected into a world which loved dapperness and fear, or did not

rely on pluck and freedom even in an antagonist. Daniel Webster and Edward Everett were not great enough to realize this; and one has gone down to his grave broken-hearted, because he could not get the nomination of a party, the other will soon depart, leaving behind him not one word for Humanity or Freedom—leaving men to say

“ Blot out his name then — record one lost soul more —
One task more declined — one more footpath untrod —
One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for angels —
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God.”

Autobiographical Recollections. By the late CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R.A. Edited, with a prefatory essay on Leslie as an Artist, and selections from his correspondence, by “Tom Taylor, Esq., editor of the Autobiography of Haydon.” Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

A charming book, showing the simple, earnest life of a good, pure man, devoted to his art; and if not the first in it, of deficiencies which were not owing to want of industry, or to self-conceit. He was remarkably modest about his own merits, and quick to see beauties in the works of others. One naturally contrasts this autobiography with that of Haydon (edited by the same person); and the comparison is by no means favorable to the latter. Haydon was a poor artist with a high theory, perhaps with some genius; but so out of its right duct that instead of a healthy, ruddy life-stream, it became a perpetual inflammation. One needs only glance at his painting of Christ entering Jerusalem, hung up here in our Cincinnati Cathedral, to deduce that systematic suicide which his life was. On the other hand, Mr. Leslie, without genius, illustrates the truth that no one can be strong away from his forte, and that “the real genius is work,” as Goethe declares.

Leslie had opportunities of seeing many of the great men of this century; and the little glimpses he gives us of Rogers, Scott, Irving, Turner, and many of his artist friends, are very bright and pleasing. His description of Lisbon life forty years ago is also very quaint and amusing. He was, although an American, thoroughly English in his tastes and feelings, and seemed to think little of anything out of his chosen land; he never went to Italy, and only twice for a short time to Paris. We have never read an autobiography written with so much modesty and self-forgetfulness.

As an artist, Leslie was more remarkable for his power of expressing any sentiment embodied in the scene he was illustrating, than for fine coloring or vigor of style; his pictures are, most of them, small, and illustrations from favorite authors. We know too little about his pictures to criticize them, but can most warmly recommend his book.

Natural History: for the use of Schools and Families. By WASHINGTON HOOKER, M.D., Professor of Medicine in Yale College. Illustrated by nearly 800 engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 1860.

We take great pleasure in recommending this work; for a work on Science which can convey to a young person anything more than the impression of certain hard words done up into flesh and bones, is a rare thing. Mr. Hooker is the only man who has written a work of this description who knows the difference between a book for common study and a catalogue for reference, to be consulted by professors. It is of course to be expected, from its source, that this work will foster several serious errors; accordingly, we find it stated that “All men descended from Adam, and therefore belong to one species;” and that their “differences arise from accidental causes, as climate, food, habits, etc.” Fie!

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DOMESTIC LIFE.

[By B. W. Emerson.]

IN proportion to the intelligence of the inquirer, the objects of inquiry are near and familiar. To a student of realities, the study of fossils, the history of meteors, the genesis of nebulae, is less interesting than the system of life into which he was born, the society of beings whose lineaments resemble his own, and the objects which stick close about him. These usual things, which he can never get out of sight of, most pique the curiosity. Could anybody tell him what the meaning of them is? Can any topic take precedence in a reasonable mind of the topic of Domestic Life?

Man is born into a home. The perfection of the providence for childhood is easily acknowledged. The same care which covers the seed of the tree under tough husks and stony cases, provides for the human plant the mother's breast and the father's house. Who knows not the beautiful group of babe and mother, sacred in nature, now sacred also in the religious associations of half the globe. The size of the nestler is comic, and its tiny beseeching weakness is compensated perfectly by the happy patronizing look of the mother, who is a sort of high reposing Providence toward it. Welcome to the parents the puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. His unaffected lamentations when he lifts up his voice on high, or, more beautiful, the sobbing child—the face all liquid grief, as he tries to swallow his vexation,—soften all hearts to pity, and to mirthful and clamorous compassion. The small despot asks so little that all reason and all nature are on his side. His ignorance

is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than any virtue. His flesh is angels' flesh, all alive. "Infancy," said Coleridge, "presents body and spirit in unity: the body is all animated." All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters, and spurns, and puts on his faces of importance; and when he fasts, the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. By lamplight he delights in shadows on the wall; and by daylight, in yellow and scarlet. Carry him out of doors,—he is overpowered by the light and by the extent of natural objects, and is silent. Then presently begins his use of his fingers, and he studies power, the lesson of his race. First it appears in no great harm, in architectural tastes. Out of blocks, thread-spools, cards and chequers he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Palladio. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly, like his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride, on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand,—no seniority of age, no gravity of character; uncles, aunts, cousins, grandsires, grandames,—all fall an easy prey: he conforms to nobody, all conform to him; all caper and make mouths, and babble, and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laurelled heads.

"The childhood," said Milton, "shows the man, as morning shows the day." The child realizes to every man his own earliest remembrance, and our love of it praises the beauty of human nature. So it supplies a defect in our education, or enables us to live over the unconscious history with a sympathy so tender as to be almost personal experience.

Fast, almost too fast for the wistful curiosity of the parents, studious of the witchcraft of curls and dimples and broken words, the little talker grows to a boy. He walks daily among wonders: fire, light, darkness, the moon, the star, the furniture of his house, the red tin horse, the domestics, who like rude foster-mothers befriend and feed him, the faces that claim his kisses, are all in turn absorbing; yet warm, cheerful and with good appetite the little sovereign subdues them without knowing it, and the new knowledge is taken up into the life of to-day and becomes the means of more. The blowing rose is a new event; the garden full of flowers is Eden

over again to the small Adam ; the rain, the ice, the frost, make epochs in his life. What holiday is the first snow in which Two-shoes can be trusted abroad !

What art can paint or gild any object in after-life with the glow which Nature gives to the first baubles of childhood ! St. Peter's can not have the magical power over us that the red and gold covers of our first picture-book possessed. How the imagination cleaves to the warm glories of that tinsel even now ! What entertainments make every day bright and short for him ! The street is old as Nature ; the persons all have their sacredness. His imaginative life dresses all things in their best. His fears adorn the dark parts with poetry. He has heard of wild horses and of bad boys, and with a pleasing terror he watches at his gate for the passing of those varieties of each species. The first ride into the country, the first bath in running water, the first time the skates are put on, the first game out of doors in moonlight, the books of the nursery, are new chapters of joy. The "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," the "Seven Champions of Christendom," "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Pilgrim's Progress"—what mines of thought and emotion, what a wardrobe to dress the whole world withal, is in this encyclopædia of young thinking.

And so by beautiful traits which, without art, yet seem the masterpiece of wisdom, provoking the love that watches and educates him, the little pilgrim prosecutes the journey through nature which he has thus gaily begun. He grows up the ornament and joy of the house, which rings to his glee, to rosy boyhood.

But I will not follow this picture farther. I designed only to suggest the most affecting of our experiences, the matrix of the gem, the soil where virtue grows.

I will not insist, with some philosophers, that the child is alone wise, and all our after learning is unlearning or mislearning, but will pass to other facts which concern us all. The household is the home of the man, as well as of the child. The events that occur there are more near and affecting to us than those which are sought in senates and academies. Domestic events are certainly our affair. What are called public events, may be or may not be ours. And if a man wishes to acquaint himself with the real history of the world, with the spirit of the age, he must not go first to the state-house or the court-room. The subtle spirit of life must be sought in facts nearer. It is what is done and suffered in

the house, in the constitution, in the temperament, in the personal history, that has the profoundest interest for us. Fact is better than fiction, if only we could get pure fact. Do you think any rhetoric or any romance would get your ear from the wise gipsy, who could tell straight on the real fortunes of man; who could reconcile your moral character and your natural history; who could explain your misfortunes, your fevers, your debts, your temperament, your habits of thought, your tastes, and, in every explanation, not sever you from the whole, but unite you to it? Is it not plain, that not in senates, or courts, or chambers of commerce, but in the dwelling-house must the true character and hope of the time be consulted? These facts are, to be sure, harder to be read. It is easier to count the census, or to compute the square extent of a territory, to criticise its polity, books, art, than to come to the persons and dwellings of men, and read their character and hope in their way of life. Yet we are always hovering round this better divination. In one form or another, we are always returning to it. The interest that is felt in phrenology and physiognomy betrays our instinctive conviction of the deep significance of the form of man. The physiognomy and phrenology of to-day are rash and mechanical systems enough, but they rest on everlasting foundations. We are sure that the sacred form of man is not seen under all these whimsical, pitiful and sinister masks (masks which we wear and which we meet), these bloated and shrivelled bodies, these bald heads and bead eyes, these short winds, puny and precarious healths, and early deaths. We live ruins amidst ruins. The great facts are the near ones. The account of the body is to be sought in the mind. The history of your fortunes is written first in your life.

Let us come, then, out of the public square, and enter the domestic precinct. Let us go to the sitting-room, the table-talk, and the expenditure of our contemporaries. An increased consciousness of the soul, you say, characterizes the period. Let us see if it has not only arranged the atoms at the circumference, but the atoms at the core. Does the household obey an idea? Do you see the man—his form, genius and aspiration, in his economy? Is that translucent, thorough-lighted? There should be nothing confounding and conventional in economy, but the genius and love of the man so conspicuously seen in all his estate that the eye that knew him should see his character in his property, in his

grounds, in his ornaments, in every expense. A man's money should not follow the direction of his neighbor's money, but should represent to him the things he would willingly do with it. I am not one thing and my expenditure another. My expenditure is me. That our expenditure and our character are twain, is the vice of society.

We ask the price of many things in shops and stalls, but some things each man buys without hesitation, if it were only letters at the post-office, conveyance in carriages and boats, tools for his work, books that are written to his condition, etc. Let him never buy any thing else than what he wants; never subscribe at others' instance; never give unwillingly. Thus a scholar is a literary foundation. All his expense is for Aristotle, Fabricius, Erasmus and Petrarch. Do not ask him to help with his 'savings young drapers or grocers to stock their shops, or eager agents to lobby in legislatures, or join a company to build a factory or a fishing craft. These things are also to be done, but not by such as he. How could such a book as Plato's Dialogues have come down, but for the sacred savings of scholars and their fantastic appropriation of them?

In like manner another man is a mechanical genius, an inventor of looms, a builder of ships—a ship-building foundation, and could achieve nothing, if he should dissipate himself on books or on horses. Another is a farmer—an agricultural foundation; another is a chemist,—and the same rule holds for all. We must not make believe with our money, but spend heartily, and buy *up* and not *down*.

I am afraid that, so considered, our domestic life will not bear looking into. I fear that our houses will not be found to have unity, and to express the best thought. The household, the calling, the friendships of the citizen, are not homogeneous. His house ought to show us his honest opinion of what his well-being consists in when he rests among his kindred, and forgets all affectation, all compliance, and even all exertion of will. He brings home thither whatever commodities and ornaments have for years allured his pursuit, and his character must be seen in them. But what idea predominates in our houses? Thrift first, then Convenience and Pleasure. Take off all the roofs from street to street, and we shall seldom find the temple of any higher god than Prudence. The progress of domestic living has been in cleanliness,

in ventilation, in health, in decorum, in countless means and arts of comfort, in the concentration of all the utilities of every clime in each house. They are arranged for low benefits. The houses of the rich are confectioners' shops where we get sweetmeats and wine; the houses of the poor are imitations of these to the extent of their ability. With these ends housekeeping is not beautiful; it cheers and raises neither the husband, the wife, nor the child; neither the host, nor the guest; it oppresses women. A house kept to the end of prudence is laborious without joy; a house kept to the end of display is impossible to all but a few women, and their success is dearly bought.

If we look at this matter curiously, it becomes dangerous. We need all the force of an idea to lift this load; for the very wealth and multiplication of conveniences embarrass us, especially in northern climates. The shortest enumeration of our wants in this rugged climate appals us by the multitude of things not easy to be done. And if you look at the multitude of particulars, one would say, Good housekeeping is impossible. Order is too precious a thing to dwell with men and women. See how, in families where there is both substance and taste, at what expense any favorite punctuality is maintained. If the children, for example, are considered, dressed, dieted, attended, kept in proper company, schooled, and at home fostered by the parents—then does the hospitality of the house suffer. Friends are less carefully bestowed, the daily table less catered. If the hours of meals are punctual, the apartments are slovenly. If the linens and hangings are clean and fine and the furniture good, the yard, the garden, the fences are neglected. If all are well attended, then must the master and mistress be studious of particulars at the cost of their own accomplishments and growth, or persons are treated as things.

The difficulties to be overcome must be freely admitted; they are many and great. Nor are they to be disposed of by any criticism or amendment of particulars taken one at a time, but only by the arrangement of the household to a higher end than those to which our dwellings are usually built and furnished. And is there any calamity more grave, or that more deserves the best good will to remove it than this?—to go from chamber to chamber and see no beauty; to find in the housemates no aim; to hear an endless chatter and blast; to be compelled to criticise; to hear only to dissent and to be disgusted; to find no invitation to

what is good in us, and no receptacle for what is wise. This is a great price to pay for sweet bread and warm lodging — being defrauded of affinity, of repose, of heavenly culture, and the inmost presence of beauty.

It is a sufficient accusation of our ways of living, and certainly ought to open our ear to every good minded reformer, that our idea of domestic well-being now needs wealth to execute it. Give me the means, says the wife, and your house shall not annoy your taste nor waste your time. On hearing this, we understand how these Means have come to be so omnipotent on earth. And indeed the love of wealth seems to grow chiefly out of the root of the love of the Beautiful. The desire of gold is not for gold. It is not the love of much wheat and wool and household stuff. It is the means of freedom and benefit. We scorn shifts. We desire the elegance of munificence. We desire at least to put no stint or limit on our parents, relatives, guests, or dependents. We desire to play the benefactor and the prince with our townsmen, with the stranger at the gate, with the bard, or the beauty, with the man or woman of worth, who alights at our door. How can we do this, if the wants of each day imprison us in lucrative labors, and constrain us to a continual vigilance lest we be betrayed into expense?

Give us wealth, and the home shall exist. But that is a very poor solution, a very inglorious solution of the problem, and therefore no solution. "*Give us wealth.*" You ask too much. Few have wealth; but all must have a home. Men are not born rich; and in getting wealth, the man is generally sacrificed, and often is sacrificed without acquiring wealth at last. Besides, that can not be the right answer; there are objections to wealth. Wealth is a shift. The wise man angles with himself only, and with no meaner bait. Our whole use of wealth needs revision and reform. Generosity does not consist in giving money or money's worth. These so-called *goods* are only the shadow of good. To give money to a sufferer is only a come-off. It is only a postponement of the real payment, a bribe paid for silence — a credit system in which a paper promise to pay answers for the time instead of liquidation. We owe to man higher succors than food and fire. We owe to man man. If he is sick, is unable, is mean-spirited and odious, it is because there is so much of his nature which is unlawfully withholden from him. He should be

visited in this his prison with rebuke to the evil demons, with manly encouragement, with no mean-spirited offer of condolence because you have not money, or mean offer of money as the utmost benefit, but by your heroism, by your purity, by your faith. You are to bring with you that spirit which is understanding—health and self-help. To offer him money in lieu of these, is to do him the same wrong as when the bridegroom offers his betrothed virgin a sum of money to release him from his engagements. The great depend on their heart, not on their purse. Genius and Virtue, like diamonds, are best plain set—set in lead, set in poverty. The greatest man in history was the poorest. How was it with the captains and sages of Greece and Rome—with Socrates, with Epaminondas? Aristides was made general receiver of Greece to collect the tribute which each state was to furnish against the barbarian. “Poor,” says Plutarch, “when he set about it, poorer when he had finished it.” How was it with Æmilius and Cato? What kind of house was kept by Paul and John? by Milton and Marvell? by Samuel Johnson, and John Paul Richter?

I think it plain at first sight that this voice of communities and ages—“Give us wealth, and the good household shall exist”—is vicious, and leaves the whole difficulty untouched. It is better, certainly, in this form: “Give us your labor, and the household begins.” I see not how serious labor, the labor of all and every day, is to be avoided; and many things betoken a revolution of opinion and practice in regard to manual labor that may go far to aid our practical inquiry. Another age may divide the manual labor of the world more equally on all the members of society, and so make the labors of a few hours avail to the wants and add to the vigor of the man. But the reform that applies itself to the household must not be partial. It must correct the whole system of our social living. It must come with plain living and high thinking; it must break up caste and put domestic service on another foundation. It must come in connection with a true acceptance on the part of each man of his vocation—not chosen by his parents or friends, but by his genius, with earnestness and love.

Nor is this redress so hopeless as it seems. Certainly, if we begin by reforming particulars of our present system, correcting a few evils and letting the rest stand, we shall soon give up in

despair. For our social forms are very far from truth and equity. But the way to set the axe at the root of the tree is to raise our aim. Let us understand, then, that a house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It stands there under the sun and moon to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep : but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves ; to be the shelter always open to the Good and the True ; a hall which shines with sincerity, brows ever tranquil, and a demeanor impossible to disconcert ; whose inmates know what they want ; who do not ask your house how theirs should be kept. They have aims : they can not pause for trifles. The diet of the house does not create its order, but knowledge, character, action, absorb so much life and yield so much entertainment, that the refectory has ceased to be so curiously studied. With a change of aim has followed a change of the whole scale by which men and things were wont to be measured. Wealth and Poverty are seen for what they are. It begins to be seen that the poor are only they who feel poor, and poverty consists in feeling poor. The rich, as we reckon them, and among them the very rich, in a true scale would be found very indigent and ragged. The great make us feel, first of all, the indifference of circumstances. They call into activity the higher perceptions and subdue the low habits of comfort and luxury ; but the higher perceptions find their objects everywhere : only the low habits need palaces and banquets.

Let a man, then, say, My house is here in the county, for the culture of the county, — an eating-house and sleeping-house for travelers it shall be, but it shall be much more. I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he can not buy at any price, at any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparsely and sleep hard in order to behold. Certainly, let the board be spread and let the bed be dressed for the traveler ; but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things. Honor to the house where they are

simple to the verge of hardship, so that there the intellect is awake and sees the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love; honor and courtesy flow into all deeds.

There was never a country in the world which could so easily exhibit this heroism as ours; never anywhere the State has made such efficient provision for popular education, where intellectual entertainment is so within reach of youthful ambition. The poor man's son is educated. There is many a humble house in every city, many in every town, where talent and taste, and sometimes genius, dwell with poverty and labor. Who has not seen, and who can see, unmoved, under a humble roof, the eager, blushing boys discharging as they can their household chores, and hastening into the sitting-room to the study of to-morrow's merciless lesson, yet stealing time to read a few pages more of the novel hardly smuggled into the tolerance of father and mother—atoning for the same by some pages of Plutarch or Goldsmith; the warm sympathy with which they kindle each other in school-yard, or in barn or wood-shed, with scraps of poetry or song, with scraps of the last oration, or mimicry of the orator; the youthful criticism, on Sunday, of the sermons; the school declamation faithfully rehearsed at home, sometimes to the fatigue, sometimes to the admiration of sisters; the first solitary joys of literary vanity, when the translation or the theme has been completed, sitting alone near the top of the house; the cautious comparison of the attractive advertisement of the arrival of Macready, Booth or Kemble, or of the discourse of a well-known speaker, with the expense of the entertainment; the affectionate delight with which they greet the return of each one after the early separations which school or business require; the foresight with which, during such absences, they hive the honey which opportunity offers for the ear and imagination of the others, and the unrestrained glee with which they disburthen themselves of their early mental treasures, when the holidays bring them again together. What is the hoop that holds them staunch? It is the iron band of poverty, of necessity, of austerity, which, excluding them from the sensual enjoyments which make other boys too early old, has directed their activity in safe and right channels, and made them, spite of themselves, reverers of the grand, the beautiful and the good. Ah! short-sighted students of books, of Nature and of man! too happy could they know their advantages.

They pine for freedom from that mild parental yoke ; they sigh for fine clothes, for rides, for the theatre, and premature freedom and dissipation which others possess. Woe to them, if their wishes were crowned ! The angels that dwell with them, and are weaving laurels of life for their youthful brows, are Toil, and Want, and Truth, and Mutual Faith.

In many parts of true economy a cheering lesson may be learned from the mode of life and manners of the later Romans, as described to us in the letters of the younger Pliny. Nor can I resist the temptation of quoting so trite an instance as the noble house-keeping of Lord Falkland in Clarendon :

His house being within little more than ten miles from Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that University, who found such an immenseness of wit, and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humility, as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in a purer air ; so that his house was a university in a less volume, whither they came, not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser propositions which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation.

I honor that man whose ambition it is, not to win laurels in the state or the army, not to be a jurist or a naturalist, not to be a poet or a commander, but to be a master of living well, and to administer the offices of master or servant, of husband, father and friend. But it requires as much breadth of power for this as for those other functions — as much, or more, — and the reason for the failure is the same. I think the vice of our housekeeping is, that it does not hold man sacred. The vice of government, the vice of education, the vice of religion, is one with that of private life. There is yet no house, because there is yet no housekeeper. As the tenant, such will be the abode.

In the old fables, we used to read of a cloak brought from fairy-land as a gift for the fairest and purest in Prince Arthur's court. It was to be her prize whom it would fit. Every one was eager to try it on, but it would fit nobody ; for this it was a world too wide, for that it dragged on the ground, and for that other it shrunk to a scarf. They, of course, said that the devil was in the mantle, for really the truth was in the mantle, and was exposing the ugliness which each would fain conceal. All drew back with terror from the garment. The innocent Genelas alone could wear it. In

like manner, every man is provided in his thought with a measure of man which he applies to every passenger. Unhappily, not one in thousands and thousands comes up to the stature and proportions of the model. Neither does the measurer himself, neither do the people in the street, neither do the select individuals whom he admires—the heroes of the race. When he inspects them critically, he discovers that their aims are low, that they are too quickly satisfied. He observes the swiftness with which life culminates, and the humility of the expectations of the greatest part of men. To each occurs, soon after the age of puberty, some event, or society, or way of living, which becomes the crisis of life, and the chief fact in their history. In woman it is love and marriage (which is more reasonable); and yet it is pitiful to date and measure all the facts and sequel of an unfolding life from such a youthful, and generally inconsiderate period, as the age of courtship and marriage. In men it is their place of education, their choice of an employment, or their settlement in a town, or their removal to the East or to the West, or some other magnified trifle, which makes the meridian moment, and all the after years and actions are only to derive interest from their relation to that. Hence it comes that we very soon catch the trick of each man's conversation, and knowing his two or three main facts, anticipate what he thinks of each new topic that rises. It is scarcely less perceivable in educated men, so called, than in the uneducated. I have seen finely endowed men at college festivals, ten, twenty years after they had left the seminary, returning, as it seemed, the same boys who went away. The same jokes pleased, the same straws tickled. The manhood and offices they brought thither at this return seemed mere ornamental masks—underneath they were boys yet. We never come to be citizens of the world, but are still villagers, who think that everything in their petty town is a little superior to the same thing anywhere else. In each the circumstance signalized differs, but in each is made the coal of an everburning egotism. In one, it was his going to sea; in a second, the difficulties he combatted in going to college; in a third, his journey to the West, or his voyage to Canton; in a fourth, his coming out of the Quaker Society; in a fifth, his new diet and regimen; in a sixth, his coming forth of the abolition organizations, and in a seventh, his going into them. It is a life of toys and trinkets. We are too easily pleased.

I think this sad result appears in the manners of men. The men

we see in each other do not give us the image and likeness of man. The men we see are whipped through the world ; they are harried, wrinkled and anxious ; they seem all the hacks of some invisible riders. How seldom do we behold tranquillity ! We have never yet seen a man. We do not know the majestic manners that belong to him, which appease and exalt the beholder. There are no divine persons with us, and the multitude do not hasten to be divine. And yet — and yet — we hold fast, all our lives long, a faith in a better life, in better men, in clean and noble relations, notwithstanding our total inexperience of a true society. Certainly, this was not the intention of Nature — to produce, with all this immense expenditure of means and power, so cheap and humble a result. The aspirations in the heart after the good and true, teach us better,—nay, the men themselves suggest a better life.

Every individual nature has its own beauty. One is struck in every company, at every fireside, with the riches of Nature, when he hears so many new tones, all musical, sees in each person original manners, which have a proper and peculiar charm, and reads new expressions of face. He perceives that Nature has laid for each the foundations of a divine building, if the soul will build thereon. There is no face, no form, which one can not in fancy associate with great power of intellect or with generosity of soul. In our experience, to be sure, beauty is not, as it ought to be, the dower of man and of woman as invariably as sensation. Beauty is, even in the beautiful, occasional,—or, as one has said, culminating and perfect only a single moment, before which it is unripe, and after which it is on the wane. But beauty is never quite absent from our eyes. Every face, every figure suggests its own right and sound estate. Our friends are not their own highest form. But let the hearts they have agitated witness what power has lurked in the traits of these structures of clay that pass and repass us. The secret power of form over the imagination and affections transcends all our philosophy. The first glance we meet may satisfy us that matter is the vehicle of higher powers than its own, and that no laws of line or surface can ever account for the inexhaustible expressiveness of form. We see heads that turn on the pivot of the spine—no more ; and we see heads that seem to turn on a pivot as deep as the axle of the world, so slow, and lazily, and great, they move. We see on the lip of our companion the presence or absence of the great masters of thought and poetry to his mind. We read in his brow,

on meeting him after many years, that he is where we left him, or that he has made great strides.

But besides that Nature and the hints we draw from man suggest a true and lofty life, a household equal to the beauty and grandeur of this world,—especially we learn the same thing from those best relations to individual men which the heart is always prompting us to form. Happy will that house be in which the relations are formed from character ; after the highest, and not after the lowest order ; the house in which character marries, and not confusion and a miscellany of unavowable motives.

Then shall marriage be as it should be : be a covenant to secure to either party the sweetness and handsomeness of being a calm, continuing, inevitable benefactor to the other. Yes, and the sufficient reply to the skeptic who doubts the power of man to elevate and to be elevated, is in that desire and power to stand in joyful and ennobling intercourse with individuals which makes the faith and the practice of all reasonable men.

The ornament of a house is the Friends who frequent it. There is no event greater in life than the appearance of new persons about our hearth, except it be the progress of the character which draws them. It has been finely added by Mr. Landor to his definition of the *great man*—"It is he who can call together the most select company when it pleases him."

A beautiful verse of the old Greek Menander remains, which runs in translation —

" Not on the store of sprightly wine,
Nor plenty of delicious meats,
Though generous Nature did design
To court us with perpetual treats,—
'Tis not on these we for content depend,
So much as on the shadow of a Friend."

It is the happiness which, where it is truly known, postpones all other satisfactions, and makes politics and commerce and churches cheap. For we figure to ourselves—do we not?—that when men shall meet as they should, as states meet, each a benefactor, a shower of falling stars, so rich with deeds, with thoughts, with so much accomplishment, that it should be the festival of Nature, which all things symbolize : and perhaps Love is only the highest symbol of friendship, as all other things seem symbols of love.

In the progress of each man's character, his relations to the

best men, which at first seem only the romances of youth, acquire a graver importance, and he will have learned the lesson of life who is skilful in the ethics of friendship.

Beyond its primary ends of the conjugal and parental relation, the household should cherish the beautiful arts and the sentiment of veneration.

1. Whatever brings the dweller into a finer life, what educates his eye, his ear or his hand, whatever purifies and enlarges him, may well find place there. And yet let him not think that a property in beautiful objects is necessary to his apprehension of them, and seek to turn his house into a museum. Rather let the noble practice of the Greeks find place in our society, in whose country, it would seem, every statue and painting was public, it being considered absurd and profane to pretend a property in a work of art, which belonged to whosoever could see it.

A better era may organize in our community so just a way of thinking, and the creations of the plastic arts may be collected with care in galleries by the piety and taste of the people, and yielded as freely as the sunlight to all. Meantime, be it remembered, we are artists ourselves, and competitors each one with Phidias and Raphael in the production of what is graceful or grand. The fountain of beauty is the heart, and every generous thought illustrates the walls of your chamber.

Why should we owe our power of attracting our friends to pictures and vases, to cameos and architecture? Why should we convert ourselves into showmen and appendages to our fine houses and our works of art? If by love and nobleness we take up into ourselves the beauty we admire, we shall spend it again on all around us.

The man, the woman, needs not the embellishment of canvas and marble, whose every act is a subject for the sculptor, and to whose eye the gods and nymphs never appear ancient, for they know by heart the whole instinct of majesty.

In this connection I have a suggestion to offer. As is the house, so is the neighborhood and the town. It seems to me that our communities, or towns of houses, ought to yield each other more solid benefit than we have yet learned to draw from them; for example, the providing the single individual with the means and apparatus of science and of the elegant arts. There are a great

many articles of the highest value for occasional inspection which few men are able to own, and which really few men, or perhaps no man wishes to own ; for instance, a telescope. Every man, every child wishes to see the ring of Saturn, the belts of Jupiter and Mars, the mountains and craters in the moon ; yet how few can buy a telescope, and of these, scarcely one would wish the trouble of keeping it in order and exhibiting it. The same remark applies to electrical and to chemical apparatus. There are a great many books which every man sometimes wishes to consult, which he neither is able nor desirous to possess ; such as encyclopædias, dictionaries, charts, maps ; pictures of birds, beasts, shells, trees, flowers, whose names he desires to know, but which he only wants for occasional reference, and by no means wishes to own.

Especially is this true of works of the fine arts, such as pictures, and prints, and sculptures. There is an influence from these works on a prepared mind that is as positive as the influence of music — indescribably pleasing and refining, and not to be supplied from any other source. But who can own such things as pictures, and engravings, and statues, and casts ? They are a very costly kind of property, and immediately entail new expenses, as of framing, and rooms for their exhibition ; and the use which any man can make of them is only rare, and their value is greatly enhanced by the numbers of men who can share the enjoyment of them. I go to Rome and see on the walls of the Vatican the Transfiguration, painted by Raphael, reckoned the first picture in the world ; or in the Sistine Chapel I see the grand sibyls and prophets, painted in fresco by Michael Angelo,—which have every day now for three hundred years inflamed the imagination and exalted the piety of what vast multitudes of men of all nations. I wish to bring home to my children and my friends copies of these admirable forms, which I can find in the shops of the engravers : but I do not wish the vexation of owning them. I wish to find in my own town a library and museum which is the property of all the town, where I can deposit this precious treasure, where I and my children can see it from time to time, and where it has its proper place among hundreds of such donations from all the other citizens who have also brought thither whatever articles they have judged to be in their nature rather a public than a private property.

A collection of this kind, the property of each neighborhood, of each town, would dignify each town ; it would draw the bonds

of neighborhood closer ; a town would then be a town for an intellectual and humane purpose also, and we should love and respect our neighbors more. Obviously, it would be very easy for every town to discharge this truly municipal duty. Every one of us would gladly contribute his share ; and the more gladly, the more considerable the institution had become.

In Europe, where the feudal form of society secures the permanence of wealth in certain families, those families in each town buy and preserve these things and throw them open to the public. That is the reason why our own countrymen of taste and education desire to go to Europe—to visit the galleries and libraries that are there preserved in a hundred palaces. But in America, where democratic institutions regularly divide every great estate into small portions again after a few years, it is necessary that the public should step into the place of these permanent proprietors, and a lyceum, a public library, a public gallery, should exist in every town and village for the education and inspiration of all the individuals.

2. Certainly, not aloof from this homage to beauty, but in strict connexion therewith, the house will come to be esteemed a Sanctuary. The language of a ruder age has given to common law the maxim that every man's house is his castle : the progress of truth will make every house a shrine. Will not man one day open his eyes and see how dear he is to the soul of Nature—how near it is to him ? Will he not rise above the fogs that blind him, and see that Law prevails forever and ever ; that his private being is a part of it ; that its home is in his own unsounded heart ; that his economy, his labor, his good and bad fortune, his health and manners, are all a curious and exact demonstration in miniature of the Genius of the Eternal Providence ? When he perceives the Law, he ceases to despond. Whilst he sees it, every thought and act of his is raised, and becomes an act of religion. Does the consecration of Sunday confess of the desecration of the entire week ? Does the consecration of the church confess the profanation of the house ? Let us read the incantation backward. Let the man stand on his feet. Let religion cease to be occasional. And the pulses of thought that go to the borders of the universe, let them proceed from the bosom of the Household.

These are the consolations—these are the ends to which the

household is instituted, and the rooftree stands. If these are sought, and in any good degree attained, can the State, can commerce, can climate, can the labor of many for one, yield anything better, or half as good? Beside these aims, Society is weak and the State an intrusion. I think that the heroism which at this day would make on us the impression of Epaminondas and Phocion must be that of a domestic conqueror. He who shall bravely and gracefully subdue this Gorgon of Convention and Fashion, and show men how to lead a clean, handsome and heroic life amid the beggarly elements of our cities and villages; whose shall teach me how to eat my meat, and take my repose, and deal with men, without any shame following, will restore the life of man to splendor, and make his own name dear to all history.

CORREGGIO'S MAGDALEN.

BY J. A.

SHE lies at length along the scented ground,
One hand lost in a cloud of falling hair,
One undergrasps the book: there is no sound
Nor motion in the air.

Her parted lips move not, but ever seem
Like one who, sleeping, hears not, breathes not,
Lest any breath should break his trancing dream
And make his bliss forgot.

She reads the story which the Sibyl kept,
Ere, in her anger at the world's disdain,
The eager wind with fatal fingers swept
The scroll of Saturn's reign.

BESIDE me sat one of the few, one gifted
To draw some keen rays from the sun of Truth,
And guide them to the freezing hearts of men;
Whose mind, full, ardent, to his race o'erflowing,
And by vocation given to heavenly themes,
Asked but one genial touch to wake to music,
And sing, like Memnon, of a fairer morning,
Which knows no cloud, nor leads to sultry noon.

THE MORAL DIAGNOSIS OF DISEASE.

BY A PENITENT INVALID.

I.

I KNEW that I was convalescent on a certain day when I caught a clear glimpse of the criminal career I had been pursuing, all the while supposing myself, supposed by others, a martyr. What had I committed? I had leagued myself with such banditti as Ague, Fever, Liver-disease; with them had waylaid my nearest friends and relatives and robbed them of their inestimable treasures. It was the least of my villainies that I picked my father's pocket and buried its hard-earned contents in a doctor's shop; in the silence of night I vastated my mother's nerves, and, by robbing her of sleep, pilfered several years of her life; one-third of the rest I poisoned with headache. Yet I was a hugged assassin — they were betrayed with kisses!

One day it struck me that something *THE DEVIL* was the matter!

Whereupon an introspective diagnosis revealed the suspected cloven-foot all along palate, stomach and liver. He had passed in under cover of mince-pie, of fruit-cake; he had lurked in late suppers, and never failed to slip into the last half of the second cup of coffee. When once in, he turned "bowels of mercies" into thumbscrews and racks for myself and every one around me. Thus because I had not taken the trouble to know the simplest laws of my own nature, or had not practised the slightest rules of self-denial, I had spanseled everybody in the house with my biliary duct, and frozen up the wells of contentment with my chills. My ague came down on our domestic peace like an iceberg on a small craft; my fever came, a tropical monsoon, to wither and blight the flowers of our home.

Then I began to see things as they are. I repented; I armed myself against the wiles of the Evil One. In many tempting forms he came, in rich food, in cramping fashions, in total-abstinence fanaticisms; I quenched his fire-darts in Holy Water.

But I found that my penitence would be in vain, and my life of health a perpetual battle, unless I should take the Sacraments. In the Church of Health I found that there were two Sacraments, both necessary.

The first is the Lord's Supper. The difficulty with most

suppers is, that they are not arranged with reference to the Lord within us : they are the Palate's and the Belly's Suppers ; and they are such stuff as the Lord has come very low to bless and break. That which we eat and drink should be His very body and blood.

The second Sacrament is Baptism. This must be by immersion, not sprinkling, and in cool water. All water is holy water ; it is a crystal stream flowing out from the everlasting Throne ; it is a river that makes glad the city of God. It is sent to wash our sins away ; in it is health, and health is Religion.

II.

Van Vulture, my neighbor, assisted by a preacher who comes daily to tell him how much more the Lord loveth those chastened with dyspepsia than those who have godless eupeptic stomachs, has been perched for more than a year upon his wife and children, preying on their vitals. The uttered prayers for his restoration, the unuttered ones for his flight to happier spheres, have been unanswered : Van Vulture recovers not, flies not,—

“Still is sitting, still is sitting,”

with beak active upon his devoted Promethea Vincita and her children.

The other day I called on them. The wife and children were dining on a venerable loaf of bread and equally venerable remnant of ham—indeed, the whole room as well as the table reminded me of Hogarth's Tailpiece : here were broken chairs, worn-out brooms, cracked glasses, etc. As I went up stairs to see the invalid who was the artist in this case, I could scarcely suppress a hope that he would complete it as Hogarth did his, by adding his own palette broken ! When I approached Van V., I found him serenely dining on a brace of partridges, some East India sweetmeats and vermicelli, and a bottle of cabinet champagne at his side. “The good Lord,” he remarked, “has sent me quails on my way through the wilderness of affliction.”

Presently Mrs. Van V. entered the sick-room, looking pale enough to take the place of her prostrate husband. She was bonneted and gloved.

Mrs. Van V. My dear, I thought I would take our little Kitty on a little walk. If you wish anything, please knock on the floor for Bridget. (*Handing poker.*)

Mr. Van V. (*Eyes turned up desolately to the ceiling, with an affection unknown outside of sick-rooms*) H-e-i-g-h-h-o-o.

Exit Mrs. Van Vulture, to return in one minute and fifteen seconds, bonnetless and gloveless ; little Kitty with red eyes sits at the window with the everlasting transparent slate in her hands.

"Van Vulture," cried I, "have you ever read much about Dr. Johnson?"

"No, sir."

"He was a man who made some profound remarks, sir,—*very* profound remarks, though some of them were quite brutal. Amongst other things, he once said, *Every man is a rascal when he is sick*. Good morning, sir!"

I heard subsequently that I was for this voted "a brute" by the neighbors, and prayed for by Van Vulture's consoler, the Rev. Choker Bronchitis; yet I am convinced that Doctor Johnson's remark is the only saving clause in the case of Van V. and hundreds like him; and that if it were not for that truth, they should be treated as we would treat any savages whom we met bearing the scalps of men, women and children on their wipers.

III.

The pale victims bound on the altar of the invalid could tell us some close truths, if only the bands and ligatures of affection and self-devotion were removed. As it is, the artless truth will slip out occasionally. Very many times do we hear affectionate relatives excuse all manner of petulance, jealousy, suspicion, discourtesy, and general disagreeableness, by saying, "Poor man, his dyspepsia is very bad this year!"

Reader, I will here confide to you a private theological opinion of my own, one which you will not find in the Institutes of Calvin or Watson, nor even with Dr. Channing: it is this, that Dyspepsia and the Devil are one and the same Being.

This I discovered on losing a friend a few months since, through a little fit of indigestion which he had. I have been careful since to find before I speak to a friend whether his ear happens at the time to be in his head or his epigastric region.

How many ugly family quarrels, verging upon poker and broomstick, have arisen from mince-pies shared lovingly at eleven the night before! In the Persian Litany it is said, "O Mezdām, save us from the fetters of dark and evil matter!"

Who has not experienced with Mr. Emerson the difficulty of making the stomach a gentleman? Yet we think it the duty of a gentleman to turn up our noses at the priesthood of the Cuisine, and to hide on the remotest shelf of our libraries the *Almanach des Gourmands* along with *The Art of Tying the Cravat*. In a higher civilization the *Règles de Gastronomie Transcendante* will stand on the shelf uniform with *Holy Living and Dying*. We shall hear sermons preached from such texts as these from Barba :

“ La sobriété est la conscience des estomacs.

“ L'homme est un sublime alambic. Les sensations, les acts, les passions, l'imagination, tout enfin, dans l'admirable appareil que l'on nomme corps, concourt à un but unique, la digestion.”

“ I lack words,” says Brillat Savarin, “ to express my contempt for a man who would be so discourteous to his stomach as to eat or drink too much, or who would commit an indigestion.”

Commit an indigestion ! The sentence is Socratic.

IV.

Beauty rides on a lion.

No foliation of shaft or arch can make them beautiful unless they are strong enough to support what they are set to support. Venus must rest upon the lion of health, and can not substitute pallor and the hectic fire for the lily and the rose.

This parable reminds us that our popular Christianity has not fulfilled the law of the higher formation. It must everywhere sum up all the preceding formations, and lose none of their contributions, as the animal generations are summed up in the forehead of man. Jesus meant that his religion should do this : “ This is the Father's will concerning me, that of all which He hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up.” Is our One God sufficient unless He contain the Pantheon of the Past ? What is there in the Church to-day to repay the loss of Hercules, of Apollo, of Venus ? We need as much as ever forms herculean and fair. Still should we worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness (wholeness). The great Christian Ideas need great Christian sinews and transfigurable forms.

V.

Why should we cover up the moral evils of Invalidism, even when we feel most tenderly toward its individual subjects ? We all know that one who is sickly is a destroyer of innumerable and

precious moments, talents and energies. What fair lives and strong capacities have had to abandon their sacred tasks, and turn aside from the sun-path of success, to waste away beside a sick couch ! It matters not that it is a burthen willingly or joyfully undertaken by affectionate hearts ; it is all the worse that such heroism and patience are divorced from the living interests of life. It makes but little difference if the sickness is borne with the most patient spirit. The fatal fact remains, that the God-given moments of many lives are falling away, sand by sand,—sands, and nothing more. Everything is, by the human Law, postponed to sickness : Life is eagerly bound to the chariot-wheels of Death.

We honor the sacrifice ; for Mercy's call should be heard above all others ; but this is a bloody sacrifice, only a type of the Living Sacrifice. If we are saved by this death of our lives, how much rather by their life !

Is this a heartless view ? It is worth being esteemed heartless to come into a right and true understanding with the Destroying Angel of Homes. It is painful to have invalids told that they are afflicting as they are afflicted : probes and lancets are also painful.

VI.

“ But how can we help being sick ? Did we make the ills that flesh is heir to ? What defence is against inheritance ? Suppose it is ignorance of the laws of health : are we responsible for such ignorance ? ”

It is true that tendencies to disease are inherited by some ; also that circumstances may not have allowed many to know the laws of prevention and remedy ; the epidemics, too, lurk as highwaymen on our paths. Therefore in estimating the *morale* of health, a certain extent of absolution must be allowed. There is not one healthy person on the face of the earth : therefore we are all responsible only for the health of diseased persons. Suppose a person to inherit a tendency to consumption, so that it is likely that the constitution will not last over thirty years : then thirty well-preserved and used years would be the health of that person ; twenty-five or twenty would be immoral,—that is, would be the result of thin shoes, exposure, or some other violation of the protective laws which environ us.

In speaking of moral and immoral in this connection, it must be remembered that we mean, simply, to show that the body par-

takes of the spiritual consciousness ; it is the shadow of the idea organized in it, which we term Soul, and as a shadow represents the deformities and beauties of the substance casting it. A man can not be better or wiser than what his faculties are equal to : so he can not be healthier than his organization allows. But Nature loves health better than disease, and gladly coöperates with any brave attempt to starve out a baleful inheritance. Your footsteps are dogged by some beast of transmission ; but are you not throwing it now a bone, now a loaf, in some evil habit, or thoughtless adventure ? How much of the evil would be, in a generation or two, at least, sloughed off, if it were solemnly taught in the household that late hours are as bad as profanity ; that self-neglect or indulgence, exposure, over-eating and drinking are equally wicked with falsehood and slander ! How much would be gained if the waste of life, both to the unhealthy and others around them, could be so represented that a certain stigma and meanness should attach to invalidism !

VII.

Old Mrs. Influenza Crammit was kept sick twenty years, and every other year brought to death's door by a fault in her Hermeneutics.

You shall judge. This lady lived in her body as in a cheap summer-house, and one sadly in want of repair, too : it was in a ricketty condition, and would barely have served for a month or two of the year. She lived (?) in it, however, the year round, though the rain came in here and the snow there. The result was, Mrs. C. had a perpetual cold. One day I found the invalid with rations for a regiment before her, and complaining that she had not the appetite to dispose of it.

" Good heavens, Madame," I cried, " why should you wish to dispose of that food in your present state ? "

" But, then, I have a dreadful cold ! "

" Alas, are you then become so desperate, my poor friend ? Is there no relief but suicide ? "

" Suicide ! " screamed she ; " who said anything about suicide ? "

" Did you not say you were devouring this mass of food because you had a dreadful cold ? "

" To be sure : the rule is (isn't it ?), *Feed a cold and starve a fever.* "

"Madame, your Hermeneutics are in a most dangerous condition."

"My which? — my how?"

"Your Rules of Interpretation. The Proverb is, 'Feed a cold and you'll have to starve a fever;' that is, Feed your cold and you raise a fiend from the nethermost Fire, and lucky indeed will you be if you can starve him off your track."

"Lord bless me!" cried Mrs. Crammit, "and here I've been stuffing for this cold twenty years!"

[To be concluded.]

PSYCHOLOGY OF OPIUM AND HASHEESH.

H A S H E E S H.

IN the sap of *Cannabis Indica* is found a peculiar resinous substance which is the most powerful of known narcotics,—so powerful that in even northern countries, where the proportion of resin in the plant is so small that it had well nigh escaped observation, one can not long remain in a hemp-field without experiencing that sickening giddiness which leads on to catalepsy as surely as the Mississippi to the sea.

The narcotic effects of this plant, which is *hasheesh*, are similar in many respects to those of opium, but they differ from them very widely in others, the most notable of which is this: while opium lessens the sensibility to external impressions, and creates an inhuman love of solitude, *hasheesh* immeasurably increases the susceptibility of the senses, so much so that its devotee is made the creature and very slave of impressions from without. All the objects of sensation are endowed with supernatural attributes and proportions. A straw put in the path of one possessed by the *fantasia* presents an insurmountable obstacle, and the slightest dangers overpower the mind with cowardice. Even the slight noises which one hears at night, occasioned by changes of temperature, in the timbers of the house, are liable to throw the *hasheeshin* into horrible convulsions of fear. Time and space are magnified into frightful proportions. Minutes become æons, eternities—one may writhe in Gehenna for ages, or, confined beneath the foundations of the world, hear the solemn tramp of a thousand

centuries, and waking, find the second-hand has not travelled once round the dial. The walls of a college dormitory burst asunder, and station themselves at sublime distances, and dome erects itself on dome, until the eye shrinks blinded by infinity. Even the body itself is not exempt from this wonderful expansion. Bayard Taylor, when under the influence of hasheesh, felt that he existed through a vast extent of space. "The blood," he says, "pulsed from my heart, sped through uncounted leagues before it reached my extremities; the air drawn into my lungs expanded into a sea of limpid ether, and the arch of my skull was broader than the vault of heaven. Within the concave that held my brain were fathomless deeps of blue; clouds floated there, and the winds of heaven rolled them together, and there shone the sun." Then, too, all the operations of the vital organism often become the objects of introverted observation, and all the secret and mysterious economy of animal life is revealed: the blood is followed by an uneludible eye through the very minutest vein and artery, and the victim is painfully conscious of the opening and closing of every valve in his body, while the heart becomes a mighty engine, the roar of whose machinery causes the earth to vibrate.

There is something infinitely ludicrous in many of the freaks which the demon of hasheesh plays with the imagination. Mr. Taylor imagined himself a mass of transparent jelly, which a confectioner was pouring into a twisted mould; he writhed in agonizing contortions in endeavoring to accomplish his gelatinous destiny, and had so far succeeded that only one foot remained outside, when another mould of more crooked and intricate shape was substituted. He was so convulsed with laughter at his own movements that the tears flowed from his eyes in streams,—but judge of his amazement, when "every drop that fell immediately became a large loaf of bread, and tumbled on the shop-board of a baker at Damascus." The more he laughed, the faster fell the loaves, until the poor baker seemed to be in imminent peril of his life. At another time Mr. Taylor was standing on the top of the great pyramid of Cheops, when he suddenly discovered that it was not built of limestone, as previous travellers had foolishly supposed, but of huge, square plugs of Cavendish tobacco. A friend of his, who had taken hasheesh at the same time, suddenly sprang to the floor, crying, with a shriek of laughter, "Ye gods! I am a locomotive!" For two or three hours he paced the room with meas-

ured strides, turning imaginary wheels at his sides, exhaling violent jets of breath, and whenever he spoke, "jerking out his syllables with the disjointed accent peculiar to a steam engine." Being seized with the awful thirst which often accompanies the hasheesh delirium, he raised a pitcher of water to his lips, but before he had taken a mouthful he set it down again, exclaiming in a yell of laughter, "*How can I take water into my boiler while I am letting off steam?*"

That from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step, has never been so fully illustrated as in the hasheesh fantasia. Indeed, the ludicrous in this madness is only bounded by its unutterable sublimities; and the transitions from grave to gay, from unquenchable burnings in Gehenna to the multitudinous laughter of a Bacchanalian feast, is instantaneous. This is powerfully illustrated by some of the visions of Fitzhugh Ludlow. After wandering down grand arboreal arches, formed of giant cedars of Lebanon, accompanied by snowy-bearded, glorious bards, who sang to the music of lyres of unearthly workmanship,—after being borne aloft upon the glory of their strains, until he floated in a trance among the burning choir of the seraphim, he was suddenly set down in a large apartment resembling the Senate Chamber at Washington, "in the midst of a most witchly congress." On the dais sat an old crone, *knit of purple yarn*. "In faultless order the stitches ran along her face; in every pucker of her reëntrant mouth, in every wrinkle of her brow, she was a yarny counterfeit of the grandam of actual life; and by some skillful process of stuffing, her nose had received its due peak, and her chin its projection. The occupants of the seats below were all but reproductions of their president, and both she and they were constantly swaying from side to side, forward and back, to the music of some invisible instruments, whose tone and style were most intensely and ludicrously Ethiopian. Not a word was spoken by any of the wooly conclave, but with untiring industry they were all knitting, knitting, knitting, ceaselessly, as if their lives depended on it. . . . *They were knitting old women like themselves!* One of the sisterhood had nearly brought her double to completion; earnestly another was engaged in rounding out an eyeball; another was fastening the gathers at the corners of a mouth; another was setting up the stitches for an old woman in petto.

"With marvellous rapidity the work went on; ever and anon

some completed crone sprang from the needles which had just achieved her, and, instantly vivified, took up the instruments of reproduction, and fell to work as assiduously as if she had been a member of the congress since the world began." "Here," cried the intruder, "here, at last, do I recognize the meaning of endless progression!" The dome echoed with his peals of laughter, but there was "no motion of astonishment in the stitches of a single face, as for dear life the manufactured old women went on unobstructed by the involuntary rudeness." The intruder was seized with an irresistible desire "to snatch up a quartette of needles and join the sisterhood;" his nose began to ruffle with stitches, and the next moment, he says, would have seen him a partner in their yarny destinies but for a hand that pulled him backward through the door, and shut the congress forever from his view.

Once, in company with a friend, the author of "*The Hasheesh Eater*" paid a visit to the prophet Jonah, who still occupied marine lodgings, "rather cold and damp, to be sure, yet commanding a fine water privilege." Leviathan, having kindly rested his lower jaw upon the beach, raised the portcullis, and allowed them to pass in. They descended a rickety, wooden staircase, and emerging into a shabbier apartment than ever dawned upon the Visiting Committee of a Benevolent Sewing-Circle, they beheld the prophet, looking unutterably lean, seated on a rush-bottomed chair, "mending his sole pair of unmentionables by the aid of a small needle-book . . . which his mother had given him on leaving home." A shaky, pine table, with "a battered, brazen candlestick holding an inch of half-luminous tallow," and a "dog's-eared copy of Watt's Hymns, completed the furniture.

"How do you like your situation?" asked one of the visitors.

"Leaky," replied Jonah; "find the climate don't agree with me. I often wish I hadn't come."

"Can't you leave here when you want to? I should think you would clear out, if you find it uncomfortable."

"I have repeatedly asked my laudlord to make out his bill, and let me go," replied the old gentleman, "but he isn't used to casting up his prophets, and I don't know when I shall get off."

Just then Leviathan called out in a hoarse voice to know if the visitors were "going to stay all night, as he wanted to put down the shutters." They hastily took leave, and, running up the rick-

ety stairs, emerged from the jaws of the monster just as he was shoving off into deep water.

But, after all, though the hasheeshin is permitted to mingle, as it were, in the laughter of the gods, he is quite as often, and without a moment's warning, plunged into agonies which no tongue can describe. He may walk the earth for a hundred centuries forsaken by God and man, accompanied only by mocking shadows of himself, and the soul-rending presence of innumerable demons; or may live in a world where through all the infinitudes of space nothing meets his eye which is not of iron, "white-hot, and dazzling with the glory of the nether penetralia;" now he exists amid terrific silences, and anon the universe resounds with such horrid profanities "as beyond the abodes of the lost no lips are capable of uttering." He enters upon a tremendous life, which no one can share; even the tones of his own voice become alien and dreadful, and a horrid suspicion of everything human enters his soul.

There is no other external influence, light perhaps excepted, which operates so powerfully upon one under the dominion of hasheesh as music. The notes frequently become materialized and take the form of flowers in innumerable varieties, which wreath themselves into garlands and bouquets, or of precious stones, rising in fountains of a thousand hues, and falling in matchless cascades. One, remembering the words "Architecture is frozen music," saw with the ascending notes "grand battlements rise immensely into the sky;" with the descending notes they sank again, and through all the song he "sat enamored of one delicious dance of Parian marble." The same person, listening to Mendelssohn's Funeral March, which he had never before heard, and without even knowing its name, witnessed the following marvellous vision, which is related by Mr. Ludlow:

"The prelude began. With its first harmonious rise and fall the dreamer was lifted into the choir of a grand cathedral. . . . The windows of the nave and transept were emblazoned, in the most gorgeous coloring, with incidents culled from saintly lives. Far off in the chancel monks were loading the air with essences which streamed from their golden censers; on the pavement, of inimitable mosaic, kneeled a host of reverent worshipers in silent prayer.

"Suddenly, behind him, the great organ began a plaintive minor, like the murmur of some bard relieving his heart in threnody. The minor was joined by a gentle treble voice among the choir in which he stood. The low wail rose and fell as with the expression of wholly human emotion. One by one the remaining singers joined it, and now he heard, thrilling to the very roof of the cathedral, a wondrous *Miserere*. But the pathetic delight of hearing was soon supplanted by, or rather mingled with, a new sight in the body of the pile below him. At the farther end of the nave a great door slowly swung open, and a bier entered, supported by solemn bearers. Upon it lay a coffin covered by a heavy pall, which, being removed as the bier was set down in the chancel, discovered the face of the sleeper. IT WAS THE DEAD MENDELSSOHN !

"The last cadence of the death-chant died away ; the bearers, with heavy tread, carried the coffin through an iron door to its place in the vault ; one by one the crowd passed out of the cathedral, and at last, in the choir, the dreamer stood alone."

What is very remarkable, the manifestations of hasheesh almost invariably take an Oriental form. This may very naturally lead to the supposition that this narcotic has exerted a peculiar influence in the formation of Eastern character and institutions. We know what mighty results were wrapped up in its use by those Ishmaelitish Assassins (*Hasheeshins* or *Hashashins*) over whom the Old Man of the Mountain bore sway. We see, also, how it has affected Eastern literature. There are few of us who have not been entranced by the unspeakable witchery of the "Arabian Nights." The seemingly inexhaustible fountains of marvel which lay hidden in the brain of the beautiful Scheherazade, not only for a Thousand and One Nights beguiled the dreadful purposes of Death, but are evermore a source of delight and inspiration to far off men and nations. These stories are essentially an Oriental creation, and stand alone, having neither rival nor counterpart anywhere in the republic of letters. But not only has the sun kissed them, until they blush like a beautiful maiden clasped in burning embrace, but the divine aroma of hasheesh exhales from them, and takes the soul captive with its unutterable sorceries.

But we must come *per saltum* to the end. There are very many wonderful phenomena connected with hasheesh-eating, of which

not even a hint can be given now. In the "Hasheesh Eater," Mr. Fitzhugh Ludlow has given to the world a more wonderful book, in many respects, than the Confessions of De Quincey. He, like his great prototype, has explored weird and unfrequented regions of the mind, and has returned with strange words upon his tongue. Like De Quincey, he was reduced to appalling slavery; all his life was poisoned by the vampire which he hugged to his bosom. In his mad thirst after sensual gratification he had prostituted the virgin purity of his soul, and she in turn dragged him into the nethermost depths of human misery. Death or insanity stared him in the face. He at last made an effort to break from his thralldom, and succeeded.

The mystic realms of hasheesh, like those of opium, are cut off from most Occidentals as by Cherubim and Flaming Swords—

"The crowd in the aisles may watch the door,
The High Priest only enters in."

Let us be thankful for this. And, after all, what need of resorting to *stimuli*, in any of their forms, for inspiration? The infinite and dear God fills the universe with his presence, surrounding us with heavenly beauty, and with grandeur awful and unspeakable, and whosoever will walk abroad in a devout, earnest, simple and receptive spirit, the same shall sit down by the ancient fountains of inspiration and dwell there forever and ever.



THE OLD HILL BY THE SEA.

BY J. M. GOODWIN.

WELL I mind me when, e'er manhood brought its sobering, chastening
care,

I used, on summer Sabbath-days, to climb the hill beside the sea,
And, while lying gazing, dreaming, how along the trembling air,

From the far-off village steeple, came the bell's sweet chime to me!
How it blended with the distance-softened murmur of the ocean,

So gently heaving in the breathing of its placid summer sleep,
That its whispering 'mong the pebbles seemed a lullaby to Nature;
While the sad and soothing sighing of the light wind in the cedars

Made the answer of land spirits to their sisters of the deep.

VIEWS OF THEODORE PARKER.

1. Tributes to Theodore Parker, comprising the Exercises at the Music Hall, on Sunday, June 17, 1860. With the Proceedings of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, at the Melodeon, May 31; and the Resolutions of the Fraternity and the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society. Boston: Published by the Fraternity. 1860.

2. A Look at the Life of Theodore Parker: A Discourse delivered in the Indiana-Place Chapel, June 3, 1860. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

3. Theodore Parker: A Sermon preached in New York, June 10, 1860. By Rev. O. B. Frothingham. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

4. The Christian Minister, the Man of God: A Discourse delivered before the Graduating Class of the Divinity School in Harvard University, July 15, 1860. By Charles T. Brooks. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

5. A Discourse, preached in the West Church, on Theodore Parker. By C. A. Bartol. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

6. A Discourse, delivered in the Church of the Unity, after the death of Theodore Parker. By Geo. H. Hepworth. Published by request. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

7. A Tribute to the Memory and Services of the Rev. Theodore Parker. From a Discourse pronounced in the Bulfinch-Street Church, Boston, June 3, 1860. By W. R. Alger. Walker, Wise & Co.

The presence of Theodore Parker in Boston as a minister necessarily in regular standing, because there was no law under which he could be expelled the Boston Association, his Church regularly catalogued as a Congregational Society, was a fact more eloquent and significant than any of his discourses. Not before did the Christian world come face to face with the *ultimatum* of Protestantism. Not before did it fully perceive that in the *ovum* of the right to reject the Pope was the right to reject the authenticity of the Bible, and that both were equally Christian rights under the Law it had inaugurated. The lesson of Parker's life is: Back to Rome and be a spiritual chimpanzee, or on to Reason and be a man! The story runs that Saturn made an oyster and feared to make anything higher, lest under such a precedent a being should come who would be stronger than he was; but at last, over-persuaded, he made a higher, and then from that sprang a higher, until at last Jupiter came, who dethroned Saturn. The only safe motto of that love of Chaos which calls itself Conservatism, is, *Obsta principiis*. The first step involves all the rest. Nothing is plainer than that at

some time the whole Protestant world is to be Parkerite ; nay, it can not end there, but Parkerism will one day become the conservative faith, so called, building fine churches and resisting the heresies which will arise in its borders.

To the above list of discourses we might have added a few more ; for the tributes to the dead Parker were almost as numerous as the denunciations of the living Parker. Men have been heard whining over his grave, because they knew that the hearts of the people would be thrilled by one name on that day, whether they uttered it or not, who refused to send one generous word to the dying man, except in the mean, secret way. One is reminded of the story of Esculapius. It will be remembered that this eminent physician cured all diseases ; he knew the antidote of every bane that men or gods could inflict. If a man was poisoned, or struck with lightning, Esculapius had only to be sent for and the man was well. Finally Pluto said, "This will never do : Hell will be depopulated." So he, the god of Hades, sent word to Jupiter that unless Esculapius could be stopped, there was no use in a hell at all ; adding that already half of Hades consisted of "apartments to let." Now Jupiter replied that he also disliked this power of the great physician ; his thunder was of little use, for no sooner had he killed somebody he didn't like, but Esculapius would go and bring him to life again. So, finally, after consultation, it was agreed that the too knowing physician should be disposed of. Jupiter killed Esculapius with a flash of lightning. *But after this it was agreed on all sides that Esculapius should be set as a constellation in the Heavens.* But the later mythology tells that the rays of the stars in that constellation mingled with the juices of the Earth and brought up plants that can heal all diseases.

So was the living Parker a troublesome fellow ; Parker depopulating the hells of America — social, political, religious — was intolerable. What was the use of a Fugitive Slave Bill if this man managed to get every one who enforced it into Coventry ? What was the use of fine churches, if this man took away the warm religious heart of the people, leaving empty pews ? So on him fall the anathemas, the wormwood and the gall : and now he lies dead upon his cross. But as Parker in the concrete was unbearable, Parker in the abstract is magnificent. So he must be a Constellation, and each narrow little parish priest comes to try and

get some little star of his rhetoric associated with the great dead. But if American Demagogueism, and Mercantile Selfishness, and Religious Bigotry think they have got rid of the potency of this man, by this means, we hasten to warn them that every ray that shines down from that Constellation is a revolutionary ray ; that each is in conspiracy with the forces of the moving world ; that when they think that his standard must surely fall, a thousand hands will emerge to sustain it as that which in the Western World must be victorious.

Out of the many discourses, we have selected those which seem to us most genuine — although in this regard there is much difference between them — and most representative of various phases in which his life must appear to the various phases of liberal religion which we have.

The first on our list comprises the Tributes of his long-trying, out-spoken friends, his brave companions, partners of his toils and his fames. Such a work is necessarily eulogistic. Criticism is in abeyance : but let us see how subtle eulogy may be ? Charles M. Ellis, in the course of his remarks, said :

Born on soil sacred to Freedom — of stock culled in England, and trained for two centuries in the best physical and moral culture of the world — himself reared in schools not the costliest, but the best — taught the love of labor, self-reliance, absolute reverence for God and conscience, he surprised the world by the intellect that embraced the will that moved it. But these only beat with the impulses of his mighty heart. I do not wish to vindicate all. But as the dust of earth shall fall, this element will justify much that is questioned now. He did not believe in calling black white. Let time and truth judge his sayings. What he spoke in love will live. Do you not remember how, in his discourse on Adams — when the building shook and his voice was silenced as the ice and snow fell with the shock of an earthquake before the sun of Spring (he wished it so with the character he was discussing) — with what joy he reviewed the glorious labors of the long Indian summer of that life, the rapture with which he hailed its closing act, summed up in that Saxon sentence, “the great loud *No* of an old man going home to his God” ? Is the wail of a true heart over powers perverted — the “*woe*” of him who speaks in the cause of Humanity and God, to those who smite what they might save — to be condemned ?

Wendell Phillips, in his usual high strain, speaks thus :

The very last page those busy fingers ever wrote, tells the child's story, than which, he says, “no event in my life has made so deep and lasting an impression on me.” “A little boy in petticoats, in my fourth year, my

father sent me from the field home." A spotted tortoise, in shallow water, at the foot of a rhodora, caught his sight, and he lifted his stick to strike it, when "a voice within said, 'It's wrong.' I stood with lifted stick, in wonder at the new emotion, till rhodora and tortoise vanished from my sight. I hastened home, and asked my mother what it was that told me it was wrong. Wiping a tear with her apron, and taking me in her arms, she said, 'Some men call it conscience; but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen to it and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right. But if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you in the dark and without a guide.'" Out of that tearful mother's arms grew your pulpit. Here in words—every day in the streets, by deeds, during a hard life, he repeated and obeyed her counsel.

Mr. Emerson, so chary of praises, gives this earnest word, with which we close our extracts from the "Tributes":

'Tis plain to me that he has achieved a historic immortality here; that he has so woven himself in these few years into the history of Boston, that he can never be left out of your annals. It will not be in the acts of City Councils; nor of obsequious Mayors; nor, in the State House, the proclamations of Governors, with their failing virtue—failing them at critical moments,—that the coming generations will study what really befell; but in the plain lessons of Theodore Parker in this Music Hall, in Faneuil Hall, or in Legislative Committee Rooms, the true temper and authentic record of these days will be read. The next generation will care little for the chances of election that govern governors now; it will care little for fine gentlemen who behaved shabbily, but it will read very intelligently in his rough story, fortified with exact anecdotes, precise with names and dates, what part was taken by each actor; who threw himself into the cause of Humanity, and who came to the rescue of Civilization at a hard pinch, and who blocked its course. * * * * *

Ah, my brave brother! it seems as if, in a frivolous age, our loss were immense, and your place can not be supplied. But you will already be consoled in the transfer of your genius, knowing well that the nature of the world will affirm to all men, in all times, that which for twenty-five years you valiantly spoke; that the winds of Italy murmur the same truth over your grave, the winds of America over these bereaved streets; that the sea which bore your mourners home affirms it, the stars in their courses, and the inspirations of youth; whilst the polished and pleasant traitors to human rights, with perverted learning and disgraced graces, rot and are forgotten with their double tongue saying all that is sordid for the corruption of man.

Mr. James Freeman Clarke, whose Discourse stands second on our list, whose address before the Anti-Slavery Society is in the "Tributes," has given, with the exception of Mr. Emerson's, the

most discriminating, and without any exception the most impressive and touching views of Theodore Parker's life and character. None knew Parker better than he who had met him as Jehu met Jehonadab : and Jehu said, " Is thy heart right as my heart is with thy heart ? If it be, give me thy hand ; " and he gave him his hand, and got up into the chariot with him ! In the chariot they went forth together to battle for those living causes which are the Christs of to-day, because they involve the same sacrifices and devotion which made him of old the life, the truth and the way. Thus deep respondeth unto deep.

The friends whom Parker loved, he loved with his whole heart. He loved them as Jonathan loved David : his love for them was wonderful, passing the love of woman. A word of kindness, an act of good-will, was never forgotten by him. His noble soul opened itself to affection like the blossoming apple-tree to the balmy sunshine in this early June. His sympathy with humanity inspired his flaming and ardent zeal for the oppressed everywhere ; and as, in our land, the colored man is the most oppressed of all, therefore he felt most keenly *his* wrongs, and labored most zealously for *him*. Cold-hearted and selfish politicians, who think that to get office is the only motive in politics, could not understand this ; but they are to be pitied for their forlorn ignorance of the nobilities of the human soul. His whole heart, as well as his whole reason and conscience, were in the cause of suffering and enslaved man ; and for this that noble heart throbbed to the end.

This loving heart, which glowed with such devoted and steadfast affection for his friends, which burned with such ardent interest for the sufferers everywhere, could not be, and was not wanting in the highest type of love. It rose through friendship to humanity, through humanity to piety. Having loved his brother whom he had seen, how could he *not* love also the invisible but ever-present Father of us all ? His piety was tender, filial, reverential ; devout as that of Pascal, St. Bernard, or Madame Guyon. It was an instinct of adoration for infinite beauty and perfect love. Those who blamed his irreverent speech toward the outside of religion, toward the letter of the Bible, toward the sacraments of worship, little knew how tender and deep was his reverence toward the Great Father ; whom he also loved to call the Mother, — Father and Mother of all men.

Mr. Clarke never shows his friendship more than in the simplicity and frankness with which he can speak of a friend's faults. Faithful are the wounds of a friend. We can not think, however, that the following statement of limitations is philosophical or even just :

His fiery indignation at wrong showed itself, in the most terrible in-

vectives which modern literature knows, against the kidnappers, the pro-slavery politicians, the pro-slavery priests, and the slave-catching commissioners. These invectives were sometimes cruel and severe; in the spirit of Moses, David, and John the Baptist, rather than in that of Christ. Such extreme severity, whether in Jew or Christian, defeats its own object: for it is felt to be excessive and unjust. I can not approve of Theodore Parker's severity. I consider it false, because extravagant; unjust, because indiscriminate; unchristian, because relentless and unsympathizing. But then I will remember how bitterly he was pursued by his opponents; how Christians offered prayers in their meetings, that he might be taken away: how Boston wealth and aristocracy hated and reviled him; how little he had, from any quarter, of common sympathy or common charity. I can not wonder at his severity: but I can not think it wise. Being so great, I wish he had been greater.

It is not philosophical, because it sets the Spirit of Christ at war with the forces of Nature.

" All kinds of winds and weather
Must be taken up together,
To make a year
Or a sphere."

We deny altogether the idea that everything is to be accomplished by gentle means; these are one method, but there are other methods. We deny that any one method can be called exclusively the Christian method, for all are made equally necessary by the Father of all, and if pursued with an eye single to his glory, must be for the advancement of his Kingdom. The life-giving ray of the sun is atwain with the deadly sunstroke. We have read that in the Kingdom which should come, the wolf should dwell with the lamb, and the lion and the fatling lie down together, but never that the wolves were to become lambs and the lions fatlings; each is a just part preserving its own individuality, if only led by the little child---by the spirit of simplicity and obedience. Now we have every evidence that Mr. Parker's severity was in every case directed against some flagrant wrong: the roar in his voice was unmistakable, but it was Sinai-thunder by which alone those who worshiped the Golden Calf in the plain could be brought to tremble. That this severity was the result of any *personal* experiences of Mr. Parker, as we are sorry to find Mr. Clarke intimating, is not true in any sense. Not one severe word in mere self-vindication has he left.

From the next discourse on our list, that of Rev. O. B. Froth-

ingham, we select a fine passage relating to Mr. Parker's severity. This subtle thinker, who was long on terms of intimate sympathy with Parker, says :

But the decisive word in this connection remains to be said. When charity becomes intensest, it scorches. Amiability is love in its negative form; but when love assumes its positive form, when it becomes an earnest and broad humanity, then it begins to sparkle and flash and smite. He who reveres the good, and cleaves to it, necessarily abhors the evil, and denounces it; and he who has small abhorrence of evil has usually but a feeble allegiance to good. It was out of the bosom of his loving kindness that Jesus launched the frightful bolts of his invective at the scribes and Pharisees of his time; clearing the atmosphere of their hypocrisy by dreadful process of thunder-storm, that the common people might not suffocate. It is out of his heart of infinite pity for the world, that the Almighty Father makes the wicked consume away, and buries faithless nations in shameful graves. He who speaks in the interest of principles can not be silenced by a refutation; and he who labors in the cause of man must use the vices of men as his tools. What seems cruelty to the individual may be mercy to the whole, and to them likewise in the end.

The Rev. Charles T. Brooks, of Newport, R. I., whose own life and character will seem to those who know him best the true exemplification of the "Man of God," in speaking to the late graduating class at Cambridge, introduced with great felicity the following allusion to the departed man :

But I turn from the living to the great army of ministers and martyrs who have finished their course below. How noble an exemplification of many points in my subject would the manly Robertson furnish! But from the number of our own departed fellow-graduates there comes back at this hour to my memory the image of a fellow-student of my own, whom I remember twenty-five years ago, as he sat in that little chamber at Divinity Hall, bending over his huge folios; and who, after a toilsome and thorny service, has, within a few months, been translated to that clearer vision, for which, through the dust of this building-ground and the smoke of this battle-field, his noble heart yearned and strove. This brother of ours, as the tender respect, and even reverence, with which men of most differing creeds speak of him departed touchingly testify, whatever may have been his errors of opinion or expression, presented a memorable example of the honest preacher and the faithful pastor combined with the earnest patriot and philanthropist; and the manner in which his death has affected men of all sects and parties shows that the instincts of the heart recognize the soundness of the principle, which seems to me one of the great lessons of our brother's life, — that the man makes the minister.

The next discourse on our list (that of Rev. C. A. Bartol) is an indictment under the guise of friendliness. Beginning in the *Quorum magna pars fui* style, indicating the man who would fain link his name with that of scholars whilst evading their sacrifices, he at length says: "He even charged on some, who thought he went too far, the secret treachery of opinions like his own, which they were ashamed to divulge and afraid to enact." A most disingenuous sentence this must seem to those who know the very names of distinguished Doctors of Divinity in Boston and vicinity, who began in frank sympathy with Strauss and Parker, but shrank back when they saw the heavy price which was demanded of the brave pioneer. Again, with insufferable conceit, this Bartol says: "He had not imagination, simple reverence, and holy wonder, to admit the marvels at which, on the road of investigation, the scientific understanding balks, but which are welcome to the higher reason in every artist and true spiritualist, to poet and painter, to Dante and Shakspeare and Milton and Raphael, to genius of all sorts treading on the mysterious borders, none ever measured, of the unseen world." That is, in plain speech, the miracles are conveniently credible to such artists, poets, "geniuses of all sorts," illuminati of "the higher reason," as Bartol, Gannet, Ellis & Co.; but G  the, Carlyle, Emerson, Parker and others, men of mere "scientific understanding," must move on the lower plain! It is amusing to find this critic after this flattering Emerson, who said that in the mouth of the Church "miracle means monster," and unable to suppress his jealousy that the Sage of Concord should have termed Parker the only thoroughly faithful preacher of morals in the land.

Mr. Hepworth's discourse must be recognized as a hearty and brave word from a rising young man, who, although surrounded by such influences as those which penned the last-mentioned sermon, remembers Schiller's advice, "Follow the dreams of thy youth." It is the inevitable response of a noble instinct to a noble life. And Transitional Unitarianism may well heed the blasts of the horns about its Jericho-walls, when the young ministers in old pulpits about Boston utter such sentiments as the following:

He said of God, "If He is, He is always near: not here to-day, and there to-morrow; but here always." And when he denied the miraculous coming of Christ, it was not that he would put God away from the world,

as the Church had done in saying that He was closer at one time than at another; but that he would have God as close to-day and to each as He was eighteen hundred years ago and to Christ. And, in this denial of what others believed to be miracles, both his logical faculty and his instincts were at one. He could see no historical evidence, nothing compulsory, in the facts given. No man sought more carefully or more earnestly than he; and his soul certainly, as no soul can, did not relish the doctrine. His instincts corroborated his judgment. For I imagine, that, if we believe in miraculous interposition to save us, we do it only on compulsion. It is more natural to believe, and more satisfactory, that God's plan was so arranged in the first place that no emergency could arise for which it would become necessary to suspend his laws and act in an extraordinary way.

The next sermon which we are to mention is by Mr. Alger; and it is one whose merits and defects are equally startling. To speak of the last and least first, how strange that any one speaking of a simple old Puritan, like Parker, could utter such a sentence as the following:

Not frittering himself away in dissipated miscellaneousness of effort, but pouring himself in a cumulative course of foreseeing and single purpose, he will not evaporate like a shower of isolated exertions in the desert of contemporaneous notice, but roll as a voluminous river of influence across the plains of posthumous fame.

Here we have, one may say, Eastern Splendor added to Oriental Magnificence! And throughout the discourse there is too much ambition, too little of the simplicity eminently befitting the occasion. Yet the discourse presents a broader and more patient comprehension of the subject than any we have read. We are sorry that we are able to cull but one of the incisive passages which invite us:

And now that his great soul has gone up to judgment, and his poor form sleeps in the earth, nor reckes how they rave, shall petty men, who, as far as appears from any thing they ever did, were not worthy to unloose the latches of his shoes, stand up and condemn him because he offended their views, their taste and prejudices? Shall the merest fledglings of the traditional church assume seats of superiority, and complacently sit in judgment on his genius and his works, amidst the applause of those who knew little of him except blindly to fear his teachings? With their three-inch calipers, shall they take the smallness of his mind? with their ludicrous ignorance, pronounce on his lack of learning. with their thrice-refined parrotry, declaim on his want of originality? out of their abject submission to outgrown dogmas of folly and fear, bewail the benighted-

ness of his belief? and, in their hooded bigotry, accuse him of blasphemous arrogance, and doom him to eternal perdition? Undoubtedly they will. This is one of the penalties of heroic greatness, marching before the van of its age, must always pay. Mean men thus revenge themselves on it; or they thus seek to appear great themselves by showing how easily they include a great man, and toss off an exhaustive estimate of him. To the despicable nature the glorious nature looks despicable too; and when an ant measures Olympus, Olympus is an inch high.

— Since the above was in print, we have received from London a discourse, entitled “Lessons from the Life of Theodore Parker,” by the former pastor of our Cincinnati Church, now the honored successor of James Martineau in Liverpool, W. H. Channing. Mr. Channing’s difficulty is evidently his personal nearness to Parker. to speak of his lost friend was too much like speaking of himself, for him to feel perfectly free. The very printed words of this pamphlet are choked with emotion. Leaving out for want of space many noble bursts, we dwell for a moment on the following, which seems to us a strange misconception :

He taught that God is *immanent* alike in the Universe and in Man; but he did not recognize that He is *INFLUENT* yet more. Hence his theory of Inspiration was limited to instinct and to genius, and virtually excluded direct communication from the Divine Spirit to the Human Spirit, as from person to person. Logically carried out, this mode of speculation would have plunged him into the abyss of Pantheism, from which his great heart and brave energy alone kept him back. And from Pantheism he was saved by this happy inconsistency. In distinct assertions, often reiterated, he avowed himself to be a Theist. He worshipped The Infinite Person, with whom each Finite Person may hold loving, intelligent intercourse, in whom all Finite Persons may be made one by sympathetic cooperation. Hence he prayed in the closet, in the family group, in the great congregation. And how fervent, exalting, and overflowing with courageous trust and joyful tenderness, were his public devotions, thousands of fellow-worshippers will testify. Such experience of personal intercommunion with the Divine Being, by Will on will, and Mind on mind, should have taught him a higher view of Inspiration, than can be derived from the doctrine of God’s immanence, alone.

It seems to us, on the contrary, that Mr. Parker made the “communication from the Divine Spirit to the Human Spirit” too direct. His Theory teaches

that the World is not nearer to our bodies than God to the Soul; “for in Him we live, and move, and have our being.” As we have bodily senses to lay hold on matter and supply bodily wants, through which we

obtain, naturally, all needed material things, so we have spiritual faculties to lay hold on God, and supply spiritual wants; through them we obtain all needed spiritual things.—*Discourses of Religion*, p. 202.

We have always felt that, though undoubtedly the truth of spiritual communion is clearly deducible from this analogue, it was chargeable with making such communion too simple, in the sense of too easy. It seems to put the pearls on the surface of the waves, instead of in the caverns of the deep, to be reached only by the skilled and fearless diver. The soul's rapture is not so much a theme as a symphony: a child may sing the theme, but ages of culture and experience must go to such a development of that theme into all its possibilities as makes the symphony. At any rate, it is clear to us that Parker had evolved this divine symphony, though he may have misjudged that it could be as familiar to all as the lullaby.

— As the last of these echoes awakened by the knell which tells of a great man's departure, dies, we pause once more to consider our loss. Every word quoted has an indication that we are in the midst of a Revolution of thought. It is not given to any one mind to revolutionize any system; for each such epoch there must be the scholastic Erasmus, the genial Melancthon, the persistent Zwingle, as well as the courageous monk of Erfurth. And when the smoke has cleared from the battle-field of the American theology, it will not be hard to find, along with its scholars and poets, who was its eloquent and lion-hearted Luther. Meanwhile, we rejoice to witness signs that the Liberal Church has learned a lesson from the sad history of its relations with Theodore Parker, which will prevent such wretched self-stultification in the future. Thus by his stripes shall some wounded hearts be healed, and in his grave shall be buried many unholy weapons, unworthy of the spirit of the age. Therefore, the Church of the Future, when she makes up her jewels, will hang, as the charm about her neck, the memory of him by the interpretation of whose life her other children were recognized.

He, says Ruskin, who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent *there* are the wild love or the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness,

will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust. But the lesson which men receive as individuals, they do not learn as nations. Again and again they have seen their noblest descend into the grave, and have thought it enough to garland the tombstone, when they had not crowned the brow, and to pay the honor to the ashes which they had denied to the spirit. Let it not displease them, that they are bidden, amidst the tumult and the dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices and watch for the few lamps which God has toned and lighted to guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay.

AB URBE.

FAREWELL to Traffic's ceaseless stir,
To crowded throngs and hurrying feet;
To-day, a woodland worshiper,
I hold with Pan communion sweet.

Farewell to smirking fraud and trick,
To Fashion's diplomatic smile;
To-day the meadow-blooms are thick,
And kiss the rivulet mile on mile.

Farewell to social feuds and hate,
To senseless forms of Etiquette:
Miss Lily does not scold nor prate,—
I find at home Miss Violet.

Farewell to Love's bewitching spells,
To lightnings from coquettish eyes,—
From out the bushy nooks and dells
A thousand amorous forms arise.

Farewell to quack and demagogue,—
I want no tickets, potions, pills;
An hour's seat on this mossy log,
In the free air, cures all my ills.

The elm-tree, maple, birch and pine
Call me with words sincerely meant;
Columbus-like I sail, and find
The newer, better continent.

DR EINBOHRER AND HIS PUPILS.

CHAPTER VII.—OF FORM.

WHEN Dr. E. came out this morning, he excited the curiosity of his pupils to the last pitch by setting on the table, just under his nose, the oddest little figure.

Van Stammer, who had been reading Plato until two the night before, and whose sore eyes were snapping out gleams of the Absolute and Self-subsistent, of which he had been meditating ever since, turned pale and ventured to Peter House next him the theory that this was the Dæmon of our Teutonic Socrates; whereupon Peter rose, bowed low, and exclaimed, "Good morning, Pigmy Devil, Esq.; how do you do?" His levity, however, did not even obtain the notice of the venerable Jecovas, who for a minute regarded silently and even fondly this queer little figure of a man, who had singularly prominent features and a very long row of teeth, reaching, as it were, far down into his throat. Now was it that I rejoiced that I had undertaken to make notes of what the Doctor stated in his lectures; for, in order to do this, I had obtained a seat very near his desk. It was this that enabled me to hear distinctly a significant apostrophe addressed by him to the mannikin before he began his lecture (the other pupils only saw his lips move): "Poor little make-believe of a man!" said he; "soulless thou art, infirm — a man of wax; yet to me thou art the theme of the ages; in thee the scores of the symphony of life — whose four movements are the four kingdoms of Nature!"

Setting aside for a time the little figure, the Doctor proceeded to address us as follows on Form:

"Philosophers have always been more speculative than clear on the subject of form. Indeed, Morphology, up to the time of Swedenborg, was a science that was only sung. Swedenborg entered a little into this realm, and its magnificent verities and beauties, we are sorry to know, crazed him. He would not stop until he had given God himself shape and definition. No doubt God has shape and definition, but that Swedenborg would have to become a little His superior in order to report them, is still more doubtless. But we may remark, here, a very ingenious conclu-

sion of this Great Seer, given without proof or probability, but interesting as indicating the extent to which an idea would ride him. Swedenborg intimates that the specific taste or smell of an object is dependent upon the *shape* of its atoms; that is, if the particles of salt and sugar were of similar form, there would be no difference in their taste. The mode of the action is this: the palate is a bundle of nerves -- *in these nerves are all the various flavors of the earth.* The special and peculiar shape of the atoms of sugar are alone able to pierce into the sugar-nerves; peppermint would leave the sugar-nerves untouched and excite the peppermint nerves; and so of salt, vanilla and what not. Of course, no process can ever destroy the atomic shapes of these substances. Now this may all be true, but if so, the theorem must hold with the other senses, and our science must give us the mathematical form of a violet ray, must measure the dimensions of a musk fragrance, must carve a statuette of a nightingale's song! I will not say that these are impossible -- they do not seem to contradict any ideal that Nature is training in us.

"An old English poet has given us a line that will bear some scrutiny:

‘Soul is Form and doth the body make.’

If soul is Form, it follows that it is not any special form; each form must be one string of its limitless lyre. But there is no form except for the expression of some form of soul; therefore it was well said that ere the brooding spirit moved on the face of the fluid world it was ‘without form.’ Every animal form is a crystallization about the passion -- the power, that is -- which it represents. Your wader will have long legs, your swimmer will be web-footed; the lion must have a thick, shaggy neck, sufficient to hold up a slain ox. As the æons roll forward, we find these scattered letters of form put together and spelt out in some glorious ferocity, as Napoleon, -- or transcendent fox, as Richelieu. We find, then, that the Eternal Soul made the old forms as a pictured alphabet to spell out the inevitable *modes* of its existence, and that fox, dog, wolf, lamb, lion, are sagacity, fidelity, liberty, gentleness, superiority, -- all attributes of the soul.”

The good Einbohrer now took hold of the little mannikin, very much to the satisfaction of the class, whose curiosity, raised to its highest pitch, had not, I fear, helped their attentiveness to the abstruse truths which had been announced. As he handled it, we

saw that it was soft to his touch, and could be moulded to any shape he desired. He began by stretching it out to its full dimensions, so that instead of its being a man, it was like a Zuglodon. He made a very good imitation of several animals. But very curious indeed was the ease with which he flattened the forehead, swelled the lips, and made a grinning ape, — with slight variation, a low Irishman, and then a negro. It was very curious and signalized by an explosion of laughter, when the mannikin, having traveled through a myriad of ages in twenty minutes — all the way from the plutonic rocks — regained his composure and sat before us grinning over his Protean adventures as before. The master then proceeded :

“ Gentlemen, we are very much deluded by the seeming. Forms seem to us very different, because we think we have seen them when we have not ; or, rather, we think that an object is to be seen with our eyes. Seen with the eyes, the moon is largest of the heavenly bodies — and stars millions of miles apart are but three feet apart — and the earth is flat. Scarcely any of the senses, or faculties, and none of the experience can be left out in the simple act of seeing an object. With two strokes only of his brush Titian changed the picture of a cat into a laughing maiden. See, 'tis but by depressing these mouth-muscles that I change this plastic friend of ours who seems bursting with laughter, into a desolate mourner.

“ Pray, now, look at the variations of animal form through which our inanimate teacher has gone, with eye and reason too, with a remembrance that things are not what they seem. Oken, in a great moment, when the Earth with its fossils became transparent to him, said, ‘ There is but one animal.’

“ Have you not seen that throughout the World of Form it is Man, whether flying, swimming, creeping or walking ?

“ But man himself is of variable form ; for it is not the general body that constitutes the aim of creation. It is the Brain, all-informed, that Nature has all along been constructing. The limbs and trunk are but a frame-work for supporting and defending this elegant piece of work, which Nature supported so, lest some injury should come to it. It is the BRAIN which has been passing from furnace to furnace, from anvil to anvil, and which bears to the latest all the temper it has gained from the preceding degrees. ‘ Go to,’ said the SPIRIT ; ‘ I will make Man — that is, a catholic

Brain: it shall be Kosmos." Then the Spirit made a Lichen on the Rock, and in it was the cerebral essence. Then that eliminated thus, went into the Laboratory of the Genii, and their heavy hammer-strokes rang out, and their smithy fires glared far, till they kindled the Star of Bethlehem. On the serpent-anvil wisdom was inwrought, and with the eagle-anvil aspiration: fox-anvil added prudence, and the lion-forge gave nobleness. Fierce and mighty the travail: calm stood the Mid-wife God awaiting the birth of a Brain. Forests shrank back and crystallized into rock; Kingdoms of the once Rulers became gladly fossil—for they knew that by a sublime annihilation they should rise to their Thabor of Transfiguration in that BRAIN which all existed only to build, and which must have on its summit tabernacles for the whole of the Past. Thus all brains and qualities were to be summed up in the forehead of Man: and when their various powers are fully represented there, they must pass away outwardly.

"By this path, my young friends, you will come to the nobler science which finds its Arctics and Tropics, its Magnetic Belts, its Fauna and Strata, all in the Planets that move with cerebral and facial hemispheres around the Solar Eye. Have I not seen a man pursued through life by a ravenous wolf of an underlip? Have I not seen a man fighting the 'beasts at Ephesus' prowling about the base of his head? Have I not seen a panther-cheek in deadly life-long combat with a nose that ever stood bravely forth to maintain the existence of the Man upon earth?

"But it is written that the Garden of God shall rise out of this conflict: the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the lion and the young fatling together. When by the happy Little Child these shall all be led to their high aims, they shall harmonize and the balanced Brain shall appear. The New Kingdom shall advance; the snarl and the growl shall not haunt human voices; the glare shall fade from the eyes of men; and instead of tracking the footsteps of men by bloodstains and howls, we shall trace them in flowers, and the songs of nightingales.

"The true Morphology must establish the Law of Institutions and Religions, which are varying Forms of the Divine Essence.

"In the ancient Greek Mythology we are told that Saturn (Time) devoured his children: Zeus (Life) alone escaped him, and afterward dethroned him. That is, Time must ever consume the Forms which Time has produced; but the Essence of Forms

which is evolved, all-creative Life, can not be devoured. Forms pass away, Essences remain ; Generations pass, generation goes on ; Temples crumble, worship endures. It is an old experience that there are some who in saving a thing lose it, and those who in losing a thing find it. The Conservative thinks he conserves when he clings to the old form ; but the Reformer is the real conservator, for he has detected the old vitality under the renewed form. We can not hold on to the grub-truth and get the golden-winged truth also. Therefore if one wished to select the true believers, he might safely collect the seeming unbelievers. The truth is lost which is not raised up from the sepulchre of the empirical Form. When Saurian Creeds that have served their time pass away with horrible contortions, when Thrones totter, it is Saturn devouring another or others of his children. When clear Ideas are enthroned, and Justice is established, then Zeus prevails by the conservation of new forces. No form of Truth so sacred but it must take on new forms : as the Serpent in the Wilderness is lifted up, so must the Son of Man be lifted up. The oath of the universe is given that nothing shall remain which can not change and grow with the growing World.

HERESY AT MEADVILLE.

FOR some time there have been rumors of trouble at the Unitarian Theological School in Meadville, Pa. These have for the first time taken a tangible form, in a pamphlet before us, written and published by a quondam student of that Institution, named Hiram A. Reid. This young man a few years ago, by his talents, his studious habits and his earnestness, interested a number of persons in Boston, who at length volunteered to assist him in obtaining an education for the ministry at Meadville. The Ladies' Sewing Circle connected with Edward Everett Hale's Church gave especial aid and sympathy on the occasion ; and the youth, full of hope and devotion, repaired to the long-desired school, where he soon was recognized by those around him as, to use the printed testimony of his fellow-students, "a close and hard student, a faithful, true, and self-sacrificing friend ; a man who makes a good

use of his time and means, for the accomplishment of the high aims he has in view."

It may be imagined that Meadville rejoiced in such an acquisition.

Meadville expelled him !

The reason for this strange proceeding the young man writes, and sets up in type with his own hand, in order to place it in every hand that had contributed to his education. This Memorial we can not pass by for several reasons. The people of the West are frequently called upon to help this Institution, which is a Western one—geographically, at least : it is well that people should know all about any Institution which they are invited to support. In the next place, we find the name of the *Dial*—which, without any effort on our part, has had a pretty fair circulation in that Divinity College—mixed up with the discussion.

Mr. Reid's offences were as follows : 1. He wrote in the regular order of the class an essay on Hume's argument against miracles, in which he maintained the lowest ground of Naturalism—to wit., that the miracles, though true (and he did not deny them), were not contrary to the laws of Nature, but simply the results of laws beyond our experience or knowledge. It is not straining the matter to say that there is not a scholar in any Protestant Church who does not hold to miracles on this ground, unless he rejects them altogether. As far as even Boston Unitarianism, whose motto is, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord," is concerned, they have been placed on the principle (however different their conclusions from it) laid down by Mr. Reid, by Drs. Hedge and Noyes, of the Cambridge School ; by James Clarke, and, indeed, by every man among them whose opinion is of any public importance. 2. Mr. Reid, when asked by one of the professors (Mr. Folsom) his opinion of the discrepancies between John and the Synoptics pointed out in the *Dial* (Art. Christianity of Christ), replied that he thought the whole amounted "to the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee." From which we may guess that the young Theologus had got beyond the letter into the spirit of Christianity, and that the importance of the criticism was diminished thereby. But if textual technicalities are allowed to be tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee affairs, what becomes of the trade at Meadville ? So Demetrius and his fellow-workmen must come together when the "craft is in danger," and

cry, "Great is Textual Criticism of the Meadvillians!" 3. Mr. Reid likes Darwin's work on the Origin of Species, and whilst he was not satisfied that his theory was right, maintained that it was not atheistical. In this matter it seems he was in deadly sympathy with Profs. Gray and Parsons of Cambridge, who, in Silliman's Journal and the Atlantic Monthly, have demonstrated the absurdity of the charge of Atheism against the Development Theory.

These are the only charges distinctly recognized in the Ecclesiastical Council of Meadville, before which Mr. Reid was arraigned for heresy. It is evident that the Theological Board of Meadville would scarcely have expelled this youth for these special views; but it is equally evident, from the manifestly unformed views of Mr. Reid, and from the direction which his inquiries were taking, that there was a spirit in the young man which, if unchecked, might prove contagious, and in the end turn the theology of Meadville topsy-turvy. 'Beware when the gods let loose a thinker on this planet. Then nothing is safe.' A man who begins by seeing that Development is not Atheism, may presently see that it is the only Theism. He who thinks the discrepancies about the Lord's Supper are differences of tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee, may come to regard the Holy Demolition of Swine as also immaterial to the soul's growth in love to God and man. If the heretic is taught A, what warrant have you that he will not at length say B, or even plunge headlong into the blasphemy of C!

It seems that Dr. Stearns, the President of Meadville, observed these tendencies of the active mind as much as two years ago, and in a private interview with him, said, *We must crush out this Parkerism!* This young man had not denied the miracles nor the Bible; so by Parkerism the President could only have meant *the free use of Reason*. We apprehend that the Doctor will find, before he has gone very far in the process, that the method which suffices for the parish of Hingham will scarcely bear to be transferred to the prairies and valleys of the West. A farmer who lived near Concord, N. H., said of the then President, "We always thought, down to Concord, that Frank Pierce did very well for that 'ere town, but guess he'll be monstrous *thin* spread out over the hull United States." The same may be said of certain local preachers and opinions as well as politicians.

Meanwhile we may say of the author of this Memorial, that, after having read it carefully, we are convinced that he is an able,

earnest and studious, as well as a brave young man, and we hope to hear soon that he has found some post in the West worthy of his talent and his fidelity.

URSULA.

BY HONORE DE BALZAC.

CHAPTER VI.

OF COURSE, the "honest neighbor," to whom the curate wished her to go, was Dr. Minoret.

The old mother only yielded after an hour of discussion, during which the curate was obliged to repeat his arguments ten times. And still the haughty Kergarouet was conquered only by these last words: "Savinien would go!"

"It is better, then, that it should be I," said she.

It was striking-time when the little door cut in the large one closed upon the curate, who rang quickly at the doctor's gate. The Abbé Chaperon fell from Trennette upon Bougival, for the old nurse said to him:

"You come very late, Monsieur le Curé!" as the other had said to him. "Why do you leave Madame so soon, when she is in trouble?"

The curate found a numerous company in the doctor's green and brown parlor, for Dionis had gone to reassure the heirs, in passing by Massin's, to repeat their uncle's words.

"Ursula," said he, "has, I think, a love in her heart which will give her only pain and care; she seems romantic [excessive sensibility is so styled among notaries], and we shall see her long a maid. No distrust, then — pay her all attention — be the servants of your uncle, for he is cunninger than a hundred Goupils," added the notary, without knowing that Goupil is the corruption of the word *vulpes*, fox.

Mesdames Massin and Crémère, their husbands, the postmaster and Désué, formed with the physician of Nemours and Bongrand, an unusual and turbulent assembly at the doctor's. The Abbé Chaperon heard, as they entered, the sounds of the piano. Poor Ursula was finishing Beethoven's symphony in *la*. With the cunning permitted to innocence, the child, whom her god-father had

enlightened, and whom the heirs displeased, chose that grand music which must be studied in order to be understood, with a view to disgust these women of their desire to hear her play. The more beautiful music is, the less the ignorant like it. So, when the door opened, and the Abbé Chaperon showed his venerable head: "Ah! here is Monsieur le Curé!" the heirs exclaimed, happy, all of them, to rise and put an end to their punishment.

This exclamation found an echo at the card-table, where Bon-grand, the doctor of Nemours, and the old man were victims of the presumption with which the tax-collector, to please his great uncle, had proposed to make the fourth hand at whist. Ursula left the *Forte*. The doctor rose as if to salute the curate, but, in reality, to stop the game. After great compliments to their uncle on the talent of his god-daughter, the heirs took their leave.

"Good evening, my friends," said the doctor, when they heard the gate shut.

—"Ah! this is what costs so dear," said Madame Crémère to Madame Massin, when they were at some paces' distance.

"God preserve me from paying money for my little Aline to make such noise as that in the house," replied Madame Massin.

"She says that it is *Bethoven*, who passes, it seems, for a great musician," said the receiver; "he has reputation!"

"My faith, it will not be at Nemours," replied Madame Crémère, "and he is well named Bête à Vent."

"I believe that our uncle has done that on purpose, to prevent our coming again," said Massin, "for he winked his eyes in showing the green volume to his little piece of affectation."

"If they amuse themselves with such a jingle as that, they do well to remain at home."

"Monsieur le Juge de Paix must love well to play cards, to be willing to listen to it," said Madame Crémère.

—"I shall never be able to play before persons who do not understand music," said Ursula, coming to sit down by the card-table.

"The sentiments in richly organized persons can only develop themselves in a friendly sphere," said the curate of Nemours. "Just as the priest can not bless in presence of the evil spirit, as the chestnut tree dies in a stiff soil, a musician of genius experiences an interior defeat when he is surrounded by the ignorant and coarse. In the arts, we ought to receive from souls who serve as

a sphere to our soul as much force as we communicate to them. This axiom which reigns in human affections has dictated the proverbs : ' We must howl with the wolves ; ' ' Birds of a feather flock together.' But the kind of suffering which you must have felt, strikes only tender and delicate natures."

" Thus, my friends," said the doctor, " what would only trouble a woman, might kill my little Ursula. Ah ! when I shall be no longer, raise between this dear flower and the world that protecting hedge of which the verses of Catullus speak : *Ut flos*, etc."

" These ladies have, however, been very flattering towards you, Ursula," said the magistrate, smiling.

" Coarsely flattering," observed the doctor of Nemours.

" I have always remarked coarseness in flatteries made to order," answered old Minoret ; " and why ? "

" A true thought carries its delicacy with it," said the Abbé.

" You have dined with Madame de Portenduère ? " then asked Ursula, who questioned the Abbé Chaperon, casting upon him a look full of anxious curiosity.

" Yes : the poor lady is much afflicted, and it is not impossible that she may come to see you this evening, Monsieur Minoret."

" If she is in sorrow, and have need of me, I will go to her," cried the doctor. " Let us finish the last rubber."

Under the table, Ursula pressed the old man's hand.

" Her son," said the magistrate, " was rather too weak to live at Paris without a Mentor. When I knew that they were taking, here at the notary's, informations concerning the old lady's farm, I guessed that he was discounting his mother's death."

" Do you believe him capable of that," said Ursula, darting a terrible look at M. Bongrand, who said, within himself : " Alas ! yes, she loves him."

" Yes and no," said the doctor of Nemours. " Savinien has good in him, and for that reason even he is in prison : scoundrels never get there."

" My friends," exclaimed old Minoret, " this is enough for this evening ; we must not let a poor mother weep a minute longer, when we can dry her tears."

The four friends rose and went out. Ursula accompanied them as far as the gate, looked at her god-father and the curate knocking at the door in front ; and when Trennette had introduced them,

she seated herself on one of the outer steps of the house, having La Bougival near her.

"Madame la Vicomtesse," said the curate, who first entered the little parlor, "Monsieur le Docteur Minoret has not been willing that you should trouble yourself to come to him."

"I am too much of the old school, Madame," continued the doctor, "not to know what a man owes to a lady like yourself, and I am too happy, since Monsieur le Curé has informed me of your mishap, to be able to serve you in any manner."

Madame de Portenduère, who, notwithstanding her reluctant concession, had, since the Abbé Chaperon's departure, nearly concluded to address herself rather to the notary of Nemours, was so much surprised by Minoret's delicacy, that she rose to answer his bow, and offered him an arm-chair.

"Be seated, sir," she said, with a queenly air. "Our dear curate will have told you that the Vicount is in prison for some youthful debts — 100,000 francs. If you could lend them to him, I would give you a mortgage on my farm des Bordières."

"We can speak of that, Madame la Vicomtesse, when I shall have brought your son home to you, if, indeed, you permit me to be your intendant on this occasion."

"This is well, Monsieur le Docteur," replied the old lady, inclining her head and looking at the curate with an air that seemed to say, You are right, he is a man of good company.

"My friend the doctor," then said the curate, "is, as you see, Madame, full of devotion for your house."

"We shall know how to be grateful, Monsieur," said Madame de Portenduère, visibly making an effort; "for at your age to adventure in Paris on the track of a heedless boy"

"Madame, in '65 I had the honor to meet the illustrious Admiral de Portenduère with that excellent M. de Malesherbes, and at the house of Count Buffon, who desired some information of him on many curious facts of his voyages. It is not impossible that the late Monsieur de Portenduère, your husband, may have been there. The French navy was then glorious; it held its own with England, and the captain animated this game with his courage. How impatiently, in '83 and '84, we used to expect news from the camp of St. Roch! I was near starting myself as physician in the King's armies. Your great uncle, who is still alive, the Admiral Ker-

garouet, then fought his famous battle, for he was on the *Belle Poule*."

"Ah! if he knew that his grand-son is in prison!"

"Monsieur le Vicomte will no longer be there two days hence," said old Minoret, rising. He extended his hand to take that of the old lady, who allowed him to do so; he pressed upon it a respectful kiss, bowed low, and went out; but turned back to say to the curate:

"Will you, my dear Abbé, take a place in the diligence for me for to-morrow morning?"

The curate remained half an hour longer chanting the praises of Dr. Minoret, who had intended to make a conquest of the old lady, and who had done it.

"He is astonishing for his age," said she; "he speaks of going to Paris and attending to my son's affairs, as though he were only twenty-five years old. He has seen good company!"

"The best, Madame; and now more than one son of a peer of France would be happy to marry his niece with a million. Ah! if this idea passed through Savinien's heart, times are so changed that it is not on your side the greatest difficulties would lie, after your son's conduct."

It was the profound amazement into which this last phrase threw the old lady, that enabled the curate to finish his sentence.

"You have lost your senses, my dear Abbé Chaperon."

"You will think on it, Madame, and God grant that your son may henceforth so conduct himself as to win this old man's esteem!"

"If it were not you, Monsieur le Curé—if it were any one else that spoke thus to me"

"You would never see him again," said the Abbé, smiling.

"Let us hope that your dear son keeps you informed of what is going on in Paris, in the way of alliances. You will think of Savinien's happiness, and after having already compromised his future, you will not hinder him from making a position for himself."

"And it is you who tell me this!"

"If I did not tell you, who is there that would?" exclaimed the priest, rising and making a prompt retreat.

—The curate saw Ursula and her god-father walking up and down in the court. The doctor, whose weakness was equal to his strength

had been so much tormented by his god-daughter, that he had just yielded : she wanted to go to Paris — and assigned a thousand pretexts. He called the curate, who came, and asked him to take the whole coupé for him, if the diligence office was still open.

The next day, at half past six in the evening, the old man and the maiden arrived at Paris, where, that same evening, the doctor went to consult his notary.

The political horizon was lowering. The magistrate of Nemours had several times said to the doctor, that it was very rash to keep any money in Government stocks as long as the quarrel between the press and the Court remained unsettled. Minoret's notary approved the advice indirectly given by the magistrate. The doctor took the opportunity of this journey to realize his shares of stocks, which all stood high, and to deposit his capital at the Bank. The notary engaged his old client to sell also the funds left by Monsieur de Jordy to Ursula, and which he had invested to advantage, like a good father of a family. He promised to bring into the field a business agent, excessively astute, to treat with Savinien's creditors ; but it was necessary, in order to succeed, that the young man should have the courage to remain still some days in prison.

"Precipitation in matters of this kind costs at least fifteen per cent.," said the notary to the doctor. "And, in the first place, you will not have your funds before seven or eight days."

When Ursula learned that Savinien would be still at least a week in prison, she besought her guardian to let her accompany him there one single time. Old Minoret refused. The uncle and niece were lodged in a hotel of the street Croix des Petits-Champs, where the doctor had taken a suitable apartment ; and knowing his pupil's religious truthfulness, he made her promise not to go out when he should be abroad on business. The good man took Ursula to walk in Paris, through the boulevards, the passages, the palaces ; but nothing amused or interested her.

"What do you wish, then ?" asked the old man.

"To see Sainte-Pélagie," she replied, persistently.

Minoret then took a hack as far as the Rue de la Clefs, where the carriage stopped before the mean looking front of that once convent, then transformed into a prison. The sight of those high, gray walls, all whose windows are barred, of that wicket which we only can enter by stooping — sinister lesson ! — that sombre mass in

a quarter full of miseries, and where it rises, surrounded with desert streets like a supreme misery, — this sad whole seized on Ursula, and wrung some tears from her.

"How," said she, "do they imprison young persons for money? Can a debt give to a usurer a power that the King does not possess? He is then there," she cried; "and where, my god-father?" she added, looking from window to window.

"Ursula," said the old man, "you make me commit follies. Is this forgetting him, then?"

"But," replied she, "if I must renounce him, must I also show no interest in him? I can love him, and not marry any one."

"Ah!" cried the good man, "there is so much reason in your folly that I repent of having brought you here."

Three days afterwards the old man had the receipts regulated, and all the documents establishing Savinien's liberation. This liquidation, comprising the commission paid to the business agent, had been effected for a sum of eighty thousand francs. There remained to the doctor eight hundred thousand francs, which his notary advised him to place them in treasury bonds, so as not to lose too much interest. He kept twenty thousand francs in bank bills for Savinien. The doctor went himself to unbar the prison door Saturday, at two o'clock, and the young Vicount, already instructed by a letter from his mother, thanked his liberator with a sincere effusion of heart.

"You should not delay to come and see your mother," said old Minoret to him.

Savinien replied with a sort of confusion, that he had contracted a debt of honor in his prison, and related the visit of his friends.

"I suspected you of some privileged debt," exclaimed the doctor, smiling. "Your mother borrows a hundred thousand francs of me, but I have paid only eighty thousand: here is the rest. Economize it well, Monsieur, and consider what you keep of it as your stake on the green cloth of Fortune."

During the last eight days, Savinien had made reflections upon the actual epoch. Competition in every thing requires great exertions from him who seeks a fortune. Illegal means demand more talent and subterranean practices than a quest in open daylight. Successes in the gallant world, far from giving a position, consume time and require an immense amount of money. The name of Portenduère, which his mother told him was all-powerful, was

nothing at Paris. His cousin, the deputy, the Count de Portenduère, made a small figure in the elective chamber, in presence of the peerage of the Court, and had no more credit than he needed for himself. The Admiral de Kergarouet would have been nothing without his wife. He had seen orators, persons from the social plane, inferior to the nobility, and other small gentry become very influential personages. In short, money was the pivot, the only means, the sole moving-spring of a society which Louis XVIII. had wished to make like that of England. From the street de la Clef to the street Croix des Petits-Champs, the gentleman developed the conclusions at which he had arrived, in harmony moreover with the counsel of De Marsay to the old physician. "I ought," said he, "to let myself be forgotten during three or four years, and to seek a career. Perhaps I may make a name by a book of political economy, moral statistics, by some treatise on one of the great actual questions. While aiming at a marriage with a young person who shall realize for me the conditions of eligibility, I will work in the shade and in silence."

In studying this young man's countenance, the doctor recognized there the gravity of a wounded combatant who watches his revenge. He much approved this plan.

"My neighbor," said he, finally, "if you have sloughed the skin of the old nobility, which is no longer the fashion of the day, after three or four years of wise and well-applied exertion, I undertake to find you a superior young girl, beautiful, amiable, pious, and with a fortune of seven or eight hundred thousand francs, who will render you happy, and of whom you shall be proud, but who will be noble only by the heart."

"Ah! doctor," cried the young man, "there is no longer nobility: there is only an aristocracy."

"Go, pay your debts of honor, and return here; I am going to take the inside of the diligence, for my pupil is with me," said the old man.

That evening at six, the three travelers left by the Ducler* of the

* On the great roads of France, fantastic names are given to the diligences; they say, *la Caillard la Ducler*, (the stage-coach between Nemours and Paris,) *le Grand Bureau*. "Caillard has not caught up with the Countess, but *le Grand Bureau* has singed her robe well, all the same! *La Caillard* and *le Grand Bureau* have run *les Françaises* into the ground." Every new enterprise is called *La Concurrence*. If you see the postillion crashing along, and refusing

street Dauphine. Ursula, who had put on a veil, said not a word. After the passing movement of gallantry, in which he had wafted from his fingers that kiss which committed on Ursula as great ravages as a whole book of love could have done, Savinien had entirely forgotten the doctor's pupil in the hell of his debts at Paris; and besides, his hopeless love for Emilie de Kergarouet had effaced the souvenir of a few glances exchanged with a little girl of Nemours. He remembered her then only when the old man made her get into the diligence first, and placed himself near her, to separate her from the young Vicount.

"I shall have accounts to render you," said the doctor to the young man. "I bring you all your papers!"

"I was near being left," said Savinien, "for I have had to order wearing apparel and linen; the Philistines have stripped me, and I arrive as a prodigal child."

However interesting may have been the subjects of conversation between Savinien and the doctor, and witty as were certain answers of Savinien, the maiden remained mute until the twilight, her green veil let down, her hands crossed upon her shawl.

"Mademoiselle does not seem to be enchanted with Paris?" said Savinien at last, piqued.

"I return to Nemours with pleasure," replied she, in a moved voice, raising her veil.

Notwithstanding the darkness, Savinien then recognized her by her large braids of hair and her brilliant blue eyes.

"And I! I leave Paris without regret, to come and bury myself at Nemours, since I find there my fair neighbor," said he. "I hope, Monsieur le Docteur, that you will receive me at your house; I love music, and I remember having heard Mademoiselle Ursula's piano."

"I do not know, sir," gravely said the doctor, "if your mother would like to see you at the house of an old man, who must have for this dear child all a mother's solicitude."

This measured answer made Savinien think much, and then he

even a glass of wine, question the conductor, he answers you with his nose in the wind, his eye on space. "La concurrence is ahead! and we do not see her!" said the postillion. "The scamp *will not have let his passengers eat!*"—"Has he any?" answers the conductor. "Tap then on Polignac!" All the bad horses are called Polignac. Such are the jokes and the substance of conversation between the postillions and the conductors on the top of stage-coaches. As many occupations as there are in France, so many argots.

remembered that kiss so lightly wafted. The night having come on, the heat was oppressive. Savinien and the doctor fell asleep first. Ursula, who sat long awake, laying plans, yielded towards midnight. She had taken off her little straw hat. Her head, covered with an embroidered cap, soon fell upon her god-father's shoulder.

About day-break, at Bourou, Savinien woke first. He then perceived Ursula in the disorder of sleep, with her cap rumpled and pushed back, her hair falling about her face, which was flushed with the heat of the carriage; but in this situation, frightful for women to whom a toilet is necessary, youth and beauty triumph. Innocence has always a beautiful sleep. The half open lips disclosed pretty teeth; the shawl undone permitted to remark without offending Ursula, under the plaits of a figured muslin dress, all the graces of her waist. In fine, the purity of this virgin soul shone on this countenance, and could be seen so much the more easily, as no other expression disturbed it. Old Minoret, who awoke, replaced his child's head in the corner of the carriage, so that she might be more at her ease. She let it be done without waking, so deeply she slept, after all the nights employed in thinking of Savinien's misfortune.

"Poor little one," said he to his neighbor, "she sleeps like a child, that she is."

"You ought to be proud of her," replied Savinien, "for she seems to be as good as she is beautiful."

"Ah! she is the joy of the house. Were she my own daughter, I could not love her more. She will be sixteen on the fifth of next February. God grant that I live long enough to marry her to a man who shall render her happy! I wished to take her to a theatre in Paris, this being her first visit, but she would not; the curate of Nemours had disapproved it. 'But,' said I, 'suppose that, when you are married, your husband wants to take you there?' 'I will do all that my husband desires,' she answered. 'If he asks me anything wrong, and I am weak enough to obey him, he will be charged with those faults before God; I shall draw, then, strength to resist from a true understanding of his interest.'"

As they entered Nemours, at five o'clock in the morning, Ursula awoke, all ashamed of her disorder, and of meeting Savinien's admiring look. During the hour that the diligence had taken to come from Bourou, where it stopped a few minutes, the young man

was smitten with Ursula : he had studied the candor of this soul, the beauty of this body, the fair complexion, the delicate features, the charm of the voice which had uttered that phrase so short and so expressive, in which the poor child said everything in meaning to say nothing. Finally, a secret presentiment revealed to him in Ursula the woman whom the doctor had painted in framing her portrait with these magic words : "Seven or eight hundred thousand francs !"

"In three or four years, she will be twenty, I shall be twenty-seven ; the good man has spoken of trials, of works, of good conduct. However cunning he may seem, he will tell me his secret at last."

The three neighbors separated in front of their houses, and Savinien used coquetry in his adieux, raising to Ursula a look full of solicitations.

Madame de Portendùère let her son sleep until noon. Notwithstanding the fatigue of the journey, the doctor and Ursula attended grand mass.

The deliverance of Savinien and his return, in company with the doctor, had explained the object of his absence to the politicians of the town, and to the heirs assembled on the public square, in a council like that which they had held there fifteen days before. To the great astonishment of the groups, on coming out from mass, Madame de Portendùère stopped old Minoret, who offered her his arm and saw her home. The old lady wished to ask him to dinner, and his pupil also, that very day, mentioning that the curate would be their other guest.

"He will have wished to show Paris to Ursula," said Minoret-Lerault.

"Peste ! the good man does not take a step without his little nurse," exclaimed Cremière.

"For the good woman, Portendùère, to have taken his arm, very intimate things must have passed between them," said Massin.

"And you have not guessed that your uncle has sold his income and taken the little Portendùère out of his trap ?" said Goupil. "He had refused my master, but he has not refused his mistress. Ah ! you are done. The Vicount will propose to make a contract instead of an obligation, and the doctor will make over to his god-daughter, by her husband, all that it may cost to conclude such an alliance."

"It would not be an awkward thing to marry Ursula with M. Savinien," said the butcher. "The old lady dines M. Minorot to-day; Trennette came at five o'clock to secure a tenderloin steak."

"Ah, well! Dionis, there is fine work going on!" said Masin, running to meet the notary, who came upon the square.

"What now? all is going well," replied the notary. "Your uncle has sold his income, and Madame de Portenduère has asked me to her house to sign an obligation of a hundred thousand francs, secured by her property, and lent by your uncle."

"Yes; but if the young people were to marry?"

"It is as if you said that Goupil is my successor," replied the notary.

"The two things are not impossible," said Goupil.

THE MIGHT OF WOMAN.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER BY C. T. BROOKS.

MIGHTY are ye — ye are so by the still charm of the present;
 What the still one does not, never the stormy can do.
 Force I look for in man, of law the majesty wielding!
 Woman can only by grace hold a legitimate sway.
 Many have ruled, it is true, by the might of mind and of prowess;
 But they have forfeited thee, highest and purest of crowns!
 Womanly beauty alone makes a true queen of the woman:
 Let her be seen, and she rules — rules by her presence alone.

DOCTOR BELLOWS denies that he made use of the expression that he "could not pronounce the soul of Theodore Parker to be lost, but he affirmed that he (Parker) had not accepted the means of salvation." His present version of the matter is — "not that I entertain any fear of the loss of Mr. Parker's soul, although I think that he did not accept the condition of salvation prescribed by the New Testament."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Eighth Commandment. By CHARLES READE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

With good corkage, Charles Reade is about as delicious a brand of "the sparkling" as can now be imported. When any book of his appears, we await nobody's criticism, we notice nobody's neglect; we are indifferent as to whether he has written about a man or an elephant, a thief or a theatre, — we go straightway and get the book, and never find in it one dull line. *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.* Here, now, is a book which is in no wise a fiction, but a plain, homely truth, all relating to acts of Parliament, statistics, and squabbles between the witty French dramatists and piratical London managers; yet it is one of the most delightful works Reade has ever written. He would scarcely pardon us for saying it, but we can scarcely regret the annoyances and loss he has personally undergone in his efforts to establish literary justice between England and France, since they have been the means of giving us this piquant, sketchy revelation of himself and kindred characters. In a modest, because inevitable and unconscious way, Mr. Reade gives us the story of himself, and that self is "every inch a king." We liked much the last story of our author, which he called "A Good Fight;" but here, too, is a story of a Good Fight, and one which must be in the end crowned with as fair a success. The sketches of Maquet and others, and of the scene in the Surrey Court, are as brilliant as anything by Edmund About, of whom our author frequently reminds us. Here's a health to thee, Charles Reade!

The Wild Sports of India: with Remarks on the Breeding and Rearing of Horses, and the Formation of light, irregular Cavalry. By Capt. HENRY SHAKESPEAR, Commandant Nagpore Irregular Force. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

A bright, agreeable book, full of truth to Nature and graphic sketching. The Indian who, when asked if he had known a certain hero in the war, replied, "I ate a piece of him," gave the idea of a great deal of our knowledge of Nature and Life; and though the method of the naturalist who goes to forest and stream without rod or gun may be higher, we could little do without the fact and insight furnished by the brave, unphilosophical, keen-sensed adventurer, who has touched and tasted the varieties of life and landscape. Of these Capt. Shakspear is a fine specimen, and we recommend his account to all the lovers of our many-breasted mother Earth, and of the manifold creatures she cherishes.

Unitarianism Defined; the Scripture Doctrine of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: A course of lectures by FREDERICK A. FARLEY, D.D., Pastor of the Church of the Savior, Brooklyn, N. Y. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

A better title would be, *Unitarianism Confined*, or perhaps *Coffined*. There must be, we suppose, a mission upon earth for all facts, even the dreariest, for Mr. Carlyle says there is; but wherefore, in the name of Sleepy Hollow, should any one come at this day to tell us, what all scholars know, that the Trinity is not a Scriptural doctrine? Neander and Bun-

sen have demonstrated that, no less than Norton and Channing. "Set not thy foot on graves!" Did the Unitarian fathers who sleep, do their work so inadequately that we must have Farley & Co. do it all over again? Are we never to get beyond the *a-b ab* of the Liberal movement? We once knew the author of this work to introduce at a large festive occasion, in Faneuil Hall, where some five hundred persons were gathered to eat and make speeches, a letter he had just received giving the lugubrious details of the death-bed of a member of his parish, who had just died, a lady, we believe, whom none knew but himself; of this we are forcibly reminded by this introduction amid living people and living questions of this catalogue of texts, about a dogma which one would think had only recently been interred at the Church of the Savior in Brooklyn.

The Word of the Spirit to the Churches. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. (C. A. Bartol.) Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

If the above was Unitarianism confined, this is an attempt to galvanize the same by a kind of spiritualistic interpretation, and one which, because of the weakness of the battery, gets no farther than a sublime pretense. The writer shows affectation in every stroke of his pen, and only succeeds in revealing the passionless, bloodless nature of the church to which he adheres, by this effort at making his common-places pass under the image and superscription of Transcendentalism. It doesn't even require a banker to nail such false coin to the counter.

BUST OF THEODORE PARKER.

MISS FOLEY, of Boston, has just executed an exquisite bust of Mr. Parker. We have never seen any better representation of any one; and in this case the success is the more admirable because of those characteristics of Mr. Parker's head and face, which those who knew him best had learned to associate with his spiritual faculties. We were particularly struck at Miss Foley's felicitous interpretation of his nose: Mr. Parker had a nose of rather marked plainness, and common observers would call it a "snub." But the nose had in it a "saving clause:" up where it branched into strong eye-brows and widened for individuality, it was a nose which might have won him promotion under Napoleon, who, it is well known, selected his Marshals with reference to their noses. We are delighted to see by the Boston press that this work of the young and rising artist has satisfied Mr. Parker's friends entirely — Mr. Phillips, Mr. Garrison, Mr. Sanborn, and others, having found it so complete that there is talk of employing Miss Foley on one of life-size. We hope this will be done. Meanwhile, we can most heartily commend this bust to all who are interested in Mr. Parker. Its price is \$8.00, and it may be found at Wm. Wiswell's, in this city.

THE DIAL.

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No. 11.

THE STORY OF WEST-INDIAN EMANCIPATION.*

BY R. W. EMERSON.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS: We are met to exchange congratulations on the anniversary of an event singular in the history of civilization: a day of reason—of the clear light—of that which makes us better than a flock of birds and beasts; a day which gave the immense fortification of a fact—of gross history—to ethical abstractions. It was the settlement, as far as a great empire was concerned, of a question on which almost every leading citizen in it had taken care to record his vote; one which for many years absorbed the attention of the best and most eminent of mankind. I might well hesitate, coming from other studies, and without the smallest claim to be a special laborer in this work of humanity, to undertake to set this matter before you,—which ought rather to be done by a strict coöperation of many well advised persons; but I shall not apologize for my weakness. In this cause no man's weakness is any prejudice. It has a thousand sons: if one man can not speak, ten others can,—and whether by the wisdom of its friends, or by the folly of the adversaries, by speech and by silence, by doing and by omitting to do, it goes forward. Therefore I will speak—or, not I, but the might of liberty in my weakness. The subject is said to have the property of making dull men eloquent.

It has been in all men's experience a marked effect of the enterprise in behalf of the African, to generate an overbearing and defying spirit. The institution of slavery seems to its opponent to

* We publish by request this Address, which is not included in its author's collected works.

have but one side, and he feels that none but a stupid or a malignant person can hesitate on a view of the facts. Under such an impulse I was about to say, If any can not speak, or can not hear the words of freedom, let him go hence ; I had almost said, Creep into your grave, the universe has no need of you ! But I have thought better : let him not go. When we consider what remains to be done for this interest, in this country, the dictates of humanity make us tender of such as are not yet persuaded. The hardest selfishness is to be borne with. Let us withhold every reproachful, and, if we can, every indignant remark. In this cause we must renounce our temper and the risings of pride. If there be any man who thinks the ruin of a race of men a small matter, compared with the last decoration and completions of his own comfort,—who would not so much as part with his ice-cream to save them from rapine and manacles, I think, I must not hesitate to satisfy that man, that also his cream and vanilla are safer and cheaper by placing the negro nation on a fair footing than by robbing them. If the Virginian piques himself on the picturesque luxury of his vassalage, on the heavy Ethiopian manners of his house-servants, their silent obedience, their hue of bronze, their turbaned heads, and would not exchange them for the more intelligent but precarious hired-service of whites, I shall not refuse to show him that when their free-papers are made out, it will still be their interest to remain on his estate, and that the oldest planters of Jamaica are convinced that it is cheaper to pay wages than to own the slave.

The history of mankind interests us only as it exhibits a steady gain of truth and right in the incessant conflict which it records between the material and the moral nature. From the earliest monuments it appears that one race was victim, and served the other races. In the oldest temples of Egypt negro captives are painted on the tombs of kings, in such attitudes as to show that they are on the point of being executed ; and Herodotus, our oldest historian, relates that the Troglodytes hunted the Ethiopians in four-horse chariots. From the earliest time the negro has been an article of luxury to the commercial nations. So has it been down to the day that has just dawned on the world. Language must be raked, the secrets of slaughter-houses and infamous holes that can not front the day must be ransacked, to tell what negro-slavery has been. These men, our benefactors, as they are producers of corn and wine, of coffee, of tobacco, of cotton, of sugar, of rum

and brandy, gentle and joyous themselves, and producers of comfort and luxury for the civilized world,—there seated in the finest climates of the globe, children of the sun,—I am heart-sick when I read how they came there, and how they are kept there. Their case was left out of the mind and out of the heart of their brothers. The prizes of society, the trumpet of fame, the privileges of learning, of culture, of religion, the decencies and joys of marriage, honor, obedience, personal authority, and a perpetual melioration into a finer civility,—these were for all, but not for them. For the negro was the slave-ship to begin with, in whose filthy hold he sat in irons, unable to lie down; bad food, and insufficiency of that; disfranchisement; no property in the rags that covered him; no marriage, no right in the poor black woman that cherished him in her bosom,—no right to the children of his body; no security from the humors, none from the crimes, none from the appetites of his master; toil, famine, insult, and flogging; and, when he sunk in the furrow, no wind of good fame blew over him, no priest of salvation visited him with glad tidings; but he went down to death, with dusky dreams of African shadow-catchers and Obeahs hunting him. Very sad was the negro tradition that the Great Spirit, in the beginning, offered the black man, whom he loved better than the buckra or white, his choice of two boxes, a big and a little one. The black man was greedy, and chose the largest. “The buckra box was full up with pen, paper and whip, and the negro box with hoe and bill; and hoe and bill for negro to this day.”

But the crude element of good in human affairs must work and ripen, spite of whips, and plantation-laws, and West-Indian interest. Conscience rolled on its pillow, and could not sleep. We sympathize very tenderly here with the poor aggrieved planter, of whom so many unpleasant things are said; but if we saw the whip applied to old men, to tender women; and, undeniably, though I shrink to say so,—pregnant women set in the treadmill for refusing to work, when not they, but the eternal law of animal nature, refused to work;—if we saw men’s backs flayed with cowhides, and “hot rum poured on, superinduced with brine or pickle, rubbed in with a corn-husk, in the scorching heat of the sun;”—if we saw the runaways hunted with bloodhounds into swamps and hills; and, in cases of passion, a planter throwing his negro into a copper of boiling cane-juice,—if we saw these things with

eyes, we too should wince. They are not pleasant sights. The blood is moral: the blood is anti-slavery: it runs cold in the veins: the stomach rises with disgust, and curses slavery. Well, so it happened; a good man or woman, a country-boy or girl, it would so fall out, once in a while saw these injuries, and had the indiscretion to tell of them. The horrid story ran and flew; the winds blew it all over the world. They who heard it asked their rich and great friends if it was true, or only missionary lies. The richest and greatest, the prime minister of England, the king's privy council were obliged to say, that it was too true. It became plain to all men, the more this business was looked into, that the crimes and cruelties of the slave-traders and slave-owners could not be overstated. The more it was searched, the more shocking anecdotes came up — things not to be spoken. Humane persons who were informed of the reports, insisted on proving them. Granville Sharpe was accidentally made acquainted with the sufferings of a slave, whom a West-Indian planter had brought with him to London, and had beaten with a pistol on his head so badly that his whole body became diseased, and the man useless to his master, who left him to go whither he pleased. The man applied to Mr. William Sharpe, a charitable surgeon, who attended the diseases of the poor. In process of time he was healed. Granville Sharpe found him at his brother's, and procured a place for him in an apothecary's shop. The master accidentally met his recovered slave, and instantly endeavored to get possession of him again. Sharpe protected the slave. In consulting with the lawyers they told Sharpe the laws were against him. Sharpe would not believe it; no prescription on earth could ever render such iniquities legal. "But the decisions are against you, and Lord Mansfield, now chief justice of England, leans to the decisions." Sharpe instantly sat down and gave himself to the study of English law for more than two years, until he had proved that the opinions relied on of Talbot and Yorke were incompatible with the former English decisions, and with the whole spirit of English law. He published his book in 1769, and he so filled the heads and hearts of his advocates, that when he brought the case of George Somerset, another slave, before Lord Mansfield, the slavish decisions were set aside and equity affirmed. There is a sparkle of God's righteousness in Lord Mansfield judgment, which does the heart good. Very unwilling had that great lawyer been to reverse the late decisions; he

suggested twice from the bench, in the course of the trial, how the question might be got rid of : but the hint was not taken ; the case was adjourned again and again, and judgment delayed. At last judgment was demanded, and on the 22d June, 1772, Lord Mansfield is reported to have decided in these words : "Immemorial usage preserves the memory of *positive law* long after all traces of the occasion, reason, authority, and time of its introduction, are lost ; and in a case so odious as the condition of slaves, must be taken strictly ; (tracing the subject to natural principles the claim of slavery never can be supported.) The power claimed by this return never was in use here. We can not say the cause set forth by this return is allowed or approved of by the laws of this kingdom ; and therefore the man must be discharged."

This decision established the principle that the "air of England is too pure for any slave to breathe," but the wrongs in the islands were not thereby touched. Public attention, however, was drawn that way, and the methods of the stealing and the transportation from Africa became noised abroad. The Quakers got the story. In their plain meeting-houses and prim dwellings this dismal agitation got entrance. They were rich ; they owned for debt, or by inheritance, island property ; they were religious, tender-hearted men and women,—and they had to hear the news, and digest it as they could. Six Quakers met in London on the 6th July, 1783,—William Dillwyn, Samuel Hoar, Geo. Harrison, Thomas Knowles, John Lloyd, Joseph Woods,— "to consider what step they should take for the relief and liberation of the negro slaves in the West Indies, and for the discouragement of the slave-trade on the coast of Africa." They made friends and raised money for the slave ; they interested their Yearly Meeting ; and all English and all American Quakers. John Woolman, of New Jersey, whilst yet an apprentice, was uneasy in his mind when he was set to write a bill of sale of a negro, for his master. He gave his testimony against the traffic, in Maryland and Virginia. Thomas Clarkson was a youth at Cambridge, England, when the subject given out for a Latin prize dissertation was, "Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?" He wrote an essay, and won the prize ; but he wrote too well for his own peace ; he began to ask himself if these things could be true ; and if they were, he could no longer rest. He left Cambridge ; he fell in with the six Quakers. They engaged him to act for them. He himself interested Mr. Wilberforce

in the matter. The shipmasters in that trade were the greatest miscreants, and guilty of every barbarity to their own crews. Clarkson went to Bristol, made himself acquainted with the interior of the slave-ships, and the details of the trade. The facts confirmed his sentiment, "that Providence had never made that to be wise which was immoral, and that the slave-trade was as impolitic as it was unjust;" that it was found peculiarly fatal to those employed in it. More seamen died in that trade, in one year, than in the whole remaining trade of the country in two. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox were drawn into the generous enterprise. In 1788, the House of Commons voted Parliamentary inquiry. In 1791, a bill to abolish the trade was brought in by Wilberforce, and supported by him, and by Fox, and Burke, and Pitt, with the utmost ability and faithfulness; resisted by the planters, and the whole West-Indian interest, and lost. During the next sixteen years, ten times, year after year, the attempt was renewed by Mr. Wilberforce, and ten times defeated by the planters. The king, and all the royal family but one, were against it. These debates are instructive, as they show on what grounds the trade was assailed and defended. Everything generous, wise, and sprightly is sure to come to the attack. On the other part are found cold prudence, barefaced selfishness, and silent votes. But the nation was aroused to enthusiasm. Every horrid fact became known. In 1791, three hundred thousand persons in Britain pledged themselves to abstain from all articles of island produce. The planters were obliged to give way; and in 1807, on the 25th March, the bill passed, and the slave-trade was abolished.

The assailants of slavery had early agreed to limit their political action on this subject to the abolition of the trade, but Granville Sharpe, as a matter of conscience, whilst he acted as chairman of the London Committee, felt constrained to record his protest against the limitation, declaring that slavery was as much a crime against the Divine law as the slave-trade. The trade, under false flags, went on as before. In 1821, according to official documents presented to the American government by the Colonization Society, 200,000 slaves were deported from Africa. Nearly 30,000 were landed in the port of Havana alone. In consequence of the dangers of the trade growing out of the act of abolition, ships were built sharp for swiftness, and with a frightful disregard of the comfort of the victims they were destined to transport. They

carried five, six, even seven hundred stowed in a ship built so narrow as to be unsafe, being made just broad enough on the beam to keep the sea. In attempting to make its escape from the pursuit of a man-of-war, one ship flung five hundred slaves alive into the sea. These facts went into Parliament. In the islands was an ominous state of cruel and licentious society; every house had a dungeon attached to it; every slave was worked by the whip. There is no end to the tragic anecdotes in the municipal records of the colonies. The boy was set to strip and to flog his own mother to blood for a small offence. Looking in the face of his master by the negro was held to be violence by the island courts. He was worked sixteen hours, and his ration by law, in some islands, was a pint of flour and one salt herring a day. He suffered insult, stripes, mutilation, at the humor of the master: iron collars were riveted on their necks with iron prongs ten inches long; capsicum pepper was rubbed in the eyes of the females; and they were done to death with the most shocking levity between the master and manager, without fine or inquiry. And when, at last, some Quakers, Moravians, and Wesleyan and Baptist missionaries, following in the steps of Carey and Ward in the East Indies, had been moved to come and cheer the poor victim with the hope of some reparation, in a future world, of the wrongs he suffered in this, these missionaries were persecuted by the planters, their lives threatened, their chapels burned, and the negroes furiously forbidden to go near them. These outrages rekindled the flame of British indignation. Petitions poured into Parliament; a million persons signed their names to these; and in 1833, on the 14th May, Lord Stanley, minister of the colonies, introduced into the House of Commons his bill for the Emancipation.

The scheme of the minister, with such modification as it received in the Legislature, proposed gradual emancipation; that on the 1st August, 1834, all persons now slaves should be entitled to be-registered as apprenticed laborers, and to acquire thereby all the rights and privileges of freemen, subject to the restriction of laboring under certain conditions. These conditions were, that the prædials should owe three-fourths of the profits of their labor to their masters for six years, and the non-prædials for four years. The other fourth of the apprentice's time was to be his own, which he might sell to his master, or to other persons; and at the end of the term of years fixed, he should be free.

With these provisions and conditions, the bill proceeds, in the twelfth section, in the following terms: "Be it enacted, that all and every person who, on the 1st August, 1834, shall be holden in slavery within any such British colony as aforesaid, shall upon and from and after the said 1st August become and be to all intents and purposes free, and discharged of and from all manner of slavery, and shall be absolutely and forever manumitted; and that the children thereafter born to any such persons, and the offspring of such children, shall, in like manner, be free from their birth; and that from and after the 1st August, 1834, slavery shall be and is hereby utterly and forever abolished and declared unlawful throughout the British colonies, plantations and possessions abroad."

The ministers, having estimated the slave products of the colonies in annual exports of sugar, rum and coffee, at £1,500,000 *per annum*, estimated the total value of the slave property at 30,000,000 pounds sterling, and proposed to give the planters, as a compensation for so much of the slaves' time as the act took from them, 20,000,000 pounds sterling, to be divided into nineteen shares for the nineteen colonies, and to be distributed to the owners of slaves by commissioners, whose appointment and duties were regulated by the act. After much debate, the bill passed by large majorities. The apprenticeship system is understood to have proceeded from Lord Brougham, and was by him urged on his colleagues, who, it is said, were inclined to the policy of immediate emancipation.

The colonial legislatures received the act of Parliament with various degrees of displeasure, and, of course, every provision of the bill was criticised with severity. The new relation between the master and the apprentice, it was feared, would be mischievous; for the bill required the appointment of magistrates, who should hear every complaint of the apprentice, and see that justice was done him. It was feared that the interest of the master and servant would now produce perpetual discord between them. In the island of Antigua, containing 37,000 people, 30,000 being negroes, these objections had such weight that the legislature rejected the apprenticeship system, and adopted absolute emancipation. In the other islands the system of the ministry was accepted.

The reception of it by the negro population was equal in noble-

ness to the deed. The negroes were called together by the missionaries and by the planters, and the news explained to them. On the night of the 31st July, they met everywhere at their churches and chapels, and at midnight, when the clock struck twelve, on their knees, the silent, weeping assembly became men; they rose and embraced each other; they cried, they sung, they prayed, they were wild with joy, but there was no riot, no feasting. I have never read anything in history more touching than the moderation of the negroes. Some American captains left the shore and put to sea, anticipating insurrection and general murder. With far different thoughts, the negroes spent the hour in their huts and chapels. I will not repeat to you the well known paragraph, in which Messrs. Thome and Kimball, the commissioners sent out in the year 1837 by the American Anti-slavery Society, describe the occurrences of that night in the island of Antigua. It has been quoted in every newspaper, and Dr. Channing has given it additional fame. But I must be indulged in quoting a few sentences from the pages that follow it, narrating the behavior of the emancipated people on the next day.

* "The first of August came on Friday, and a release was proclaimed from all work until the next Monday. The day was chiefly spent by the great mass of the negroes in the churches and chapels. The clergy and missionaries throughout the island were actively engaged, seizing the opportunity to enlighten the people on all the duties and responsibilities of their new relation, and urging them to the attainment of that higher liberty with which Christ maketh his children free. In every quarter, we were assured, the day was like a Sabbath. Work had ceased. The hum of business was still: tranquillity pervaded the towns and country. The planters informed us that they went to the chapels where their own people were assembled, greeted them, shook hands with them, and exchanged the most hearty good wishes. At Grace Hill there were at least a thousand persons around the Moravian Chapel who could not get in. For once the house of God suffered violence, and the violent took it by force. At Grace Bay the people, all dressed in white, formed a procession, and walked arm in arm into the chapel. We were told that the dress

* "Emancipation in the West Indies: a Six Months' Tour in Antigua, Barbadoes, and Jamaica, in the year 1837. By J. A. Thome and J. H. Kimball. New York, 1838."—pp. 146, 147.

of the negroes on that occasion was uncommonly simple and modest. There was not the least disposition to gaiety. Throughout the island there was not a single dance known of, either day or night, nor so much as a fiddle played."

On the next Monday morning, with very few exceptions, every negro on every plantation was in the field at his work. In some places they waited to see their master, to know what bargain he would make; but, for the most part, throughout the island nothing painful occurred. In June, 1835, the ministers, Lord Aberdeen and Sir George Gray, declared to the Parliament that the system worked well; that now for ten months, from 1st August, 1834, no injury or violence had been offered to any white, and only one black had been hurt in 800,000 negroes: and, contrary to many sinister predictions, that the new crop of island produce would not fall short of that of the last year.

But the habit of oppression was not destroyed by a law and a day of jubilee. It soon appeared in all the islands, that the planters were disposed to use their old privileges, and overwork the apprentices; to take from them, under various pretences, their fourth part of their time, and to exert the same licentious despotism as before. The negroes complained to the magistrates and to the governor. In the island of Jamaica this ill blood continually grew worse. The governors, Lord Belmore, the Earl of Sligo, and afterwards Sir Lionel Smith (a governor of their own class, who had been sent out to gratify the planters), threw themselves on the side of the oppressed, and are at constant quarrel with the angry and bilious island legislature. Nothing can exceed the ill humor and sulkiness of the addresses of this assembly.

I may here express a general remark, which the history of slavery seems to justify, that it is not founded solely on the avarice of the planter. We sometimes say the planter does not want slaves, he only wants the immunities and luxuries which the slaves yield him; give him money, give him a machine that will yield him as much money as the slaves, and he will thankfully let them go. He has no love of slavery; he wants luxury, and he will pay even this price of crime and danger for it. But I think experience does not warrant this favorable distinction, but shows the existence, beside the covetousness, of a bitterer element, the love of power, the voluptuousness of holding a human being in his absolute control. We sometimes observe that spoiled children contract

a habit of annoying quite wantonly those who have charge of them, and seem to measure their own sense of well-being, not by what they do, but by the degree of reaction they can cause. It is vain to get rid of them by not minding them : if purring and humming is not noticed, they squeal and screech ; then if you chide and console them, they find the experiment succeeds, and they begin again. The child will sit in your arms contented, provided you do nothing. If you take a book and read, he commences hostile operations. The planter is the spoiled child of his unnatural habits, and has contracted in his indolent and luxurious climate the need of excitement by irritating and tormenting his slave.

Sir Lionel Smith defended the poor negro girls, prey to the licentiousness of the planters ; they shall not be whipped with tamarind rods, if they do not comply with their master's will ; he defended the negro women ; they should not be made to dig the cane-holes (which is the very hardest of the field-work) ; he defended the Baptist preachers and the stipendiary magistrates, who are the negroes' friends, from the power of the planter. The power of the planters, however, to oppress, was greater than the power of the apprentice and of his guardians to withstand. Lord Brougham and Mr. Buxton declared that the planter had not fulfilled his part in the contract, whilst the apprentices had fulfilled theirs, and demanded that the emancipation should be hastened, and the apprenticeship abolished. Parliament was compelled to pass additional laws for the defence and security of the negro, and in ill humor at these acts, the great island of Jamaica, with a population of half a million, and 300,000 negroes, early in 1838, resolved to throw up the two remaining years of apprenticeship, and to emancipate absolutely on the 1st August, 1838. In British Guiana, in Dominica, the same resolution had been earlier taken with more good will ; and the other islands fell into the measure ; so that on the 1st August, 1838, the shackles dropped from every British Slave. The accounts which we have from all parties, both from the planters and those too who were originally most opposed to the measure, and from the new freemen, are of the most satisfactory kind. The manner in which the new festival was celebrated brings tears to the eyes. The First of August, 1838, was observed in Jamaica as a day of thanksgiving and prayer. Sir Lionel Smith, the governor, writes to the British Ministry : " It is impossible for me to do justice to the good order, decorum and

gratitude which the whole laboring population manifested on that happy occasion. Though joy beamed on every countenance, it was throughout tempered with solemn thankfulness to God, and the churches and chapels were everywhere filled with these happy people in humble offering of praise."

The Queen, in her speech to the Lords and Commons, praised the conduct of the emancipated population: and, in 1840, Sir Charles Metcalfe, the new Governor of Jamaica, in his address to the Assembly, expressed himself to that late exasperated body in these terms: "All those who are acquainted with the state of the island, know that our emancipated population are as free, as independent in their conduct, as well conditioned, as much in the enjoyment of abundance, and as strongly sensible of the blessings of liberty, as any that we know of in any country. All disqualifications and distinctions of color have ceased; men of all colors have equal rights in law, and an equal footing in society, and every man's position is settled by the same circumstance which regulate that point in other free countries, where no difference of color exists. It may be asserted without fear of denial, that the former slaves of Jamaica are now as secure in all social rights as freeborn Britons." He further describes the erection of numerous churches, chapels and schools, which the new population required, and adds that more are still demanded. The legislature, in their reply, echo the governor's statement, and say, "The peaceful demeanor of the emancipated population redounds to their own credit, and affords a proof of their continued comfort and prosperity."

[To be concluded.]

THREE CLASSES.

Men in the first rank to be classed
 Grow wise and learn fast;
 Men in the class that's next below
 Grow wise, but learn slow;
 Men that belong to the lower herds
 Stay dunces for life, and learn words.

— *From Rueckert, by C. T. B.*

ERNEST HAY.

BY JOHN A. DORGAN.

I stood beside a poet's grave;
And hue by hue, and wave by wave,
The sunset faded as I stood,
And seaward lapsed the noisy flood.

And of his marvellous songs I mused,
To listen which the world refused,
Till words of scorn and words of cheer
Alike were silence in his ear.

Nor him I pitied; for to him
Fame was a shadow vague and dim
Upon the earth, and still his eyes
Were lifted to the steadfast skies.

But when I thought of all the wrongs
That he transmuted in his songs,
As alchemists old, to ruddy gold,
Ignoble earths and metals cold,—

Yea! when I thought—who partly knew
(For we were friends)—how sadly grew
The haunting tremors of his strains,
That are to others, as the panes

Of ancient churches, passionate
With martyred saints, whom angels wait,
With Virgin, and with Crucified,
(His work the painter could not chide,)

As these to colorless glass; and how
The griefs that others never know
Were mortal anguish, as unshod,
With tenderest feet, our world he trod—

When I—who from each artful story
Could rend the veil of allegory,
And at dim distance faintly guess
How utter was his wretchedness—

Thought what great sorrows unconfined
Struck fiercely his Eolian mind,
And how the fire that burns and flashes
Along his words, consumed to ashes

The heart that gave them birth, to woe
 Whose loveliness was wedded so —
 "Though all the world be sad," I said,
 "I can not weep that he is dead!"



THE MORAL DIAGNOSIS OF DISEASE.

BY A PENITENT INVALID.

VIII.

MANI SAYS, *The populousness of my body is the solitude of my soul.*

The Body stood very much in the way of the old Oriental philosophies and speculations. The teachers generally agree to locate therein the Order of the Hells. Plotinus affirmed that he was ashamed of his body, and even Plato seems to think that no man could love his body and the gods too. The idea was, that the head was the man, and was, originally, the only thing; it rolled along on the earth. Afterward the body was built, that this Observatory with the Telescope swung in it might have a higher point of prospect, and might be better protected. So the body was only wall, stairway and roof for the man. The animosity which arose against it was owing to the fact that instead of the body's devoting itself to the soul, the soul had to take up all its time in attending this usurping body. Paul evidently shared this animosity, and speaks of beating his body black and blue (*ὑποπιάζομαι*) to keep it in subjection.

Before the clear vision of Mani those prison-walls, so grey and hard to others, became thin air, through which the spirit might at any time wing its way with ease. He saw the high uses of his bodily functions: they were not to multiply his cares and complicate his earthly relations,—they were to relieve him of them. In health the Soul can sit in solitude, forgetting the outside world. Has she not hundreds of messengers and domestics running up and down the myriad paths of the system, attending to the lower cares and wants? Has the king a trustworthy cabinet, faithful ministers, invincible soldiers, a watchful body-guard,—then may he rest at ease in his palace. But how can a man think who has a toothache? How can a man forget his body in any ecstasy who has the asthma?

Menu also wrote : " When one among all the Brahmin's organs fails, by that single failure his knowledge of God passes away, as water flows through one hole in a leathern bottle."

Veeshnoo Sarma prays : " O my friend [my body], support my reputation ! "

IX.

" I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service."—EP. AD ROM. XII. 1.

All Philosophy anterior to Christianity tended to a belief in two principles, Evil and Good, represented by Matter and Spirit. The body became logically the source of all evil to man ; it was called in all the old Sacred Books the prison in which it was confined, the net in which, like a bird, it was caught ; therefore it was something to be sacrificed in the sense in which victims were.

This was well enough for Eastern devotees, whose mission was to dream and not to work. Where the *summum bonum* and the *summum pulchrum* clearly are to see visions and dream dreams, hand and foot are simply in the way. To an old Parsee basking in the supersolar sun for seventy years, the body is only an impertinent animal dogging his footsteps everywhere, insisting on its bone. The devotees are at peace in just so far as they can paralyze the clamorous senses. We call these mystics, from *μῦνσις*, a word which signifies a closing of the eyes : they can see, that is, better with their eyes shut. Of course, these people never achieved much besides Visions ; Solomon's Temple, Nineveh, Bagdat, were fine dreams, mostly built from the quarries and mines of Fancy ; New York could put them all in its pocket.

Observe, the body is thus a sacrifice to God. It is a victim upon the altar ; it is consumed by fire from Heaven. It is, however, a *dead* sacrifice ; the senses are offered up by being closed, the passions by being crushed, the members by being disabled. But mark how Christianity introduces its new element ! It speaks of the body's being offered as a *LIVING SACRIFICE*,—one not bound and dead on the Altar of the Soul, but full of life and vigor to be devoted to its service.

Just here where Sacrifice, an idea common to all religions, passes from the dead victim to the living body, lies the line between Heathenism and Christianity. In this sense our religion was indeed an incarnation. It was religion emerging from an Orient

dream into actual life in the physical institutions and achievements of man on the planet. Hitherto the Messiah was a prophecy ; now he "was made flesh." Some have indeed thought of him as an old sacrifice, saving by his death ; of course, a noble death has this power by reason of the life that is in it ; but "if we are saved by his death, how much more by his life," says the Apostle. He came to dedicate the Human Temple to God ; to sprinkle heart, brain, blood, nerve, hand, with the Holy Water of Life.

x.

We owe a cock to Esculapius!

So said the dying Socrates. Perhaps that is the only sentence worthy to close that holy history of the Phædo. Wisdom, Virtue, that unsurpassed Vision of the Future, summed up, were HEALTH.

We once heard an old physician in the northern part of Virginia say to a young minister of the Liberal faith, who intended missionary labors in that State, "You can preach up at Alexandria, and down as far as Occoquan, but it's no use trying to bring your liberal ideas down into *the Neck*: the people down here all have the liver-disease,— they will be Calvinists."

We could not help thinking of the stern old Theologian whose name was thus used, and wondering if those Institutes, written for the most part in bed, part of which he himself labeled "horrible,"* were not indeed a kind of eruption. O human heart, in the day when God enfolds thee as a Father, and Man is recognized as a brother, and Nature rejoices in the voice that pronounces her "very good," and Hope spreads her pinions about the World, then mayst thou draw near to that great man who in a spirit which transfigures the words, acknowledged his last and holiest debt to Esculapius ; to him the god of Health and Healing Art, the child of the perfect-formed Apollo, whose symbol was the serpent, symbol also of Genius and of Eternity !

A learned medical friend has thus traced out for me this subtle connection between the thinking and sentient man and his disease : "Maladies are concentrated miasms, subversive aromas, corresponding with the mineral, vegetable and animal poisons in the lower grades of creation. They are, as it were, the disembodied souls of viruses. They correspond more or less completely to the graduated scale of vital endowments associated with the organs and faculties

"Decretum quidem horribile fateor."—*INS.*, Lib. III., c. 23.

of Man. Varioloid, for instance, when it invades a person, makes that person over in its own likeness, as to his skin and mucous membranes, so that its daguerreotype may be easily taken ; moreover, in a less complete and more confused manner it fills and modifies the other organic spheres susceptible of entertaining it, such as the blood, which carries its ogre form into the brain, where it comes into intimate conversation with the nerve-vesicles, in the spheres of tactile sensation, of certain emotional and intellectual functions, and rises into consciousness by the corresponding ideas. The same miasm which in one country of the human organism is known as pain, is known in another as ugly thoughts, and in another as ugly pustules. I do not mean to say that Variola thinks or behaves like a human person when it is between two pieces of glass, or when it is diffused in the atmosphere ; but I do say that, once in correlation with an individual organism, it instantly becomes human form itself, and polarizes with its own peculiar magnetism the thinking element, as well as the nutritive element of that person. Some organs or tissues remain unmodified by a given malady, which shows that that malady is susceptible of the human form only to a certain extent or partially. Some maladies localize themselves, and cultivate exclusively a certain organ or a limited segment of the body, on which they may develop parasitic growths. Such are the family of tumors. I think that maladies exercise a very extensive tyranny in psychologizing mankind, a tyranny at which mankind would do well to be indignant, and against which they ought to make systematic and religious war."

XI.

Man's foothold on his higher possibilities is more precarious than he is apt to imagine. Any excess which deranges a function does, as it were, trip him, and he falls back into pure animalism. Swedenborg writes of his first trance in London (1743), "I was hungry and ate with great appetite. Towards the end of the meal I remarked that a kind of mist spread before my eyes, and I saw the floor of my room covered with hideous reptiles, such as serpents, toads and the like." There is every reason why the inebriate presently gets far enough back to see the vermin and apes which, having escaped the tipsy Guardsman, riot within him. So hydrophobia will make a man bark at you. Health alone is the Orphic strain which leads these inferior orders captive.

XII.

It is very certain that there is not one perfectly healthy man on earth.

He who denies this may be the fat man, who boasts that he never had a day's sickness and weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. He has had, if he knew it, one spell; and when that will end it might be hard to say. His plethora is worse than emaciation; his nerve-spirit is shut up, Ginevra-like, in a trunk. There is a life near him to which he is dead; one-half of him is the sepulchre of the other.

Perfect health admits of no malformation. It must include the rounding out of the lobes of the brain, and a nervous action which can never be unsettled or controlled by the storms of passion. Is a man lustful: you shall find there is too much blood in the back part of his head. Is he easily angered: cooling diet and wet cloths about his temples are good for that. Such men are sick. A healthy man could not do wrong, for he would seek happiness; and only a deformed or insane cerebral formation could induce a man to think that he could obtain happiness by violating the laws of his being, moral, intellectual, social or physical. Indeed, when Society itself is healthier, the only prisons will be hospitals and infirmaries. Drunkenness is reaching its just treatment; Prostitution will pass the crisis of the Magdalen Asylum and feel the probe of Positive Science.

XIII.

It is impossible to conceive what would be the result of having one perfectly healthy person on Earth. He would be felt to the centre of the Solar System. Not only would the human race, conscious of its hereditary diseases of ignorance and excess, cluster about him, but men would bring their lame institutions, their blind churches, their dumb superstitions, that he might transfuse into them his living blood. Invalids are warned to balmy skies, with light dews, pure airs and clear waters; but a healthy man would have pure airs and fountains and clear skies in his touch; for of such a man Nature must be the constituency.

To see this we have but to recall the health of some one function of a man, which has startled the world at any time. The perfect health of any faculty has always addressed the world as a miracle. The distance at which the Greek sailors saw the Minerva on the

Parthenon, from the sea ; George Fox receiving, whilst preaching, a blow from an iron bar wielded by a giant blacksmith, and not having a bruise left ; Swedenborg impressed at Gottenburg by the fire which was raging at Stockholm, three hundred miles distant,—these and many other instances of fragmentary health which might be named, suggest our meaning. Each of these men, however, was unhealthy in other directions. But what would be the result had either of them possessed a physical and moral endurance, a will, an eloquence, a presence, an inventive power, a wealth, a control over animals and men, a manner, a humility,—each and all as perfectly developed and vigorous as that one specialty by which either of them made his mark, and became a part of phenomenal history ?

XIV.

It is recorded that when, on one occasion, the Christ and his disciples were on a ship at sea, there arose a terrible storm, one that caused even those weather-beaten fishermen to quake with fear. But amid the tossing and lashings of the waves, the shrieks of the wind, the peals of the thunder, Jesus slept in unbroken slumber. When awakened by the trembling mariners, he showed no alarm, but by his calmness quieted their storm.

That profound slumber amid the roar of the elements tells of health, that calm awaking of nerves which knew no disease. It accords well with the fact that in all his life no day or hour of sickness is recorded. That sleep is the most eloquent of discourses. Could one fully accept the claim that Jesus was a man of perfect health, he would read the wondrous story in the New Testament with little marvel or skepticism, rather with belief and exultation that one had lived the normal life. It is not incredible that contact with a perfectly healthy person should send a thrill of health through the diseased. Health is also contagious. That which is alive can engender life.

Coördinate with that health which slumbered in the storm, which mastered diseases, was that moral health, Virtue, which in the darkest hour said, "Now am I glorified." Only health could see an Idea to be as palpable and precious as life.

Here was one who lived in his body as in a palace ; the Elements were willing vassals to him in whom they had distilled their finest essences : but we, do we not live in our bodies as in huts ? Who of us is in such a relation with the world in which we exist, that

he can go forth into life, without fear or vexation, knowing that as the sparrow is fed he shall be fed, as the lily is clothed he shall be clothed? To hew and hack, slay and rot,—that sums up the usual life with Nature. Humboldt asked an Indian chief if he had known a certain American officer who had died in the war of 1816. "I ate a piece of him," was the reply. Similarly gastro-nomic is our knowledge of Nature. We are in a state of war. We slay the animal and eat it; then he goes prowling along our veins; the bird preys in our vitals after we have preyed on it. Thus the Indian has eaten himself as wild as the beast he hunts; the Irishman has eaten himself into a kind of human potato, which must dig ditches, live in cellars, or root under ground in some other way. How easy it is by any sudden excitement to transform a Congress into a Menagerie!

xv.

Have I shown you, brother, to be an invalid among invalids, and offered you no prescription? It is because I remember the fate of Asa in Holy Writ, who when he was sick took not to the Lord, but to the physicians; of whom it is said, "And Asa slept with his fathers!"

"Hark, hither, reader! wilt thou see
Nature her own physician be?
Wilt see a man all his own wealth,
His own music, his own health;
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well—
Her garments that upon her sit
As garments should do, close and fit;
A well clad soul that's not oppressed
Nor choked with what she should be dressed?
A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine?"

* * * * *
In sum, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings stuck with soft flowers;
And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends—
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay—
A kiss, a sigh, and so away?
This rare one, reader, wouldst then see?
Hark, hither! and thyself be he." *

* Richard Crashaw (born 1660).

When one loves Nature, and resolutely sets his heart to that loyal obedience by which, as Bacon said, she is commanded, he needs no prescription,—not more than the bird needs to have its path mapped out on the trackless air.

PROSTITUTION.

MCC

It is a fact well known to those acquainted with the history of biblical criticism, that the passage in the New Testament which records Christ's treatment of the Woman taken in Adultery was for a long time enclosed by black lines, indicating that it had best be omitted in the public readings, so that in many corrupt versions, as of the Evangelistria, it came to be omitted altogether. It was considered dangerous that such leniency should be commended! Such we have always had in the Church—

“Who, taking God's word under wise protection,
Correct its tendencies to diffusiveness.”

But even now, when it stands there an inevitable portion of the New Testament, is not the black line, however invisible, still around it? Does not the Church practically draw it?—does not Society? Where else do men stand silent and paralyzed before as much evil and wretchedness? Who has a kind helpful word for such? What lady does not gather aside her skirts as the prostitute passes—valuing her contempt as the halo of her virtue? By how many an action and look is the cry still uttered, “Yes, stone her to death! Heap up your anathemas and sneers; let her not touch the remotest vesture's hem; name her not; look another way as she passes; bring forth stoniest glances, sneers and words to cast at her!”

May God pity the heart which does not stir with adoration at seeing the lordly soul rise about that poor stained spirit as a defending tower and fortress! Even that remnant of all that was a woman once shall not be crushed to the dust in his presence—never so long as he walks upon the earth to seek and save that which was lost! Then and there he founded the first Home of the Outcast.

Outcast: in that inhuman word may be shown how far we are from any similar spirit—a godless word which signifies too well

our attitude toward the prostitute. Also the popular phrase speaks of the *abandoned woman*. Who has abandoned her? Not He whose sun still smiles upon her, whose sky bends pure and blue above her! None of those who have searched into this degraded life have failed to report that the woman is never extinct in the prostitute. All the writers testify to their utter self-sacrifice in caring for the poor and sick whom they can approach. There is abundant evidence that they have a sense of honor and of shame, and that they acknowledge and respect purity. In addition to the many instances corroborative of this affirmation which may be found in the works of Mayhew, Sanger and others, the writer of this paper will here give several which have come under his own observation. Having been appointed once by the City Council a commissioner for the poor during a very severe winter, we visited many wretched tenements: among these we entered one where the inmates utterly refused to accept any money. Though seeing that these were what Mr. Longworth would call "the unworthy poor," we were willing to help them; but they sternly refused, saying, "The city didn't mean the money for such as we." Another case: the Unitarian Minister at large in St. Louis was called upon a few weeks since by the female keeper of a brothel, and told of a young woman who had been enticed from Covington, Ky., and deceived, and who was invincibly hostile to the life designed for her. This female keeper urged the minister to save her, and offered secretly to assist him, which she faithfully did, and the misguided girl was returned to her friends in Covington. Never shall we forget the expression used by a street-walker in New York, who, on the very pavements of Broadway, caught hold of our arm. We turned in horror, and there before us was a face in which every loathsome disease had set its signature. "Woman, you have been drinking," we said. "Of course I've been drinking," she replied. "And why do you besot yourself so?" "Ha, ha," she laughed, "*do you think a woman would have the cheek to stop a man in the street unless she had liquor in her?*" Alas, what a story did that sentence tell of THE WOMAN back there, which would cry out, which must be drugged into stillness ere the "cheek" could be despoiled of its blush, and the nameless sin committed!

But our whole social treatment seems ingeniously contrived, like some Devil's master-stroke, to bleach that "cheek" more and

more, to take sides with the brandy and burn the woman out of her as far as possible. By a complete ostracism we say, "If you can not make yourself out to be snow-white, you shall be held to be jet-black." We thus consign her to that ante-chamber of Hell, *Recklessness*. Once let them be reckless, and the work of perdition, so far as society can carry it, is complete. The last restraining tie is snapped. What is expected of them? Nought but evil. Who cares whether they struggle to be better or not? No one. Who will venture to treat them as other than vile, even if they should be Madonnas? None. Now they shall know the meaning of the words, *Outcast, Abandoned*. Society thus builds a high, smooth wall over against them, with no ladder let down — nay, with sharp spikes on it to mangle them if they should dare aspire to climb back. If they have tears to shed, or hearts that can break, let them flow, let them break on the breasts of the profligate who have ruined them! Ah, it is pitiful — indeed, it is — to think how willing men and women are to let their own flesh and blood go, even to shove them on by looks of scorn and words of gall to the verge of the abyss, to shake themselves free of their clutches, to let them fall over their several precipices, to cast no glance after, but go on smiling and light-hearted to their homes and churches.

When Samuel Adams, in the olden days, came into his house one day, he saw a negro woman shivering over the fire, and asked who it was. His wife replied that it was a poor slave who had run away from her master. Then did the grand old man thunder out, "She became free when she entered that door!" We will borrow his voice for the present, and naming the prostitute here, she shall not be to us the soiled and miserable one who passes you on the street returning cursing for jeering: she shall be to us a being of awful grandeur, an immortal child of the Omnipotent, bearing his image, living by his protection; through the tatters and rags of earthly defilement we pierce to the Heaven-descended soul burning within her — flame clouded, indeed, but imperishable as God.

We need not dwell on the terrible statistics of this evil. Every city of much extent has recently secured more or less perfect statistics; and in every case the return has been like the shock of an earthquake. Fathers and mothers stand aghast to find that their children are growing up and walking their daily rounds amongst

quicksands and on the edges of precipices. A thousand, openly declared, walk the streets of our own city ; and the number ascertained is known to be but a small proportion to the number veiled under that secrecy with which this vice of all others most conceals its deformities. It is only in the lowest steps of the descending scale that it can be investigated. When so much is known, one may well shudder at the unknown. What we have learned, however, is sufficient to establish a few general facts and laws attendant on this vice, which it is well we should discern and confront.

1. The majority of prostitutes are between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five.

2. One-fifth, on the average, are married women.

3. Half of these have children growing up around them and under their influence. Many of these children live in abodes of vice. The mortality among them is four times greater than that among other children in cities.

4. Nearly one-half of these women are sufferers from the most fearful and infectious diseases.

5. The average duration of a prostitute's life is only four years—about one-eighth of the average of life's duration !

6. Education, even rudimental, is very rare among them.

7. Six-sevenths of them drink intoxicating liquors.

8. In New York City there are more than eight thousand prostitutes, officially known ; and the annual expenditure on account of the evil is more than \$7,000,000. And the proportion is about the same to the population in the other American cities.

9. The causes which have led them to this course of life range as follows : 1. Destitution ; 2. Seduction, generally under promise of marriage ; 3. Ill-treatment by parents, husbands, or relatives ; 4. Ill-assorted marriages ; 5. Intemperance ; 6. Bad company.

— Let us pause on these causes, which are, after all, the most important to us, since Causes, clearly seen, imply Remedies. Nearly all of these causes may be comprehended under the first one named. Destitution is the poisonous tap-root of Prostitution in our cities. Starvation lashes the woman into the street. Want makes her an easy prey to the seducer with his promises of plenty. Ill-assorted marriages come generally of the eagerness to seize on anything which seems, by offering a support, to save, whilst it really brings new temptations. This is an ascertained and im-

portant fact: that not once in a thousand cases does the woman take this step willingly.

This evil will never be understood, much less successfully grappled with, until it is clearly understood, as it has been again and again attested, that animal passion very rarely rages in the breast of a woman, and almost never uncontrollably. Sanger, Tait, Mayhew, and all the French statistes agree, that if houses of ill fame depended on simple animalism in that sex, there would scarcely be one in the world. It is, we know, almost impossible for men to conceive this, yet it is true. One or two cases are reported where, from curiosity, or the love of adventure, they have adopted this life for a while and found it impossible to return; but not one is reported as the result of sensual craving, except in cases of disease. We are, then, forced to face as the real cause of this overshadowing Evil — POVERTY.

The Captain of Police in New York says he has known young women to struggle, as with death, for months and months, "sleeping in station-houses at night, and living on bread and water during the day," before they would take the awful step. Dr. Sanger, Physician of Blackwell's Island, N. Y., who has pursued the subject more thoroughly than was ever done before, comes to this conclusion: "The most prominent fact is, that a large number of females, both operatives and domestics, earn so small wages, that a temporary cessation of their business, or being a short time out of a situation, is sufficient to reduce them to absolute distress. Provident habits are useless in their cases; for, much as they may feel the necessity, *they have nothing to save*, and the very day that they encounter a reverse sees them penniless. The struggle which a virtuous girl will wage against fate in such circumstances, may be conceived: it is a literal battle for life, and in the result life is too often preserved only by the sacrifice of virtue." We must remember, too, that this poverty leads these destitute ones into those poor and wretched lodging-houses, where the decencies of life can not be regarded, where all ages and sexes herd together, where the barriers of modesty and virtue are gradually broken down.

— Society, then, up to this noon of the nineteenth century of Christ's religion, has discovered no sufficient occupations for women except sewing or prostitution; and the latter is more frequently than otherwise her only sure protection from absolute

want. Therefore society has built the brothels. Whether it is willing to license them or not, it must bear the hateful burthen. Few employments are open to women : those few furnish so little and so precarious pay, that the loss of body's life or soul's life are often the horrid alternatives. How little know we of the Moral Waterloos, the Spiritual Crimeas that are waging in the humblest hearts all around us !

In the memorials of Thomas Hood, lately published, an etching is given of his monument. The Poet drew for his own tomb a design of a threaded needle piercing a heart ; under it is written, " He sang the song of the Shirt ; " above is a hawk. On the side next this is a representation of the scene of the " Bridge of Sighs." The suicide, so slender and fair, is borne up by tender hands, and in the heart is the dirge —

" Oh, it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none ! "

It is well that next to the heart pierced by the threaded needle should be the story of the self-destroyed prostitute. They are obverse and reverse of the same picture. They were fearful facts strung on the same thread of fire ; and they stand in their true relation there on the tomb of one who gave his heart-strings to sing the plaintive songs of the destitution and the death in life. When the Sewing Machine came it threw thousands out of employment, Society not being up to the progress of invention, and having not secured other branches of occupation to women. And now many a poor woman dies the death on account of her pitiful dollar per week, on which her mother and perhaps others must be supported. As she goes home with her meagre wages, her sick heart, her weary nerves, her wet eyes, the gaily dressed prostitute flaunts past her ; and a whisper is in her heart that her shame is well paid for — from five to fifty dollars a week !

Let us veil our faces over the rest.

How shall this evil be dealt with ? Many are the replies given. And it is a hopeful sign that the questioning has reached in earnest minds a consideration of the License-system of France. It is natural that our feelings should revolt at the idea of legalizing any evil, and especially of licensing this the most degraded of all. But if it is a name we are frightened at, and no real evil ; if by the license-system not one item is added to the catalogue of crime, but

the serpent is taken out of the grass where it may wound the heel unperceived and placed where we may deal with it ; if loathsome diseases are checked because of the right of Society to supervise and control whatever it allows ; if rape and seduction are diminished,— why, then, the change would be desirable. The facts are strong which seem to indicate this, and many excellent men bear testimonies in its favor. But we require more facts before we can see clearly the propriety of such a momentous step. Two things, however, may be suggested without hesitation :

1. Every city should have Lying-in Hospitals and Foundling Hospitals. We should not be frightened by the cry that such institutions smooth the path of vice, which should be made and kept thorny,— Heaven knows, the path is in no danger of being made flowery. It begins in pain, it ends in agony. Nor should we apprehend that the Foundling Hospital makes the concealment of the results of Crime too easy. If the Hospital does not conceal the fruits of Crime, Abortion and Infanticide will ; and wherever the former exists, the latter almost disappear. It is never dangerous to be humane ; and we can leave with Him who has said “ Vengeance is mine,” the strewing of all necessary thorns and flints in the path of sin.

2. No community can for a moment regard itself as semi-Christian which does not have a home, furnished with kind hearts at least, which shall say, “ We are not set here to condemn thee : come in peace, and sin no more.” Our facts go to show that there are few of these sisters to whom their lives are not loathsome ; few who, if they knew of one heart in the wide world which would beat with tenderness for them, or one hand which would be extended to them, would not fly to that heart and cling to that hand, and cry, “ Save me ! Help me to return ! ” This is true, whatever aversion they may have shown to repairing to those sunless religious caverns prepared in some quarters for them, where penances are assigned them, for trust and instruction, and they are treated as subjects for hell-fires, instead of being regarded as deeply wronged martyrs of an unformed social state, for whom no smile is too sunny, no voice too hopeful. We read of a ring and a robe given to the prodigal, but not of a tract under the plate and a catechism on the pillow ; of dancing and music, but not of hard work all day and no freedom, lest he should run back again to the husks and swine.

Who shall rise up and be the Friend of the Prostitute? The Prison has had its Howard; the slave his Clarkson; the drunkard his Father Matthew; the insane their Dorothea Dix: who will be the Messiah of the Brothel, and bring us up to find our duty, and to do it in the love of man and the reverence of God?

SKETCH OF A LEADING ENGLISH ATHEIST.

BY SOPHIA DORSON COLLET.

"I could not live — could'st thou? — to hear a truth
Cry loudly in the heart, and strangle it.
Were this the end, no other life beyond,
Better to perish thus, our dust unurned
(So it might nourish still a living flower),
Rather than breathe such breath as hourly kills
The truth that blooms within."

— *Vivia Perpetua*, by SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

A few years ago it was remarked by an acute spectator* of a Discussion on Christianity, that "those who stand at the head of society, and argue that the minds of the people must be left alone, or they will break loose from the religious ties that are supposed to bind them, and drift away no one knows whither, must take a new course, as the people are already free from those ties; and they who mean to guide them must guide them speedily, or some one else will do so for them."†

The truth of this remark becomes increasingly apparent with every year. Not only are the details of Christianity, or the Church, fearlessly called in question, but even the corner-stone of Theology, the existence of the Deity, is freely canvassed. Painful as it is to earnest worshipers to hear such a topic debated on a platform, before a mixed audience, such is the irresistible destiny of to-day. The popular theology fails to rule the minds of large numbers of thoughtful men among the working classes, and they come forward and challenge their spiritual masters to defend or to disown it. Possessing sufficient culture to be critical, but not enough to compete with the clergy on the literary points which are inextricably bound up with the subject, they are more quick to de-

* W. E. Forster.

† *Reasoner*, vol. ix., p. 66.

tect error than strong to evolve truth. This is soon discerned by the other side, who forthwith descant on the presumption of "the people," but who, at the same time, take no steps to aid the people by liberal education to judge the question on equal grounds with themselves. Thus each party sees the other's weak points, without appreciating each other's real reasons: consequently neither conveys any impression to the other beyond the fact of its own earnestness.

Now these insurgencies of thought are never without meaning. It is never for mere whim that numbers of men undergo suffering and reproach. Everything that shows *purpose* shows some sort of reality that needs to be thoughtfully dealt with; and when that purpose is a wholly disinterested one, it should at least be respectfully dealt with. Those who rail at Atheism, as nine-tenths of the religious world do—or even those who look on it with dismal solemnity, as the other tenth does, will never understand it. Those who fail to see that it may be in itself a purely intellectual, and therefore unblamable result of the genuine pursuit of Truth, begin by ignoring that human respect and sympathy which must exist between two parties before either is likely to make any impression on the mind of the other.

But though, as believers in man's full right to the free use of his intellect, we hold any intellectual conclusion to be, as such, unblamable, and readily acknowledge that Atheism furnishes no exception to the rule—we have yet to ask if it be a *true* conclusion? Is universal skepticism to supersede the worship of ages? to overthrow all the belief in a Father and a futurity which has animated not only the Hebrew and the Christian, but almost every nation of the whole earth, giving energy to the toiler, balm to the sufferer, and a whole world of aspiration and blessedness to the thoughtful and the loving? Is the religious faculty in man no more than a mistake or a disease? or does it exist only to be tortured with unmitigated hunger? I, for one, can not believe this. The religious instinct is to me so vivid a reality, that no intellectual difficulties can destroy or diminish my conviction that it is a presage of a deep Truth. That the religious instinct has erred grievously, both in past and present times, is indubitable; but this only tends to show how important a faculty we have been misusing. The scheme of human nature from which we exclude a tendency that has played so large a part in our history must be an imperfect

one. To those who thus believe, there is something painful, therefore, in the prevalence of Atheism, especially when it is seen to be, not merely as in the last century, the excuse of the vicious, or the diversion of the thoughtless, but the speculation of the earnest, and the conviction of the pure. In such a connection it has an influence not previously enjoyed, and a candid investigation into its claims becomes our serious duty.

Among the English exponents of Atheism, none occupy so high a place as the author whose life we propose to consider in this essay. His influence has gradually become a power, and such influences always mean something. I propose to examine his works as representative of modern English Atheism ; because, although not correct samples of the majority of Atheistical writings, they manifest all the distinctive features of Atheism, gathered together into a focus, and reproduced with more power and purpose than any other English Atheist displays ; because, also, as editor of the chief organ of English Atheism, and as the most untiring and devoted of Atheistical propagandists, Mr. Holyoake has earned the general confidence of the body as their "representative man ;" and further, as he bears a high character for integrity and usefulness, both public and private, in matters unconnected with Atheism, he may be taken as a fair sample by which to judge of the relations of Atheism to practical and moral life. Every large associated body contains false men, who disgrace it — foolish men, who bring ridicule upon it, and mediocre men, who hold its principles without possessing sufficient intellectual power to judge of them independently ; but the fairest way to test any creed as an ideal of truth and duty, is to regard it as expounded by those who accord to it the distinct acceptance of a comprehensive and free intelligence, and who honestly endeavor to work out their principles to their full extent, as germs of life and thought. Should the result prove satisfactory, it is easy to make further inquiries as to the more average effects of such a creed ; but should the best result prove clearly fatal, either to the consistency of the advocate, or the rationality of his principles, we may quietly reject his theory without stooping to inveigh against all the follies and vices which may peradventure be found among some of its less disciplined adherents.

To working men, Atheism is not a merely speculative question : it is, as all that interests the suffering classes must be, largely in-

volved in the social problems of the day. An outline of our Atheist's biography will, therefore, throw some light on the processes of thought by which he arrived at his present position. Those facts which now appear in print for the first time, are given on the authority of the present writer, who has derived them either from personal observation, or from conversations with Mr. Holyoake and his family.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE was born at Birmingham on the 13th of April, 1817—the second child and eldest son of a family of thirteen. He was early subjected to the vicissitudes of poverty, and the alarms of prospective want. A delicate, sickly child, he grew up under the constantly-repeated prediction that he was destined to die early. But he was placed in circumstances where he was obliged to work, whether feeble or robust. Except during two long and dangerous illnesses, he worked as a whitesmith, “from nine years of age to twenty-two, with thousands of others, who were never remunerated by the means of paltriest comfort, and whose lives were never enlivened by pleasure.”* He “had an aversion to being thought idle, and he worked hard.”† A pretty little steel fire-grate is still in existence, which he manufactured at twelve years old, as a specimen of the more skilled labor to which he was then desirous of being promoted.

In what way our established religion came to sooth the vicissitudes of his family, may be seen from the following incidents narrated by Mr. Holyoake on his trial.

His parents had been suddenly reduced by a commercial panic to a state of unusual privation; and at this crisis his little sister fell ill. While she was so, the Rev. Mr. Mosely, rector of St. Martin's, Birmingham, sent an order for his Easter due of fourpence. Poverty prevented it from being paid; but the next week a summons came for it, with the addition of half-a-crown because of the non-payment of the fourpence. The payment could now no longer be evaded, for in a few days a warrant of distraint would have rudely torn the bed from under her, as had been the case with a neighbor. Dreading this, the family gathered together all the money they had, and the mother reluctantly left home to pay the “due.” She was kept waiting at the court from five to six hours, and when she returned all was over—her child was dead. “Will

* *Reasoner*, iv., p. 101.

† *Ibid*, iv., p. 100.

you wonder (concluded Mr. Holyoake) if, after all this, I doubted a little the utility of church establishments? ”*

Dissenting piety was, however, at hand to indoctrinate the young mind; a task so effectually performed that our hero's youthful enthusiasm gained him, from pastoral lips, the appellation of “an angel child.” Of this pietistic period of his life he has given, at different times, the following reminiscences:

“I learned the accents of piety from my mother's lips. She was, and still is, a religious woman. Whatever may be the dissent I entertain, I have never spoken of her opinions in the language of contempt. I have always left her (as she to her honor has left me) to enjoy her own opinions. In early youth I was religious.† My days were given to toil and prayer. After the day's task was done, I was lured into the prayer-meeting. When the seventh day of rest came, I was immured in a Sunday-school,‡ and it brought no rest to me. The should-have-been buoyancy of youth was absorbed by the gloom of religion. Premature cares weighed on my young spirit. Supernatural fears destroyed my peace, and I was degraded by an artificial sense of depravity. I looked on Nature, not as inherently glorious, but as the unintelligent tool of God—regarded the world only as a sublunary trial—my friends but as brands of an eternal burning; pleasure was a temptation, joy a crime, and death a horrid foreboding. I knew no cheerfulness, no utility. Instead of being encouraged to rely on my own energies, and calculate my own resources, I was sent to the throne of grace, and cruel was the mockery of my petitions.

* “Last Trial for Atheism,” pp. 38, 39. At the funeral of this sister, Mr. Holyoake caught a rheumatic fever, from which he did not recover for six months. He was then about twelve years old.

† “Last Trial,” p. 40.

‡ The school attached to the Rev. Angell James's Chapel in Car's Lane, Birmingham. A few years ago, circumstances led Mr. Holyoake to revisit this chapel, after an absence of twenty years. “What vicissitudes of religious experience (he says) had I gone through since I last walked along its familiar galleries! What an utter, an unforeseen change had my life been since then! There was the well-known clock, whose tardy hands I had watched so wearily out of the Sunday-school gallery. There, too, were those formal, dull, ground-glass windows, which did not let in even the cheerful blaze of day; and I used to envy the bright sun above, which dwelt so high in the sky, and was never cooped up in Sunday-school, but looked out over all the world, even on Robinson Crusoe's island, and was not forced to go to chapel on the bright Sunday morning.”—*Reasoner*, xv., 4, 5.

No God ever had a truer suppliant or more devout worshiper, yet those near and dear to me perished unheeded around me.*

"As I grew up, I attended missionary meetings, and my few pence were given to that cause. When told of heathen kings who knew not God, and caged their miserable victims, I shuddered at their barbarity, and prayed for their conversion."†

So ardently did he drink in the teachings of evangelical faith, that he used every evening to attend some chapel or other, when released from work. But in the course of this chapel-haunting, he one day heard a Baptist minister of the name of Cheadle, who contravened the doctrine of eternal torments. To this gentleman's chapel, therefore, our young inquirer soon gave his preference. Mr. Cheadle wished him to be re-baptised, but from that he shrunk, not considering himself holy enough for such a ceremony.

When about fifteen, he ventured, though still tolerably orthodox, to gratify his curiosity to hear a Unitarian service. After many prayers for grace and strength, he entered the Rev. Mr. Bache's chapel, in Park-Street, Birmingham,—taking his station in a place from which he could easily escape should he hear anything very shocking. Sometimes, in his evangelical simplicity, he used to look up at the roof to see if it gave any signs of coming down. But it never did.

Hitherto his education seems to have been exceedingly slight and desultory; but at seventeen he entered the Birmingham Mechanics' Institution, where he found an excellent tutor and friend in Mr. Daniel Wright—the schoolmaster, forty years previously, of Charles Pemberton.‡

In 1836, 1838 and 1839, Mr. Holyoake gained prizes at the Institution for proficiency in mathematics; and previously to the first of these occasions, his studies had been conducted with the help only of some compasses of his own forging, one pair of which was so ingenious in its variety of contrivances as to be mentioned in the Secretary's annual report to the Institution. Whereupon, when the chairman presented "to George Holyoake a book,

* *Reasoner*, iii., p. 347-8.

† "Last Trial," p. 40.

‡ Charles Reece Pemberton was chiefly known as the *Pel Verjuice* of the *Monthly Repository*, and as a dramatic lecturer of remarkable genius. He was one of the Radical writers of the Reform Bill epoch, and differed from the general Radical school in being more poetic than philosophic. He was a bright, radiant creature, ever glowing with the most generous sympathies, and only too sensitive for this rough, work-a-day world.

for skill in mathematics," . . . "Mr. Pitman asked if Holyoake was the youth referred to in the report, who had evinced so much assiduity; and on being informed that he was, that gentleman said that he considered it a pity such a master mind should be crippled; he should feel great pleasure in presenting him with a set of mathematical instruments.

"Holyoake came forward and modestly returned thanks. He said he felt extremely grateful for the prize and the present, and he hoped to repay the givers by renewed exertions in the cause of science."*

In the following year (1837) our young mechanic distinguished himself by conducting some observations on the November meteors, which obtained the marked approbation of the philosophical investigators by whose desire he acted. But it is worth while to note the conditions under which working men are forced to study the stars. Mr. Holyoake says that he conducted his observations "during the cold nights of November, on the house-top, from six at night to eight in the morning, from Sunday to Wednesday, without rest, as no cessation of work was provided for. This I had done for the Philosophical Institution, and thought myself rich in their votes of thanks, while I had, out of my scanty savings, to pay doctors' bills, to restore my injured health and that of my coadjutors."†

He continued to make these observations every November for several years. In the second year some slight remuneration was given, but it was not till the third year that he ventured to ask for it.‡

The next point visible in Mr. Holyoake's development is an ardent hero-worship for George Combe, whose name was to him "a talisman that awakened all his fondest idealisms of moral and philosophic perfection." Of this enthusiasm, Mr. Combe, in the opinion of Mr. Holyoake's friends, took advantage on the occa-

* The *Birmingham Journal* adds that "a book was also presented to Frederick Hollick for his skill in mathematics. This young man has also distinguished himself in an extraordinary manner, and has presented the Institution with some well-executed maps, drawn by himself." Frederick Hollick was an early friend of Mr. Holyoake, and was afterward a colleague of his as a Socialist Missionary. He is now Dr. Hollick, of America, and is well known throughout the Union for his physiological works.

† *Reasoner*, i., p. 161.

‡ *Reasoner*, iv., p. 301.

sion of Mr. H.'s becoming his assistant at Birmingham for a few weeks. The story is too long for insertion here, but may be found at full length in the *Reasoner*,* with other autobiographical fragments of Mr. Holyoake's life at this period. Another object of his young enthusiasm was the gifted and generous Charles Pemberton. But Mr. Holyoake's intercourse with him lasted not many years; in the spring of 1840 the "Wanderer" went to his long rest. In a little "Sketch of the Life of Pemberton,"† which Mr. Holyoake wrote in 1841, there occurs the following reminiscence of their last meeting upon earth:

"For weeks preceding his death, the earth was mud and the sky. haze; but the day of his death was one of those beautiful days which welcome the returning spring — seemingly sent that Nature's face might smile as his spirit for the last time gazed upon it.

"A few hours before his death, I entered his room, but never beheld so much of the majesty of thought in his face before. His usual smile was there, his eyes were fully as brilliant as in life, and all bespoke his usual unruffled sweetness of mind. Yet he knew he was dying. Occasional dozes succeeded, in which he uttered broken phrases that told his spirit was in far-off sunny climes. The last time consciousness returned, he smiled in the face of his niece, who was supporting his head, thanked her for her attention, and serenely died.

"Pemberton was borne to his grave by a few members of the Birmingham Mechanics' Institution. He lies at the General Cemetery, a beautiful spot for the last sleep of the gifted wanderer through many far-off lands."‡

While thus communing with free minds and liberal studies, our young mechanic was also vividly alive to all the stirring influences of Birmingham Radicalism, and the bonds of his orthodoxy began to be loosened by all these things. It is characteristic of him, that as the first great change in his views arose from his repugnance to the supposed inhuman treatment of the erring in another world, so his next great change originated from his dislike to the unkindly treatment of heretics here below. He used to be pained at hearing

* Vol. i., Nos. 11, 12, 13, 16.

† This is now out of print, but a lecture on the same subject, very superior to the "Sketch," was delivered by our author in 1844, and is still to be procured. It is entitled, "The Value of Biography in the Formation of Individual Character."

‡ "Sketch of the Life of Pemberton," pp. 12, 13, 15.

his companions talk sneeringly against the Socialists, and he would sometimes go to hear Socialist lecturers (though not agreeing with them), that he might be able to report good things which they had said, with which to check the harsh remarks he had heard. This was in 1837. Two years later, his sympathy had grown into warm acquiescence, and he had joined the Socialist ranks, and accepted the mastership of the school attached to the Social Institution in Birmingham.

In March, 1839, he married the "Eleanor" to whom he refers so nobly in the history of his imprisonment, and, quitting his father's house, settled in a dwelling of his own.

In the September of this year, Mr. Daniel Wright died suddenly—a painful blow to Mr. Holyoake, who wrote that "in him each of his pupils lost a father and a friend. They marked, in some measure, their sense of his loss, by the erection of a tablet to his memory, over his last resting-place, in the Old Meeting-House yard. If ever teacher was mourned by those he instructed, it was Daniel Wright."*

After Mr. Wright's death, the superintendence of the educational classes at the Mechanics' Institution was transferred to Mr. Holyoake. During 1838 and 1839, he was also a teacher (of secular knowledge) at the Unitarian Sunday-school attached to Mr. Bache's chapel, in Park-Street, although he was very far from being a Unitarian. When, however, in 1840, he was about to make his first plunge into ultra-heterodox publicity, by lecturing as a Socialist missionary, he resigned his teachership at Park-Street, lest the Unitarians should feel compromised by his new position. They parted from him with an expression of regret that "his engagements would not permit him to continue his valuable services."†

He was sent, not long afterwards, to occupy a "station" at Worcester, where he remained about a year. A memorial‡ presented to the Central Board of the Rational Society, by the Worcester Branch of Socialists, at the period of his leaving them, states that "since the engagement of Mr. Holyoake, the audiences

* "Sketch of the Life of Pemberton," p. 11. The erection of this tablet was entirely owing to Mr. Holyoake. He was also Secretary to the Committee for raising a monument to Charles Pemberton.

† Report of the Committee of the New Meeting Sunday-schools, May 18, 1840.

‡ Published in the *New Moral World*, li. (N. S.), p. 337.

have gradually increased in number and respectability ; additions have been made to the Branch ; useful educational classes, superior to anything of the kind in the city, have been established ; and it is to be hoped that the social, literary and scientific lectures that have been delivered, have done much to diffuse morality and intelligence."

Mr. Holyoake was next located at Sheffield, where, for thirty shillings a week, he taught a day-school and lectured on Sundays. He had been thus employed for nearly a year, when the events occurred which determined the current of his life's career.

In November, 1841, Mr. Charles Southwell, a fellow (Socialist) missionary of Mr. Holyoake's, set up, in conjunction with Mr. Chilton and Mr. Field, an Atheistical periodical, entitled the *Oracle of Reason*. An article of Mr. Southwell's, in the fourth number, called the "Jew Book,"—an article the coarse tone of which is sufficiently indicated by its title—entailed upon its author the heavy sentence of a year's imprisonment and a £100 fine. Mr. Holyoake was not at this time an Atheist, but feeling intensely the dangerous position in which Southwell's sentence placed the right of free utterance, he came forward to conduct the *Oracle* during his friend's imprisonment.* It was not long, however, before he entered, heart and soul, into the Atheistic movement. The evidences of Theology he had long promised himself to study, and when they came before him with these exciting commentaries, it is not surprising that his inquiry "ended in his seeing the insufficiency of the evidence which had before satisfied him."† That it was the inhuman, rather than the illogical, element in modern theology which induced his disbelief, is evident from a red-hot lecture which he delivered at Sheffield just before Southwell's trial, in which he says :

"I was born pious, and was nursed in Orthodoxy ; and have been, till within a very short period of this, a believer in the humanizing tendency of Christianity ; *but the persecution of my friend has been, within these few weeks, the cradle of my doubts,*

* Those readers who may be aware of the many sins of the *Oracle* against propriety of speech and coherence of thought should be here reminded that Mr. Holyoake "never had the personal control of the paper for a single week, being always in a distant part of the country from the place of its publication" (*Reasoner*, iii., p. 488). His editorship consisted in contributing the most sensible and least offensive among its articles, and in bearing its legal responsibility.

† *Reasoner*, xiv., p. 291.

and the grave of my religion. My cherished confidence is gone, and my faith is no more.”*

The last remnant of religious belief was now swept away, and he was left to build up a faith for himself, from his own intuitions and experiences of nature and life. It will afterwards be seen how he prospered in that work.

Mr. Holyoake had conducted the *Oracle* during fourteen weeks, when, in the course of a pedestrian journey to visit Mr. Southwell (then in Bristol jail), he staid a night in Cheltenham (May 24, 1842), to lecture on “Home Colonization.” At the end of the lecture, discussion having been invited, a sort of local preacher, named Maitland, rose and complained, that although the lecturer had told them their duty to man, he had not told them of their duty to God; inquiring also whether Mr. Holyoake’s proposed community would contain churches and chapels?

Mr. Holyoake replied with the enthusiasm of a raw recruit, in a speech (which he now admits † “was perhaps indecorous”) the purport of which was that he could not recommend that which he personally disbelieved, that he thought people could spend their money to more advantage on their fellow-creatures than in building churches; and after referring to the expense of church-rates, he said: “If poor men cost the State as much, they would be put, like officers, upon half-pay, and while our distress lasts I think it would be wise to do the same thing with Deity.” For this sentence, and another (which he could never recollect having uttered), viz., “I do not believe there is such a thing as a God,” Mr. Holyoake was arrested a week afterwards, and sentenced, in the August following, to six months’ imprisonment. It is not necessary to give any detail of the event in this place, as Mr. Holyoake has himself narrated the whole story in his “Fragment of Autobiography,” entitled “The History of the Last Trial by Jury for Atheism in England.” How the illegality and inhumanity of his treatment before trial were so marked as to call down a special rebuke from the Home Secretary (Sir James Graham); how the young enthusiast discussed creeds and systems in the dock and in prison, with as much independence as he had ever shown on Socialist platforms or in Atheist leading-articles; how the sufferings of his situation were increased by the loss of his eldest child, a

* “The Spirit of Bonner, in the Disciples of Jesus,” p. 4.

† “Last Trial,” p. 6.

little girl of much beauty and promise, who sickened and died in consequence of the poverty caused by his absence—all this is told with modest simplicity in the "History," which is prefaced by the manly request that no one will connect these incidents with him, "but regard them as a posthumous record of bygone events." *

The effect of this imprisonment on a character so earnest as Mr. Holyoake's was, naturally, to consolidate and intensify his disbeliefs into a distincter form. While in jail, he wrote a pamphlet, entitled "Paley[†] refuted in his own Words," which, though written with a sarcastic levity of style too frequent in his early writings, manifests decided intellectual power in its conception and arrangement. On the argument of this tract, the author's Atheism has ever since been based, and it is an argument not to be hastily passed by.

Soon after his liberation he removed to London, where he maintained himself and his family by teaching. In the December of this year (1843) he commenced editing, in conjunction with the late M. Q. Ryall, the *Movement*, a weekly paper, bearing the characteristic motto (from Bentham), "Maximize morals, minimize religion." The *Movement* was free from the worst sins of the *Oracle*, but it was a very crude production, more remarkable for earnestness of purpose than for anything else. At the end of its first year, Mr. Holyoake fell dangerously ill, and for nearly nine weeks he lay without hope of life. As his only resources were derived from his own labor, these fell off, "and he was in as much danger of perishing from inanition as from disease." † Possessing "a sensitiveness in reference to pecuniary matters so great that he was unable to draw the line between mendicancy and martyrdom," ‡ he said no word of his situation to any one, and submitted to starve rather than go into debt. Some friends, however, (among whom Mr. W. J. Birch should be remembered,) discovered his situation, and saved his life. On his recovery, he found that the *Movement* was greatly in debt, and he instantly ceased its publication, discharging at once every claim upon it, even the salary of his coadjutor. §

Mr. Holyoake next accepted a Socialist lectureship at Glasgow, one incident of which should not be lost. It is thus told in his

* It should be added that this work was not written till 1850.

† *Movement*, No. 68. ‡ *Reasoner*, iv., p. 301. § *Morning Star*, April 19, 1845.

"reports of progress" to the Society's journal. After narrating the endeavors made to meet the first financial exigency which occurred after his arrival, he says :

"Soon after, it appeared that the amount thus guaranteed was insufficient for the liabilities of the branch, and a second meeting was held, which was rendered remarkable by the delivery of two speeches. One speaker could not see what the branch had to continue for, because Harmony was all awry, and he thought the lectures, if we did hold on, should be popularized *so as to pay*. The other speaker was for an 'out and out' sensation in the theological way. To these remarks, I replied that 'it was the first time I had ever heard a member of our society ask what had a branch to continue for? No true member ever hung his manhood and his virtue on the gates of Harmony. The philosophy of rationalism related to men, to human duty and dignity; and it would have an abiding influence, should a dozen harmonies fail. Fraternity and systematic morality were the great principles we had to illustrate and inculcate, and *he* only should propose the dissolution of a branch who was prepared to deny their validity and their value.' With respect to the other point, I answered: 'I had never condescended to make what I considered the interests of truth a matter of £ s. d., and never would. If I could not establish the interest, I would at least preserve the dignity of what I endeavored to inculcate—that I would never pander to the untutored taste of those who craved for novelty at the expense of propriety. If that which was useful had no charms for our friends and the public, they would hardly miss its absence, and it would do little harm to let it drop. That the advice I had often given them as individuals, and as an association, to preserve perfect pecuniary independence for the sake of honor, of example, and of influence, I would in no way modify or explain away, now that its adoption affected my interest. Rather than I would be the cause of increasing their liabilities, I would at any time cancel my engagement without a murmur or a reproach, as nothing would reconcile me to the humiliation of receiving money due to their creditors.' The sentiments of the branch may be gathered from the course they pursued. They resolved to extend the subscription list, which *has been done*." *

But four months later we find it stated in another report: "Of

* *Herald of Progress*, No. 3.

my offer (reported in *Herald*, No. 3), which some months ago I found it my duty to make the branch, our executive have availed themselves, and my engagement here terminated on the 22d of last month." *

Once more setting out to seek employment, he returned to London, but with some resources he had little calculated on. Some months previously, the Directors of the Manchester Unity (of Odd Fellows) offered five prizes, of £10 each, for the five best lectures on the words Charity, Truth, Knowledge, Science, and Progression. Each lecture was to be an essay illustrating, in a popular style, the subject on which it treated, and not to occupy more than half an hour in delivery. The competition was thrown open to all members of the Order, and competitors were to send in their compositions anonymously, signed with a motto. †

For these prizes Mr. Holyoake competed, taking for his motto *Justitia sufficit*, inscribed on a cube in isometrical perspective. There were seventy-nine competitors (some of them clergymen), but all the five prizes were awarded to Mr. Holyoake. When the arbitrators discovered to whom they had given the palm, they were surprised; but they were too honorable to retract their word, and the money was sent to him accordingly. ‡ It came precisely when it was most wanted, at the abrupt termination of his Glasgow engagement; and with this £50 he came to London and started the *Reasoner*, of which the first number appeared on June 3, 1846.

Although Mr. Holyoake's mental development at this time was,

* *Herald of Progress*, No. 11.

† *Reasoner*, v., p. 275.

‡ A gentleman, however, who had previously offered £50 for the copyright of one of the lectures, withdrew his offer immediately the authorship was made known. Some two years later, an attempt was made to attach the stigma of Atheism to the Order of Odd Fellows, on the ground of their acceptance of Mr. Holyoake's essays; but it was shown in reply (and admitted by the Bishop of Oxford on their perusal) that the essays were no more Atheistic than they were Christian—Religion and politics being pronounced neutral questions by the Order, and Mr. Holyoake having confined himself strictly to the ethical bearings of the subject under consideration. See *Reasoner*, No. 122, containing Mr. Holyoake's defence, and *Reasoner*, No. 133, containing an article on the subject reprinted from the *Odd Fellows' Chronicle*, concluding with the generous remark that "much as Mr. Holyoake has been maligned and condemned by his assailants out of the Order, he has exhibited under their attacks a far higher amount of Christian charity and Christian forbearance than his—speaking to the letter—Christian opponents."

on the whole, very immature, yet he was then far more fitted for public usefulness than he had been at any previous period. Upright, fearless and generous, he always was ; but being thrown by circumstances into public life while his mental and moral training was very imperfect, his early productions were often exceedingly crude. How much he had to overcome in one special direction may be guessed from the following reminiscence, given in one of his lectures.*

"My original patrimony was a haughty temper, a proud spirit, and an inflexible will, and I profess to be no immaculate oracle. During thirteen years, I stood twelve hours of every working day by the side of one man without ever forgetting or forgiving that he had insulted me—and I could boast as many trophies of ill-temper and malignant retorts as any man could be proud of. Resentment was easy to me, and of all the Fables of Æsop that of the man who had one eye put out that his enemy might lose both, was my favorite. But what was my surprise when first I found that the great, whom I had so long revered in their remoteness from me, were themselves the victims of those errors which belonged to my youth, ignorance, and others' evil example. When I came in contact with those whom I had known only as models of emulation, and whose genius I worshiped, as some men do the creations of Theology, and found their brilliant reputation tarnished by the mildews, not indeed of vulgar, but of refined animosity, I resolved, that though I had no reputation to tarnish, I would not tarnish myself."

He set to work to conquer the impetuous irritability of his disposition, and succeeded so far as to incur no end of twittings for his "meekness," from those whose ideal of virtue does not include the element of self-control. In this self-discipline, his prison experience was of great service to him. From the marked difference in his tone before and after it, it appears to have been a turning-point in his development. And it is in itself a noble feature in his history, that personal ill-treatment, instead of embittering his feelings, tended to calm them. The temper which could be passionately excited by others' wrongs, learnt "experience and patience" from its own. The reader who will compare Mr. Holyoake's lecture on the arrest of Southwell with his letter † to the *Cheltenham Free Press*, written on the day after his

* *Reasoner*, ii., p. 201.

† "Last Trial for Atheism," pp. 88-93.

own liberation, can not fail to observe the noble amount of growth. By the time when he commenced the *Reasoner*, he had improved still more. A treatise which he published while at Glasgow, entitled "Rationalism," was the first ripe fruit of his mind's manhood. Though very open to criticism on some points, it is, as a whole, pervaded by a thoughtful, dignified, disciplined spirit, which contrasts pleasingly with the tone of his previous productions. The following passage will show the point from which the work is conceived :

"Because preference-shares yield no interest, and community-scrip finds no purchasers at this particular time, many persons, supposed to be well-grounded in Rationalism, have begun to despond. But that philosophy which is to elevate human nature and to be the guide and guardian of virtue, must not fluctuate with a joint-stock experiment ; it must be higher than public opinion—it must not be shaken by relative success or failure ; nor peculiar to any social condition—but fixed as truth, as universal and enduring." *

Such were our Atheist's aspirations when commencing his new "Church of the Future." Before the *Reasoner* had been many weeks in existence, however, he began to surprise his readers by the tendency of his speculations. In the seventh number (p. 109) he announced that—"Infidelity has been too long a mere negation. It has reached a new point—it interests itself in social questions—it identifies itself with a practical system of morality. Its negative theory must assert its positive influence, or the apathy of its present friends will be eternal."

And in a letter to William Howitt in the same number he said :

"To the doctrine of a Deity and prospect of immortality I have, and can have no aversion—indeed, I gladly see such conjectures strengthened, and admissible evidence belonging thereto matured. As an intelligent [*i. e.*, intellectual] speculation, it (Theology) will ever be one of the most absorbing in which mankind can be engaged. I am by no means anxious to refute all the arguments of the religious. Many are of no consequence, if true, and many I have pleasure in finding well supported ; but, *as a whole*, I consider them to be of less weight than experience is, and therefore, when they are opposed to the dictates of experience, I reject them. This is the sense in which the *Reasoner* is anti-theo-

* "Rationalism," p. 8.

logical. As this is the first opportunity I have had of expressing these conceptions, I fear they may lack firmness of outline. But should they leave you in any doubt, I shall be willing, on hearing from you to that effect, to attempt more explicitness."

This article brought down some anxious correspondents, one of whom held up his old *Oracle* articles to him, and thought his new views "quite opposed to those you formerly held; and if I fully understand your meaning, I think I can perceive a pretty considerable leaning to believe in God."

"To this," replied the editor, "I answer, it is not a 'change,' so much as a more just and comprehensive view of Atheism, to which I have to plead guilty. . . . Those who regard Atheism as a mere negation of religion, regard it in its narrowest point of view. . . . Surely something remains beyond. . . . The Atheist, when in argument he has set up morality over religion, is bound to set it up in practice, to evidence to the world, in his own person and conduct, the value of his theory. If he no longer owns the authority of religion, he has to demonstrate that he owns the authority of reason and benevolence—he has to show, by his active endeavors to recover others from the darkness from which *he* has been relieved, that his Atheism has some vitality in it, and is not, as I have too often seen it, merely critical, cold and selfish.

"This is one of the *enlargements* of Atheism, which seems to be imperatively called for. Another seems wanting—a *moral* ground, on which both Atheist and Theist can stand. So long as each denies to the other a particle of reason on his side—so long as each maintains an infallibility of pretension to complete truth—they both assume what is contrary to the nature of things, and exclude the common ground which must be established between them, where truth and error can join issue. There is no impassable gulf between contending men or contending opinions, but that dug by pride and passion. We all have a common starting-point. We have a common consciousness of impression—a common nature to investigate—a common sincerity actuates us—truth is our common object, and we have a common interest in discovering it. . . .

"In the department of physics (the most conclusive, be it observed, and where strictest reasoning can be applied), I find little argument in favor of Theism. But in the department of metaphysics, as respects man's nature and aspirations, there do appear

some few *probabilities* in favor of it. No sound system of metaphysics can be propounded which is not based on the admission of certain aptitudes of all men — such as Adam Smith has treated in his ‘Moral Sentiments.’ Of these, the aspiration to higher qualities and character, and the ceaseless progression of man, *seem* to point to an after-life. That all that pertains to the feelings is to some extent delusive — men change so with circumstances, I am fully aware ; but the probabilities, such as they are, in candor should be admitted.”

Another “enlargement of Atheism” was visible a few weeks afterwards. A correspondent writes : “ Sir — I have been asked, how is it that the *Reasoner* quotes with approval Christian divines, such as Theodore Parker and others ? It strikes me as unusual in a publication devoted to Naturalism. Does it imply, as Mr. Sanderson supposes, a leaning to Goddism ? ” To which the Editor replies : “ It matters little where it leans, so long as there is truth in what it means. Skeptics should pride themselves on being eclectics — in selecting the good, wherever it appears.”

[To be Concluded.]

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

BY FRANCES POWER CUBBER.*

For life, for health I bless Thee,
 For hearing and for sight,
 For food, for clothing and abode,
 For the rest of the dreamy night,
 I bless Thee, O my God!

For all the friends I love on earth,
 For all who grant me love,
 For the sweet affections budding here
 To bloom in heaven above,
 I bless Thee, O my God!

* This lady is the author of the justly-celebrated *Essay on Intuitive Morals* which has lately been published in Europe and America. She was for several years a correspondent of Theodore Parker ; and when the latter was passing away she came to see him, and though they could not converse much, she gave into his dying hand some lilies of the valley, the flower which he most loved. This was her farewell.

I bless Thee that Thy countless gifts
 Are for all, nor only mine;
 That every creature of Thy hand
 Partakes Thy love divine,—
 I bless thee, O my God!

For the order of the universe,
 For the daily rising sun,
 For the gladsome light and warmth he sheds,
 Gilding all he gazeth on,
 I bless Thee, O my God!

For the gentle moon's soft silvery beams
 To light the peaceful night,
 For the stars to speak to us of Thee
 And of Thy glorious might,
 I bless Thee, O my God!

For all deep wisdom's fountains—
 That "wisdom from above"
 Thy spirit gives each prayerful soul
 To teach all Truth and Love—
 I bless Thee, O my God!

For that fullest Word descending,
 Like "the wind that bloweth free,"
 Through him who called Thee "Father"
 On the Mount of Galilee,
 I bless Thee, O my God!

I bless Thee for the dearest gift
 Enjoyed or understood,
 For the priceless gift to know and feel
 That Thou, Thyself, art Good,
 I bless Thee, O my God!



SENSITIVENESS.

TAKE not so hard an idle word,—
 Thy spirit nobly rule;
 No sea can it be by a stone's throw stirred,
 But only a stagnant pool.

— *From Rueckert, by C. T. B.*

URSULA.

BY HONORE DE BALZAC.

CHAPTER VII.

ON returning from mass, the old lady sent word by Tiennette for her son to come to her.

This little house had three chambers on the first floor. That of Madame de Portenduère and of her late husband were upon the same side, separated by a large dressing room, and connected by a little ante-chamber next the stairway. The window of the other chamber, always Savinien's, looked, like his father's, upon the street. Madame de Portenduère's chamber, the gloomiest of the whole house, looked upon the court; but the widow usually sat in the parlor on the ground floor, which communicated by a passage with the kitchen, built at the bottom of the court; so that this room served both as dining-room and parlor. This chamber of the late Monsieur de Portenduère remained as it had been on the day of his death: only the defunct was absent from it. Madame de Portenduère had made the bed herself, laying thereon the Captain's naval uniform, the sword, the red cordon, the orders, and the hat of her late husband. The gold snuff-box, from which the Vicount took his last pinch, lay on the table, with his prayer-book, his watch, and the cup from which he had drunk. His white hair, framed and arranged in a single braid, was suspended above the crucifix, with the vase of holy water placed in the alcove. All the little knick-nacks that he used, his journals, his Dutch spitting-box, his spyglass, hung above the mantel-piece—nothing was wanting. The widow had stopped the old clock at the hour of his death, to which it ever pointed. The odor of his snuff still pervaded the room. The fireplace was as he had left it. To enter there was seeing him again, in seeing all these things that recalled his habits. His great gold-headed cane remained where he had placed it, as well as his large doeskin gloves, near by. Upon the pier-table shone a golden vase, coarsely sculptured, but of a thousand crowns' value, presented by Havana, when, during the war of American Independence, he had preserved it from an attack of the English, in contending with superior forces, after having sailed safely into port the convoy which he protected.

To reward him, the King of Spain had made him a Knight of his orders. Inscribed, in consequence of this action, for the grade of Chief of Squadron, he had the red cordon. Sure, then, of the first vacancy, he married his wife, with a fortune of two hundred thousand francs. But the revolution prevented the promotion, and Monsieur Portendùère emigrated.

"Where is my mother?" said Savinien to Tiennette.

"She expects you in your father's chamber," replied the old Breton servant.

Savinien could not restrain a shudder. He knew the strictness of his mother's principles, her worship of honor, her loyalty, her faith in noble blood, and he foresaw a scene. Thus stepped he as to an assault, with troubled heart and pallid face. By the dim light that filtered through the curtains, he perceived his mother dressed in black, and wearing a solemn expression, in harmony with this death-chamber.

"Monsieur le Vicomte," said she, on seeing him, rising and taking his hand, to lead him before the paternal bed, "there your father expired, a man of honor, dead without having anything with which to reproach himself. His spirit is here. Surely he must have groaned there on high, to behold his son sullied by an imprisonment for debt. Under the old monarchy, this stain would have been spared you by soliciting a *lettre de cachet* and locking you up a few days in a State prison. But at last, behold you before your father who hears you. You who know all that you have done before going into this ignoble prison: can you swear to me before this spirit and before God, who sees all, that you have committed no dishonoring action, that your debts have been the consequence of a youthful fascination, and that, at the end of all, honor remains untarnished? Were your irreproachable father here alive, in this arm-chair, if he asked of you an account of your conduct, after having heard you, would he embrace you?"

"Yes, my mother," said the young man, with a gravity full of respect.

She then opened her arms and clasped her son upon her heart, shedding a few tears.

"Let us then forget all," said she; "it is only money that is lost, which, God willing, may be recovered; and since thou art still worthy of thy name, embrace me, for I have suffered much!"

"I swear, my dear mother," said he, extending his hand over

this bed, "never more to give thee the least vexation of this kind, and to make every exertion to repair my first faults."

"Come to breakfast, my child," said she, leaving the room.

—Savinien's arrival introducing at Nemours the only personage missing among those who move in this little drama, here terminates our exposition.

[We are sorry to have to stop further interviews between our readers and sweet Ursula with this chapter, which closes Part I. A misunderstanding with the translator as to the length of the story seems to render this unavoidable. We doubt not, however, that from this point our readers may see very clearly the direction and termination of the story; and that we may trust their imaginations to picture the young lovers, Savinien and Ursula, tortured for a long time between two hot fires: on one hand, the family pride and prejudice of Madame Portenduère, and her suspicion that Dr. Minoret's large loan, which released Savinien, was for the purpose of compelling through a mortgage an alliance beneath the dignity of her house and son,—and, on the other hand, Dr. Minoret's sensitive honor, which would not allow a single explanation to be made or a step to be taken on his side. After a few scenes, which only the inimitable Balzac could portray, the parties all quit the scene of action for a battlefield on one side, and sight-seeing on the other; and having proved themselves worthy of each other, and objections being removed by the logic of events, all ends as musically as marriage-bells.—Ed.]

DR EINBOHRER AND HIS PUPILS.

CHAPTER VIII.—ORGANIZATION.

"IN these lectures, my young friends, there is but little, if any, apparent method or order; yet I am trying to follow both a method and an order which seem to me in the precedent of Nature.

"Nature gives a few elements in endless combinations. As Göthe says:

'All things are similar, yet all unlike,—
The chorus thus a hidden law reveals.'

This is my ORDER.

"My METHOD is that of the prickly-pear—one leaf growing out of another. You don't see the connection between my lectures? Such leaves have not stems. But you will agree that out of the problem of Form, which we last considered, grows the problem of Organization, which we consider to-day."

Peter inquired if Organization meant to play the Organ, and

suggested that Chunk ought to know all about it, as he got "forty cents every Sunday for Organizing."

"A higher Organ, Peter," replied the Doctor, more gently than we expected, or P. H. deserved, "yes, much higher! One myriad-piped; one in which the mote in the sunbeam, the planet in the heavens, and all things between them, and beings of whom there are only mysterious whispers, are stops; one from which in mighty diapason bursts the perfection of Reason, the Hymn of Joy to the Universe.

"Organization is the constant miracle of Nature; it is the immanent deity. When anything grows up from the world of Chaos, or inorganic conditions, into organic existence, be it a flower or ephemeral insect, we must say of it, Here is God's last word. God means everything that he makes; he informs all forms: the world is the record of his thoughts. Every Form has a principle with reference to which it is constituted; that principle which it expresses has organized it. To find out the principle of any organization is, in the ecstasy of Kepler, *to think God's thoughts after Him*.

"Gentlemen, very few and cheap are the elements deorganized; very nauseous oxygen and hydrogen separately when compared with the crystal water; very insignificant the lime and water and dust which express a dissolved man. But as a mass of mere wet vapor rises under the wand of the Sun to palatial pomp, and stretches into the Isles of the Blest, so do a few cheap elements in Nature, under the luminous sceptre of Organization, rise into the supersolar splendors of Ideal Dawns, and purposes stretching far into the New Heavens and the New Earth. Did ever sunrise equal the rayful eye of Plato? Did ever mountain summit o'ertop the craggy forehead of Shakspeare or Göthe, where the eagle thoughts, sunward soaring, find their eyrie? Take away Organization, and Plato's eye is a bit of jelly, and the forehead aforesaid undistinguishable from house-plaster."

"A mortar-fying reflection," whispered our imp in human shape. Dr. Jecovas did not hear him, fortunately, but Van Stammer did, and overcome with the abyss of depravity it disclosed, burst into tears.

"Göthe says, 'The general total in the budget of Nature is fixed, but she is free to dispose of particular sums by any appropriation that may please her. In order to spend on one side,

she is forced to economize on the other, and Nature can, therefore, never run in debt nor become bankrupt.'

"Geoffroy St. Hilaire also recognized this view before G  the, under the name of *balance of organs*. Let us understand it by reference to any kingdom or family. The lizard will do for the type of reptiles. We see on one hand that in the frog the feet put such a claim that the ribs are in atrophy to follow it; on the other side the serpent has such an excessive development of ribs, that the feet which we find in the lizard disappear in the ribs. In the serpent all the transitions from the lizard are seen: first, the *Scincid  *, which have a greater number of ribs than the lizard, and smaller feet; second, the *Sepsid  *, with almost as many ribs as serpents, and rudiments of feet; lastly, the *Anguis*, whose limbs are not visible without, approaching nearly the real serpent. It is a rule, that any physical superiority in any point, in any animal species, is there at the price of some defect which another species has not. Who can tell how much of the brain goes to feed the shaggy main of some Goliath of the animal world, which renders him a prey to weaker animals whose brains have not gone out into their hair?

"This holds good, perhaps, in our human world, as the Law of Compensation will affirm. Mothers will always tremble when their children 'run up,' as it is said, 'too fast.' Experience has taught them that all that is added to the height is taken from the chest. And experience has taught many a poor fellow that all the rough-marked points in Polly's face which he was delighted to find were not in Becky's, had only gone to add another degree of thickness to Becky's cranium. Thus an ominous 'but' is placed after everybody's qualifications. 'Sam is a fine fellow,—but —' 'Tom is handsome,—but —' 'Angelica has a pretty face,—but —.' This simply means that the moiety of ugliness or beauty of Tom and Angelica happen not to have lodged in their faces, but went, perhaps, into head, heart or foot.

"Think not that this variety is accidental. The archetype is not modified, drawn out, condensed, by chance and aimlessly. In all this there is a steadfast tendency of Nature to complete herself: for Nature is a sphere, one half given, the other to be obtained by worship, culture and the 'sweat of the brow.' What then is the tendency of animal organization?

"It is to *Individuality*. The test of the rank of every organ-

ized object is its Individuality. In the lowest form of animal life we have the developments of the Polyps. The lowest of these are somewhat like the calyx of a flower, with a great number of tentacles radiating from its top. As the animal is found higher in the crust of the earth, and comes near the animal distinction, it is shown by a diminution of those tentacles in number. Finally there are only eight around one, which is a better developed central animal. This, then, is called the highest, because, although not so extensive, it is more an individual, distinguishable animal. This test rises up through the decisions of Geology and Natural History into the human world, and affirms that the test of superiority amongst men is their Individuality; not particularly how much they do, but whether what they do is their own proper work for which they were sent, and whether they draw in all extraneous forces as the Polyps its many tentacles, and concentrate them on one good object of life. This is Individuality.

“—Then here Nature releases us from Pantheism, whose God is the Universe, the Universe a great animal, whose

‘Body Nature is, and God the Soul.’

But this Polyps shows us that mere extent in space, or existence in numberless forms, does not constitute superiority,—but it is Individuality which does. The most perfect God, then, would be the most Individual.

“But the endless variety of forms can not exist only to teach this tendency: this is their general purpose, but a few instances might have sufficed for this as well as so many thousands. I may quote here from Horatio Greenough, who states the object of diverse forms to be organic adaptation.

“‘If,’ says he, ‘I find the vertebræ of the neck in grazing quadrupeds increased, so as to bring the incisors to the grass; if I find the vertebræ shortened in beasts of prey, in order to enable the brute to bear away his victim; if I find the wading birds on stilts, the strictly aquatic birds with paddles; if, in pushing still further the investigation, I find color arranged either for disguise or aggression, I feel justified in taking the ground that organization is the primal law of structure, and I suppose it, even where my imperfect light can not trace it, unless embellishment can be demonstrated.’

“I think this artist was right in his interpretations of Nature. She not only gives ideas, but gives us practical advice. That the

best angles, circles, modes of life, progression and all are to be found in Nature, and should be found out and converted to man's uses. That the more our paddles are like those of geese, the more our boats are like ducks, our schooners like swans, the swifter will we sail over the 'vasty deep;' that the nearer the arches of our houses are modelled on the skull of man, the longer will they stand; that the more our ladies wear ornaments fashioned like acorns or serpents, or other natural forms, the lovelier they will be; that the nearer the wings of our angels, when they shall come into the world, are on the same principle with those of the swallow, the swifter they will be. *Sic itur ad astra.*"

ARE THE PRIESTHOOD SINCERE?

BY EX-ABBE CHARLES MIEL.

I HAVE every day occasion to observe that many evangelical Christians are persuaded that the greater part of the Roman Catholic priesthood are wanting in sincerity, and do not themselves believe in what they are commissioned to teach to others. That it may be so, more or less, in Protestant countries, is possible, though I am not aware of it. But as concerning the countries where the Roman system is dominant, and especially as concerning France, of which the clergy everywhere enjoy particular and deserved consideration, I know, and owe it to truth as well as to justice to say, that the clergy in general do not feel the least doubt with regard to the doctrines which they preach in the name of Rome. How that comes to pass, and what is the nature of that sincerity, it will not be difficult nor, perhaps, needless to explain, and such is the object of this letter.

If there be any one point of its organization in which the Church of Rome shows herself particularly skilful, it is beyond contradiction in the education of her clergy. You can not imagine how marvellously everything is combined in order to fix firmly in the intellect and affections of candidates for orders what is called faith — faith, be it remarked, not in our Savior, nor in Scripture, but faith in the Church herself. What precautions are taken to

prevent a doubt from reaching the understanding, or to repel it victoriously if ever it should present itself there ! The principles inculcated in young candidates for holy orders, the lessons given to them, the books placed in their hands, every thing concurs and tends to the same object. And these operations are certain of success, because they are directed against simple, unsuspecting souls, who, as it were, lend themselves of their own accord, without resistance, to the impressions. The seminaries are recruited, in fact, from the country districts. The pupils are, for the most part, children of the lower orders, who have attracted attention by their happy disposition, by their assiduity in attending religious ceremonies, and by the docility they display to the lessons of the priests. When they quit their families to enter the first or lower seminaries, they certainly have but little knowledge of religion. This, however, they know perfectly well (for they have been taught it from their infancy), that in order to be Christians they must believe firmly, and under pain of damnation, everything which is believed and taught by the Roman Church. And as they have been equally taught that the Church means the parish priest and every priest approved by the bishop, they have an unbounded reliance in the word of the priest. The priest is in their eyes a man altogether beyond and above the rest of mankind ; he exercises over them all the ascendancy not only of learning and virtue, of which they form to themselves a very high opinion, but of a celestial mission of a divine nature. They listen to him as the oracle of God, not admitting the possibility of deceiving them, or of his deceiving himself. His lessons are the more impressive from being given with all the force of simple affirmations — “ That is so ; ” “ That is not so.” So far is this carried, that they have not even an idea of a religious discussion or controversy. Even in the world, in which they are received before their admission to the college, and where they again appear from time to time during the vacations, no discussion is ever heard upon these subjects. By common agreement, in all Roman Catholic countries, the study of religion is considered the business exclusively of the priest ; the believer has only to gather at the foot of the pulpit the fruits of that study. The few exceptions which might be produced against this rule would only serve to establish its truth.

Nevertheless, when the understanding of the pupil of the seminary is a little more developed — when he commences to make use

of his own judgment in the domain of natural science—it sometimes happens that reason endeavors to vindicate her right to be heard in matters of religion also, and seeks to qualify the doctrine presented to her as alone containing eternal truth. But the confessor is ever at hand to guard his spiritual son against this dangerous snare. Reason is silenced as being merely the voice of pride; or else is deluded by the promise of having her suggestions examined at another stage, during the term of study at the upper seminary.

At last arrives the solemn epoch, in which the theological education is completed—an epoch the most critical of all. If the edifice of belief does not crumble then, it is usually fixed forever. Every history which is not in every point in perfect harmony with the doctrine of Rome is strictly forbidden. Even Baillie's *Treatise on Theology*, which has for a number of years been almost exclusively used in our seminaries in France, has just been placed in the index of forbidden works, on the ground that it does not profess *Ultramontanism* with sufficient openness. This is the doctrine which must, at any sacrifice, prevail. Whether knowingly or not, the teachers do not hesitate, with this object in view, to misstate facts and to misquote texts, as I shall soon have occasion to demonstrate. And yet, upon the slightest reflection, how flimsy are the foundations upon which is reared so colossal a structure!—how weak the argument!—how inconclusive the evidence!

Well, then, incredible as it would seem, the circumstance which ought to shake the faith of the neophyte is precisely that which in most cases serves to fix it. Taking this proposition as a starting point, which they deem exempt even from the possibility of attack, viz., that whatever is taught in the name of Rome is infallibly true, the argument proceeds thus: "Reason is inadequate to demonstrate such or such a truth; faith, therefore, is a matter of necessity." And, closing their eyes, they precipitate themselves into the bosom of a faith justly called blind.

It is an analogous reasoning to what I have often heard repeated by sincere Roman Catholics after visiting the Eternal City. Deeply affected by the scandals of every description pervading the city of the Pontiffs, they deduced from these very scandals a proof of the divine nature of the Church of Rome, and of the permanent protection afforded to it by the Holy Ghost, alleging it to be manifest

that that Church could not, without such protection, exist for an hour in the midst of such corruptions.

Nor is this all, although it would be something, no doubt, to have thus brought the young student in theology to admit as a necessity this belief in the church. But, after having thoroughly impressed the idea in his mind that a simple doubt kills faith,—after having exhibited in the most hideous colors all who have ever shaken off the yoke of Rome, then they extol beyond all measure the excellence of an humble submission to the authority of the priest—or what they term *foi de charbonnier* (faith of a charcoal burner—i. e., of an uncultivated, ignorant person). Such a submission is incessantly placed before the pupil as the basis of all virtue, as the source of every grace, and of every light; and the result is, that the neophyte, terrified and cajoled by turns, throws himself unhesitatingly into the extremest opinions opposite to that from which he has been warned. Not only does the shadow of a doubt terrify him, he flies from it as he would from the serpent of impurity. For this is another rule incessantly impressed upon him, that temptations against faith are to be placed in the same category as temptations against chastity, that the only security against such is in flight. Nay, he even goes beyond this—he at last comes to love faith for itself, and for the love of faith to despise, I had almost said to hate, reason. He persuades himself that there is supreme merit in believing without proof; he does not desire to examine, or to be convinced by any examination which he may make; he would rather preserve all the merits of an unreasoning assent.

I have read in the life of St. Louis [Louis IX. of France], that when some of his courtiers came to announce a miracle which he might have an opportunity of witnessing, by which our Lord showed himself visibly in the consecrated host, under the form of a child, the pious monarch replied: “Let those who doubt concerning the real Presence in the holy sacrament go and see this miracle: for myself, I believe in that Presence as firmly as if I saw it bodily with my eyes.” I do not hesitate to assert that the majority of our young ecclesiastics, on leaving the seminary, would be disposed to hold similar language under similar circumstances. Such is the state of belief to which it is possible at length to arrive by *willing* that one should believe, by continually repeating to one’s self “I believe.”

FERN-FALL.

STONEBROOK we named the rocky stream that fell
Into a dell of twilight o'er the ledge
Of sombre-colored rock. The amber light
Shone through the yellow ferns around the fall,
And on the flashing stream. It seemed the sun,
Great Alchemist, had melted into gold
All things he touched. In every little nook
And crevice of the black, o'erhanging cliffs,
And on the boulders midway in the stream,
And on the banks, down by the water's edge,
Were fairy woodlands of the feathery fern,
Tinted with rich, autumnal gold: and so
We named the fall Fern-Fall.

But all the gold
Of fern and fading woodland could not take
From the sweet waters their clear, emerald green,
That seemed to have some lingering memory
Of Summer haunting them. In the dim light
Of many-colored and mysterious woods
The paly ghost-flower* stood in pearly white,
Still as a spectre; and one lonely bird
Warbled some fitful fragments of old themes
Sung in the bygone Summer many a time,
Deep in the greenwood-tree.

We lingered long,
For the wild beauty of the scene we felt,
Filling with health our being. The full stream
Poured ceaseless, as from some mysterious source,
Its freshness deep into our hearts, and cooled
Life's fever quite away. And as the chords
Untuned, under the player's skilful hand,
Fall gradual into harmony, our souls
Finally fell into the anthem grand
Of winds among the fluctuating woods,
And the perpetual murmur of the fall,
And fainter music of the sylvan stream. H. W. G.

**Monstropa uniflora.*

THE CATHOLIC CHAPTER.

CHRISTIANITY.*

IN every case we find that the faculties and susceptibilities of a being tell true, and are the exact measure of the outer life it has to live; and just as many and as large proportions as it has, to just so many and so great objects does it stand related; so that from the axis of its nature you may always draw the curve of its existence. Human worship, therefore, turning to the living God as the infant's eye to the light, is itself a witness to Him whom it feels after and adores; it is "the image and shadow of heavenly things," the parallel chamber in our nature with that Holy of Holies whither its incense ever ascends.

Never can the world be less to us than when we make it all in all.

To insist on judging Christianity not by its matured character in Christendom, not by the *unconscious spirit* of its founders, but by their personal views and purposes, is to overlook the divine in it in order to fasten on the human; to seek the winged creature of the air in the throbbing chrysalis; and is like judging the place of the Hebrews in history by the court and the proverbs of Solomon, or the value of Puritanism by the sermon of a hill-preacher before the civil war. The primitive Christianity was certainly *different* from that of other ages, but there is no reason for believing that it was *better*.

It is only natural that the parable of the PRODIGAL SON should be no favorite with those who deny the unconditional mercy of God. The place which this divine tale occupies in the Unitarian theology appears to be filled, in the Orthodox scheme, by the story of Zaleucus, king of the Locrians; which has been appealed to in the present controversy by both the lecturers on the atonement, and seems to be the only durable illustration presented, even by Pagan history, of the execution of vicarious punishment. This monarch had passed a law condemning adulterers to the loss of both eyes. His own son was convicted of the crime; and to satisfy at once the claims of law and of clemency, the royal parent "commanded

* Taken from the writings of James Martineau.

one of his own eyes to be pulled out and one of his son's." Is it too bold a heresy to confess that there seems to me something heathenish in this example, and that as an exponent of the Divine character, I more willingly revere the Father of the Prodigal than the father of the adulterer?

The refusal to embody our sentiments in any authoritative formula, appears to strike observers as a whimsical exception to the general practice of Churches. The peculiarity has had its origin in hereditary and historical associations; but it has its defence in the noblest principles of religious freedom and Christian communion. At present, it must suffice to say that our societies are dedicated not to theological opinions, but to religious worship; that they have maintained the unity of the spirit without insisting on any unity of doctrine; that Christian liberty, love, and piety are their essentials in perpetuity, but their Unitarianism an accident of a few or many generations, which has arisen, and ought to vanish, without the loss of their identity. We believe in the mutability of religious systems, but the imperishable character of the religious affections; in the progressiveness of opinion within as well as without the limits of Christianity. Our forefathers cherished the same conviction; and so, not having been born intellectual bondsmen, we desire to leave our successors free. Convinced that uniformity of doctrine can never prevail, we seek to attain its only good — peace on earth and communion with Heaven — without it. We aim to make a true Christendom — a commonwealth of the faithful — by the binding force, not of ecclesiastical creeds, but of spiritual wants and Christian sympathies; and indulge the vision of a church that "in the latter days shall arise" like "the mountain of the Lord," bearing on its ascent the blossoms of thought proper to every intellectual clime, and withal massively rooted in the deep places of our humanity, and gladly rising to meet the sunshine from on high.

He is no worm for whom the eternal abysses are built as a dungeon, and the lightnings are brandished as a scourge.

If you want to find the true magic pass into heaven, scores of rival professors press round you with obtrusive supply: if you ask in your sorrow, Who can tell me whether there be a heaven at all? every soul will keep aloof and leave you alone. All men that bring from God a fresh, deep nature, all in whom religious

wants live with eager power, and who are yet too clear of soul to unthink a thought and falsify a truth, receive in these days no help and no response.

Those on whom Heaven lays the burthen of duty, no power on earth may strip of rights.

In thus snatching the individual as bearer of a holy trust from the crash of nature and the world, Christianity became the first *human* religion — that absolutely took no notice of race and sex and class. It created a new order of inalienable rights, neither the heritage of birth, nor the franchise of a State, but inherent in the moral capabilities of a man.

If being orthodox you die at the stake, you are a martyr; if being heretic, — why, then, you are a man burnt! As if Christ were one to stand upon the copyright of Revelation, and unless his name were on the title-page would suffer neither thought nor prayer to dedicate itself to God!

If I were required to select from history the three systems of morality most at variance with each other in their general spirit and tendency, I should make my choice within the limits of the Bible, and name the teachings of Moses, of Solomon, and of Christ. They are respectively perfect representations of the sacerdotal, the epicurean, and the spiritual type of human duty.

Some painful experience has taught me to estimate these things at their right value, and to see that some of the purest, noblest, and devoutest men of this age have been and are among the ex-communicate. What nobler practical life — nay, in spite of all extravagances, what nobler inner religion has our time seen than Theodore Parker's? Dissenting from his Christology, and opposing it, nay, strongly feeling the defects of his philosophy, I deeply honored and loved him, and from the first recognized in him one of God's true prophets of righteousness. But there never was, and never will be, a Stephen whom the Chief Priests and the Sanhedrim at large do not cast out and stone.—*From a Letter from James Martineau to M. D. Conway.*

THE moonlight is full of the fragrance
 Of the blooming orchard trees,
 And the dewy silence is haunted
 With a dream of noonday bees.

The moonlit lily beside her
 Is not so fair as her face,
 The curved stalk of the lily
 Has not her slender grace.

With languid palms together
 She sits by the window long;
 In at the window the perfume
 Breathes like a subtle song,

Too subtle-sweet for numbers;
 And sighing for all the years
 Of loveless splendor and sorrow,
 Her eyes are full of tears.

W. D. H.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Lectures on Logic: by Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Edited by Rev. HENRY MANSEL, B.D., LL.D., and JOHN VEITCH, M.A. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Cincinnati: For sale by G. S. Blanchard. 1860.

We have for some time shared Mr. Carlyle's prejudice against metaphysics, seeing in the attempt of the mind to analyze itself an effort analogous to one who would lift himself by his own bootstraps, or a repetition of the story of St. Patrick, who when swimming a stream to escape his enemies, and finding their arrows whizzing about his head, did, as is well known, take off his head and hold it in his teeth until he was out of danger. Metaphysics is holding the mind in the mental teeth.

But when Metaphysic deals with the *forms* of Thought; when it enables the man to so drill and methodize the troops of his own facts and conclusions that they shall successfully assail error or defend truth, then we like it.

Then it is *Logic*. It is to thinking what grammar is to conversation, or tactics to war, or engineering to steam. For want of Method, a great deal of strong thought is wasted, like the Iron and Gold in Virginia. "Man," says Pascal, "is but a reed—the very frailest in nature; but he is a reed that thinks. It needs not that the whole universe should arm to crush him. He dies from an exhalation, from a drop of water. But should the Universe conspire to crush him, man would still be nobler than that by which he falls; for he knows that he dies; and of the victory which

the universe has over him, the universe knows nothing. Thus our whole dignity consists in thought. . . . Let us labor then to think aright; this is the foundation of morality."

In an equally high strain, Sir William Hamilton gives us an idea of the dignity of Logic, for which at one time too much is claimed and at another too little: "In the world of sense, illusive appearances hover around us like evil spirits; unreal dreams mingle themselves with real knowledge; the accustomed assumes the character of certainty; and the associations of thought are mistaken for the connections of existence. We thus require a criterion to discriminate truth from error; and this criterion is, in part, at least, supplied to us by Logic. Logic teaches us to analyze the concrete masses of our knowledge into its elements, and thus gives us a clear and distinct apprehension of its parts, it teaches us to think consistently and with method, and it teaches us how to build up our accumulated knowledge into a firm and harmonious edifice."

It is always pleasing to find a right man in a right place; and Sir William Hamilton bringing in the higher German element, the severer synthesis of Krug and Esser, to bear on the idealess formulas of Locke and the empirical method of Whateley, does a sufficiently high work for the present, though we can not think that in him the Art of Thinking has culminated. Taking this work and that of Mill, the student is liberated from Baconian despotism, to say the least.

Those who will read this work will find a subject, popularly deemed abstruse, treated strongly and perspicuously, and full of interest to every one who thinks, though at the same time he may be wielding a hammer or a spade. It is a glorious sign of the times that such a man as John Ruskin comes forward to fashion the taste of the people, and make the very buildings of the streets which they throng daily, redolent of the old histories which they preserve, and the forms of nature which cornice and column copy into stone; and it is much the same when Sir William Hamilton places a guage in the hands of men by which every sermon, every stump-speech, every newspaper plausibility may be tested, and the people, trained to think accurately, become a formidable jury to try all things and hold fast that which is good.

Historical Pictures Re-touched. A Volume of Miscellanies. In two parts. Part I, Studies: Part II, Fancies. By Mrs. DALL, author of "Woman's Right to Labor." Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. Cincinnati: For sale by G. S. Blanchard. 1860.

It is with pleasure that we set ourselves to give a word of criticism upon this work of our friend. It is a book worth speaking one's mind about.

We confess to some liking for "the strong-minded women." Not that we do not join a little in the mild joke got up at their expense, nor that we fail to see a little necessary exaggeration in that direction; but we think a little scolding will do the world no harm, and being ourselves on the radical sides of things, and out of the way of the broom-stick of moral indignation, we relish seeing a complacent Conservatism receive a thumping, such as none but a true woman can give. Your strong-minded woman never does things by halves: *she* never allows office-seeking to modulate the roar to the strain of the sucking-dove; *she* never goes to Washington to catch the spinal disease, and return a chronic Union-saver. *She* is stronger than either herself or the time-servers know; for a woman's instinct in the midst of the social intrigues of the world must prove a startling fusee in the end. In King Arthur's court the terrible test of virtue was a woman's mantle; all whom that would not cover were disgraced. Let our politics and religions look out!

This work is, then, a strong-minded woman's thought concerning strong-minded women. And we are at once struck with the halo about each name, as it lies back there in the softening distance. Aspasia! why, she was the subject of gossip throughout Rome; she was called free-lover and pedant, too; but history has somehow recorded her the Queen of Thought. And Hypatia: some of our strong-minded women have been hissed and hated, but not torn limb from limb. Now history tries hard to put poor oratress Hypatia's limbs together again; one day history will remember, also, to sift the cases of Mary Wolstoncraft, and George Sand, and Fanny Wright.

But this brings us at once to a point which we wish to notice. Mrs. Dall justly and accurately makes her points against Mr. Kingsley, who has so shamefully perverted the records for his own purposes in the case of Hypatia; her admirable sentence, after giving the true statement, is pronounced thus: "Mr. Kingsley's devotion to the metaphysics of his churchmen has misled him in this book, as it did in the very inartistic conclusion to Alton Locke. He wearies himself in gathering for Christianity laurels that she can never wear. Let the Heathen claim this bay; and let us seek only for the Christian church the 'crown of light.'"—p. 35. But much surprised we are to find no confutation here of the worst fabrication of Kingsley's book, i. e., that which makes Hypatia die with her arms stretched toward the figure of Christ; thus making her life a proud pretence, and robbing her of her well-earned crown of martyrdom. How Mrs. Dall could have overlooked this we can not imagine.

This work is full of fine, clear statement, of truth; of subtle perceptions and sympathies. As an analysis of various characters it does not seem to us of much importance. There is too much effort to make celebrated characters square with modern standards. If Aspasia had been a woman to pass with the tribunals of morality in Boston, she would not be heard of there now. Our only defence of her is, that, in such an age and society, Pericles and Aspasia *are* the law, no human custom could be so authentic as their own hearts. Nor do we quite like Mrs. Dall's paper on Margaret Fuller: it is evident to us that those "religious states" were not of equal health with Margaret's other thoughts and experiences, which grew simple and fragrant, like the lilies upon the New England ponds. Altogether the critical portions of the work are too much colored by Mrs. Dall's private ideas of the *summum pulchrum*; they are, for the most part, eulogies. But these studies are full of wisdom, full of the determinations of justice and reason; we are willing to have our favorite characters taken to spell out so noble a creed.

Brief Biographies. By SAMUEL SMILES, Author of "Self-Help," and "Life of George Stephenson." With steel portraits. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: for sale by G. S. Blanchard. 1861.

This work is a very good companion to that of Mrs. Dall's, both being Biography considered as illustrative of certain views, which their authors desire to enforce. The real value of such a work is not, of course, that it adds anything to our information concerning the persons of whom it treats, but that it reveals, unintentionally, the forerunners and helpers which a man has found in his development. What example quickened him, what anecdote fired him, what name became a watchword, what sentence or verse was an electric touch; how when energy was aroused by Watt and Stephenson, it found its coordinate religion with Dr. Arnold, its romance with George Borrow, its poetry with Robert Browning. All these are interesting facts, and such as, without adding an item to our biographical information, institute a partial classification of our superior

men, and furnish some gauge of their actual influence. Mr. Smiles, as we have had occasion to remark before, has a terse, agreeable style, a sympathy with what is manly and genuine, knows a good thing when it is done or said. He has not quite the culture or originality which can afford to treat such current subjects as John Sterling, Thomas Carlyle, and Edgar A. Poe; only genius can gather on such well-gleaned fields. The best articles are those which relate to the workers, e. g., James Watt, Robert Stephenson, Edwin Chadwick, and Mrs. Chisholm.

History of Latin Christianity. Including that of the Popes, to the Pontificate of Nicholas V. By HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. In Eight Volumes. Vol. I. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati. For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co. 1860.

Great praise must be awarded to the publishers of this elegant volume. for undertaking the introduction of Dean Milman's greatest work to the scholars of this country. It indicates a taste and courage which should call forth a response from every student and every lover of solid and permanent literature.

The great interest which attaches to the subject treated by Dr. Milman, is derived from the fact that in the Latin Form the two essential elements of Christianity were, for the first time, consolidated. The Christianity of Christ was a purely practical thing, a life and not also a philosophy. But as the sun, which ripens corn and vine, must have not only heat but light, so Christianity must needs go to Athens, with Paul, to wed that other element, the Philosophy which culminated with Plato, as Religion had culminated with Jesus. In the Greek Churches these elements met only to rebound; their mingling was a source of controversial seethings and strivings for elemental predominance; and though when in Latin Christianity they were united, both were reduced to their rudest condition, yet the apparent fall was the floor of something higher.

The power which works through Nature, so that,

"Striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form,"

works equally upon the creeping chrysalid of Religion and Thought. In Latin Christianity the creed of the world expressed the form that could yield to development, and indeed its very defects were such as must stimulate inquiry and progress.

Of course our historian deals with his great topic as a Dean of St. Paul's must, by predestination, deal with it. In other words this is not *the* history of Latin Christianity. But it is the only history which places the matter where the true historian will desire to find it when he shall come. It is the chrysalis-history.

Sydney Smith complained that in England it was too common to think that a man could not be good unless he was dull. Now Dr. Milman is not dull; in almost every chapter there is some glow and flower; but as far as regards style, we are rarely released from that heavy and formal statement, which may be termed the *Episcopal level*. Can not our church historians learn of Arnold, and St. John, and Buckle, that history need not be monotonous like a cemetery; and that even where it deals with ruins, it may train clematis and morning-glories over them?

THE DIAL.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1860.

NO. 12.

A PARTING WORD.

WITH this number the publication of the *Dial* ceases. The simple reason for this is, that the Editor is unable to bear the labor it adds to his usual and necessary duties. We regret the necessity which compels this; for our conviction has grown with every month that one who could dedicate his time and talent to the work of establishing in the West a bold and earnest Magazine, one aspiring to represent its robust life and its freedom, immeasurable, though as yet half-conscious, would do a great and enduring work, and one which must be crowned with that which, as Friar Bacon has said, is not one virtue, but the halo of all the virtues—Success.

We confess to some complacency regarding what we have done, and can never be brought to look upon the *Dial* as, in any sense, a failure. We could name one or two papers that we have been enabled to lay before the public, and claim that they alone were worth all the toil and expense which our project has involved with Editor or subscriber. Sweeter verses have never been sung in the land than some which have been wafted from the branches of the *Dial* through the country. And we rest from our labors quite sure that we shall see the day when the numbers remaining on hand will be insufficient to supply the demand for them.

Another advantage of the publication has been, that we have thereby been made acquainted with the names and places of those solitary thinkers and believers who constitute an isolated brotherhood, striving together, though apart, for God and Man. And these have to some extent been brought to know each other.

Our satisfaction, however, has a reverse side. We are sorry that the exigencies under which our Magazine has continued, have

made it impossible to bring out every month such a number as we should have desired. Although we have tried not to publish articles where it was not clear that their excellencies were paramount, many things have been given to the world more valuable for their ability to stimulate inquiry than to instruct. A few strong and cultivated men however, amongst whom it is not invidious to remember, especially, our most extensive contributor, the author of the papers on "The Christianity of Christ," have saved us from feeling any shame concerning a single number.

We have a word to say touching our relations with fellow-laborers in the cause of Liberal Thought. We have, with the frankness which is the privilege of a fervent interest, criticised as occasion seemed to require the attitude of Unitarianism toward the forethought and spirit of the age. But it is not in our heart to refuse the warm right hand wherever and whenever it is offered. And we now desire to say in this our parting word, that there are unmistakable signs of advance in the denomination, and indications of a reconciliation at no distant day between what are now termed the right and left wings of the Society. So long as these distinct but equally necessary elements of Religion as of Society—the conservative and the progressive—are antagonistic, they both deserve to be called wings, for wings appertain to animals, soaring and aspiring indeed, but still animals; but wings are initial hands, and when they become right and left hands—i. e., humanized—they shall be found united in every organization which is thorough, and every work well done.

Somehow we have lately had ringing in our ears with a kind of mystic meaning one of Tennyson's pretty songs, which tells of a husband and wife who fell out, "as through the land at eve they went," but coming presently to a little grave they "kissed again with tears." Not without its influence toward generating a more tender feeling between "the wings" has been a certain grave that has opened. Well, we can not do better than bury in that grave every unjust suspicion, every unworthy weapon.

Chief among the tokens of a better day we may mention the generous and strong discourse of Dr. Hedge, the leading Professor at the Cambridge Divinity School, before the Unitarian Autumnal Assembly held at New Bedford, Mass., in the Church of Rev. Mr. Potter,—a rather sweeping young radical. Dr. Hedge's Discourse was entitled *Rome or Reason*. According to the best accounts and

reports which we have heard and read of it, the freest thinker could have desired but little more in form and nothing more in spirit. In it he acknowledged the Principle of the Supremacy of Reason—above the Bible, above the Church, above the most sanctified Traditions and Associations,—and maintained that any Principle which deviated but a hairsbreadth from the complete dominion of Reason, crossed the line at that moment, and really was in the dominion of the Pope. A friend who was there writes : “ On my return I found the *Dial* on my table, and almost the first sentence which caught my eye was this, ‘ The lesson of Theodore Parker’s life is—On to Reason and be a man, or back to Rome and be a spiritual Chimpanzee ! ’ As this was going through your press, Dr. Hedge was uttering the identical words almost in his Discourse. If this, then, is the Phase into which Unitarianism is entering, can we not still be Unitarians and also free men ? ”

Undoubtedly ~~this~~ is the only Principle which we have been striving for. It is not for ~~this~~ or that theory of miracles—mythic or rationalistic—as against any other, for that would be to repeat once more in the world the offence of Creed-making. But it is for the right to think, and not be merely tolerated, or not burnt, that Rationalism has been contending. It makes no difference whatever that Dr. Hedge, or any one else, individually, should believe that the mantle of Reason will be found to cover the reorganization of a corpse in a moment ; that is an empirical question, which may be left to advancing Science. In the broad principle of Reason announced in this quasi-official way by Dr. Hedge, we have the vital power which can unite both wings of the Church in one body of saving Power ; and when Liberal Christianity shall rise on these pinions, we are sure that it will pass over the Continent with healing in its wings.

The *Dial* therefore speaks its Farewell, for the present, not sadly, but cheerfully ; rejoicing to know that when the Unitarian Association is publishing Martineau, Hase, and the Oxford Essays, there is less need for any separate literary influence ; knowing that the elements which called it into temporary life still exist and will in good time establish in the West the needed Organ ; writing as its epitaph, RESURGAM.

THE STORY OF WEST-INDIAN EMANCIPATION.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

[Concluded.]

I said, this event is signal in the history of civilization. There are many styles of civilization, and not one only. Ours is full of barbarities. There are many faculties in man, each of which takes its turn of activity, and that faculty which is paramount in any period, and exerts itself through the strongest nation, determines the civility of that age ; and each age thinks its own the perfection of reason. Our culture is very cheap and intelligible. Unroof any house, and you shall find it. The well-being consists in having a sufficiency of coffee and toast, with a daily newspaper ; a well-glazed parlor, with marbles, mirrors, and centre-table ; and the excitement of a few parties and a few rides in a year. Such as one house, such are all. The owner of a New York manor imitates the mansion and equipage of the London nobleman ; the Boston merchant rivals his brother of New York ; and the villages copy Boston. There have been nations elevated by great sentiments. Such was the civility of Sparta and the Dorian race, whilst it was defective in some of the chief elements of ours. That of Athens, again, lay in an intellect dedicated to beauty. That of Asia Minor in poetry, music, and arts ; that of Palestine in piety ; that of Rome in military arts and virtues, exalted by a prodigious magnanimity ; that of China and Japan in the last exaggeration of decorum and etiquette. Our civility England determines the style of, inasmuch as England is the strongest of the family of existing nations, and as we are the expansion of that people. It is that of a trading nation ; it is a shopkeeping civility. The English lord is a retired shopkeeper, and has the prejudices and timidities of that profession. And we are shopkeepers, and have acquired the vices and virtues that belong to trade. We peddle, we truck, we sail, we row, we ride in cars, we creep in teams, we go in canals — to market, and for the sale of goods. The national aim and employment streams into our ways of thinking, our laws, our habits, and our manners. The customer is the immediate jewel of our souls. Him we flatter, him we feast, compliment, vote for, and will not contradict. It was or it seemed the dictate of trade, to keep the negro down. We had found a race who were less warlike, and less energetic shopkeepers than we ; who had very little skill in trade. We

found it very convenient to keep them at work, since, by the aid of a little whipping, we could get their work for nothing but their board and the cost of whips. What if it cost a few unpleasant scenes on the coast of Africa? That was a great way off; and the scenes could be endured by some sturdy, unscrupulous fellows, who could go for high wages and bring us the men, and need not trouble our ears with the disagreeable particulars. If any mention was made of homicide, madness, adultery, and intolerable tortures, we would let the church-bells ring louder, the church-organ swell its peal, and drown the hideous sound. The sugar they raised was excellent: nobody tasted blood in it. The coffee was fragrant; the tobacco was incense; the brandy made nations happy; the cotton clothed the world. What! all raised by these men, and no wages? Excellent! What a convenience! They seemed created by providence to bear the heat and the whipping, and make these fine articles.

But unhappily, most unhappily, gentlemen, man is born with intellect, as well as with a love of sugar, and with a sense of justice, as well as a taste for strong drink. These ripened, as well as those. You could not educate him, you could not get any poetry, any wisdom, any beauty in woman, any strong and commanding character in man, but these absurdities would still come flashing out—these absurdities of a demand for justice, a generosity for the weak and oppressed. Unhappily too, for the planter, the laws of Nature are in harmony with each other: that which the head and the heart demand, is found to be, in the long run, for what the grossest calculator calls his advantage. The moral sense is always supported by the permanent interest of the parties. Else I know not how, in our world, any good would ever get done. It was shown to the planters that they, as well as the negroes, were slaves; that though they paid no wages, they got very poor work; that their estates were ruining them, under the finest climate; and that they needed the severest monopoly laws at home to keep them from bankruptcy. The oppression of the slave recoiled on them. They were full of vices; their children were lumps of pride, sloth, sensuality and rottenness. The position of woman was nearly as bad as it could be, and, like other robbers, they could not sleep in security. Many planters have said, since the emancipation, that, before that day, they were the greatest slaves on the estates. Slavery is no scholar, no improver; it does not love the whistle of

the railroad ; it does not love the newspaper, the mail-bag, a college, a book, or a preacher who has the absurd whim of saying what he thinks ; it does not increase the white population ; it does not improve the soil ; everything goes to decay. For these reasons, the islands proved bad customers to England. It was very easy for manufacturers less shrewd than those of Birmingham and Manchester to see that if the state of things in the islands was altered, if the slaves had wages, the slaves would be clothed, would build houses, would fill them with tools, with pottery, with crockery, with hardware ; and negro women love fine clothes as well as white women. In every naked negro of those thousands, they saw a future customer. Meantime, they saw further, that the slave-trade, by keeping in barbarism the whole coast of eastern Africa, deprives them of countries and nations of customers, if once freedom and civility and European manners could get a foothold there. But the trade could not be abolished whilst this hungry West-Indian market, with an appetite like the grave, cried, " More, more, bring me a hundred a day ;" they could not expect any mitigation in the madness of the poor African war-chiefs. These considerations opened the eyes of the dullest in Britain. More than this, the West-Indian estate was owned or mortgaged in England, and the owner and the mortgagee had very plain intimations that the feeling of English liberty was gaining every hour new mass and velocity, and the hostility to such as resisted it would be fatal. The House of Commons would destroy the protection of the island produce, and interfere on English politics in the island legislation : so they hastened to make the best of their position, and accepted the bill.

These considerations, I doubt not, had their weight : the interest of trade, the interest of the revenue, and, moreover, the good fame of the action. It was inevitable that men should feel these motives. But they do not appear to have had an excessive or unreasonable weight. On reviewing this history, I think the whole transaction reflects infinite honor on the people and parliament of England. It was a stately spectacle to see the cause of human rights argued with so much patience and generosity, and with such a mass of evidence before that powerful people. It is a creditable incident in the history that when, in 1789, the first privy-council report of evidence on the trade, a bulky folio, (embodying all the facts which the London Committee had been engaged for years in collecting, and

all the examinations before the council,) was presented to the House of Commons, a late day being named for the discussion, in order to give members time,—Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Pitt, the prime minister, and other gentlemen, took advantage of the postponement to retire into the country to read the report. For months and years the bill was debated with some consciousness of the extent of its relations by the first citizens of England, the foremost men of the earth; every argument was weighed, every particle of evidence was sifted, and laid in the scale; and at last the right triumphed, the poor man was vindicated, and the oppressor was flung out. I know that England has the advantage of trying the question at a wide distance from the spot where the nuisance exists: the planters are not, excepting in rare examples, members of the legislature. The extent of the empire, and the magnitude and number of other questions crowding into court, keep this one in balance, and prevent it from obtaining that ascendancy, and being urged with that intemperance, which a question of property tends to acquire. There are causes in the composition of the British legislature and the relation of its leaders to the country and to Europe, which exclude much that is pitiful and injurious in other legislative assemblies. From these reasons, the question was discussed with a rare independence and magnanimity. It was not narrowed down to a paltry electioneering trap, and, I must say, a delight in justice, an honest tenderness for the poor negro, for man suffering these wrongs, combined with the national pride, which refused to give the support of English soil, or the protection of the English flag, to these disgusting violations of nature.

Forgive me, fellow citizens, if I own to you that in the last few days that my attention has been occupied with this history, I have not been able to read a page of it, without the most painful comparisons. Whilst I have read of England, I have thought of New England. Whilst I have meditated in my solitary walks on the magnanimity of the English Bench and Senate, reaching out the benefit of the law to the most helpless citizen in her world-wide realm, I have found myself oppressed by other thoughts. As I have walked in the pastures and along the edge of woods, I could not keep my imagination on those agreeable figures, for other images that intruded on me. I could not see the great vision of the patriots and senators who have adopted the slave's cause:—they turned their backs on me. No: I see other pictures—of mean men:

I see very poor, very ill-clothed, very ignorant men, not surrounded by happy friends,—to be plain, poor black men of obscure employment as mariners, cooks, or stewards, in ships, yet citizens of this our Commonwealth of Massachusetts,—freeborn as we—whom the slave-laws of the States of South Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana have arrested in the vessels in which they visited those ports, and shut up in jails so long as the vessel remained in port, with the stringent addition, that if the shipmaster fails to pay the costs of this official arrest, and the board in jail, these citizens are to be sold for slaves, to pay that expense. This man, these men I see, and no law to save them. Fellow citizens, this crime will not be hushed up any longer. I have learned that a citizen of Nantucket, walking in New Orleans, found a freeborn citizen of Nantucket, a man, too, of great personal worth, and, as it happened, very dear to him as having saved his own life, working chained in the streets of that city, kidnapped by such a process as this. In the sleep of the laws, the private interference of two excellent citizens of Boston has, I have ascertained, rescued several natives of this State from these southern prisons. Gentlemen, I thought the deck of a Massachusetts ship was as much the territory of Massachusetts, as the floor on which we stand. It should be as sacred as the temple of God. The poorest fishing-smack that floats under the shadow of an iceberg in the northern seas, or hunts the whale in the southern ocean, should be encompassed by her laws with comfort and protection, as much as within the arms of Cape Ann and Cape Cod. And this kidnapping is suffered within our own land and federation, whilst the fourth article of the Constitution of the United States ordains, in terms, that “The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.” If such a damnable outrage can be committed on the person of a citizen with impunity, let the Governor break the broad seal of the State: he bears the sword in vain. The Governor of Massachusetts is a trifler: the State-house in Boston is a play-house: the General Court is a dishonored body: if they make laws which they can not execute. The great-hearted Puritans have left no posterity. The rich men may walk in State-street, but they walk without honor; and the farmers may brag their democracy in the country, but they are disgraced men. If the State has no power to defend its own people in its own shipping, because it has delegated that power to the Fed-

eral Government, has it no representation in the Federal Government? Are those men dumb? I am no lawyer, and can not indicate the forms applicable to the case, but here is something which transcends all forms. Let the senators and representatives of the State, containing a population of a million freemen, go in a body before the Congress and say, that they have a demand to make on them so imperative that all functions of government must stop until it is satisfied. If ordinary legislation can not reach it, then extraordinary must be applied. The Congress should instruct the President to send to those ports of Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans such orders and such force as should release, forthwith, all such citizens of Massachusetts as were holden in prison without the allegation of any crime, and should set on foot the strictest inquisition to discover where such persons, brought into slavery by these local laws, at any time heretofore, may now be. That first;—and then, let order be taken to indemnify all such as have been incarcerated. As for dangers to the Union, from such demands!—the Union is already at an end when the first citizen of Massachusetts is thus outraged. Is it an union and covenant in which the State of Massachusetts agrees to be imprisoned, and the State of Carolina to imprison? Gentlemen, I am loth to say harsh things, and perhaps I know too little of politics for the smallest weight to attach to any censure of mine,—but I am at a loss how to characterize the tameness and silence of the two senators and the ten representatives of the State at Washington. To what purpose have we clothed each of those representatives with the power of seventy thousand persons, and each senator with near half a million, if they are to sit dumb at their desks, and see their constituents captured and sold—perhaps to gentlemen sitting by them in the hall? There is a scandalous rumor that has been swelling louder of late years,—perhaps it is wholly false,—that members are bullied into silence by southern gentlemen. It is so easy to omit to speak, or even to be absent when delicate things are to be handled. I may as well say what all men feel, that whilst our very amiable and very innocent representatives and senators at Washington are accomplished lawyers and merchants, and very eloquent at dinners and caucuses, there is a disastrous want of *men* from New England. I would gladly make exceptions, and you will not suffer me to forget one eloquent old man, in whose veins the blood of Massachusetts rolls, and who singly has defended the

freedom of speech, and the rights of the free, against the usurpation of the slaveholder. But the reader of Congressional debates, in New England, is perplexed to see with what admirable sweetness and patience the majority of the free States are schooled and ridden by the minority of slaveholders. What if we should send thither representatives who were a particle less amiable and less innocent? I entreat you, sirs, let not this stain attach, let not this misery accumulate any longer. If the managers of our political parties are too prudent and too cold,—if, most unhappily, the ambitious class of young men and political men have found out that these neglected victims are poor and without weight; that they have no graceful hospitalities to offer; no valuable business to throw into any man's hands, no strong vote to cast at the elections; and therefore may with impunity be left in their chains or to the chance of chains, then let the citizens in their primary capacity take up their cause on this very ground, and say to the government of the State, and of the Union, that government exists to defend the weak and the poor and the injured party; the rich and the strong can better take care of themselves. And as an omen and assurance of success, I point you to the bright example which England set you, on this day, ten years ago.

There are other comparisons and other imperative duties which come sadly to mind,—but I do not wish to darken the hours of this day by crimination; I turn gladly to the rightful theme, to the bright aspects of the occasion.

This event was a moral revolution. The history of it is before you. Here was no prodigy, no fabulous hero, no Trojan horse, no bloody war, but all was achieved by plain means of plain men, working not under a leader, but under a sentiment. Other revolutions have been the insurrection of the oppressed; this was the repentance of the tyrant. It was the masters revolting from their mastery. The slave-holder said, I will not hold slaves. The end was noble, and the means were pure. Hence, the elevation and pathos of this chapter of history. The lives of the advocates are pages of greatness, and the connexion of the eminent senators with this question, constitutes the immortalizing moments of those men's lives. The bare enunciation of the theses at which the lawyers and legislators arrived, gives a glow to the heart of the reader. Lord Chancellor Northington is the author of the famous sentence, "As soon as any man puts his foot on English ground,

he becomes free." "I was a slave," said the counsel of Somerset, speaking for his client, "for I was in America: I am now in a country where the common rights of mankind are known and regarded." Granville Sharpe filled the ear of the judges with the sound principles that had from time to time been affirmed by the legal authorities: "Derived power can not be superior to the power from which it is derived;" "The reasonableness of the law is the soul of the law;" "It is better to suffer every evil, than to consent to any." Out it would come, the God's truth, out it came, like a bolt from a cloud, for all the mumbling of the lawyers. One feels very sensibly in all this history that a great heart and soul are behind there, superior to any man, and making use of each, in turn, and infinitely attractive to every person according to the degree of reason in his own mind, so that this cause has had the power to draw to it every particle of talent and of worth in England, from the beginning. All the great geniuses of the British senate, Fox, Pitt, Burke, Grenville, Sheridan, Grey, Canning, ranged themselves on its side; the poet Cowper wrote for it: Franklin, Jefferson, Washington, in this country, all recorded their votes. All men remember the subtlety and the fire of indignation, which the *Edinburgh Review* contributed to the cause; and every liberal mind, poet, preacher, moralist, statesman, has had the fortune to appear somewhere for this cause. On the other part, appeared the reign of pounds and shillings, and all manner of rage and stupidity; a resistance which drew from Mr. Huddleston in Parliament the observation, "That a curse attended this trade, even in the mode of defending it. By a certain fatality, none but the vilest arguments were brought forward, which corrupted the very persons who used them. Every one of these was built on the narrow ground of interest, of pecuniary profit, of sordid gain, in opposition to every motive that had reference to humanity, justice, and religion, or to that great principle which comprehended them all." This moral force perpetually reinforces and dignifies the friends of this cause. It gave that tenacity to their point which has insured ultimate triumph; and it gave that superiority in reason, in imagery, in eloquence, which makes in all countries anti-slavery meetings so attractive to the people, and has made it a proverb in Massachusetts, that "eloquence is dog-cheap at the anti-slavery chapel?"

I will say further, that we are indebted mainly to this movement,

and to the continuers of it, for the popular discussion of every point of practical ethics, and a reference of every question to the absolute standard. It is notorious, that the political, religious, and social schemes, with which the minds of men are now most occupied, have been matured, or at least broached, in the free and daring discussions of these assemblies. Men have become aware through the emancipation, and kindred events, of the presence of powers, which, in their days of darkness, they had overlooked. Virtuous men will not again rely on political agents. They have found out the deleterious effect of political association. Up to this day, we have allowed to statesmen a paramount social standing, and we bow low to them as to the great. We can not extend this deference to them any longer. The secret can not be kept, that the seats of power are filled by underlings, ignorant, timid and selfish, to a degree to destroy all claim, excepting that on compassion, to the society of the just and generous. What happened notoriously to an American ambassador in England, that he found himself compelled to palter, and to disguise the fact that he was a slave-breeder, happens to men of state. Their vocation is a presumption against them, among well-meaning people. The superstition respecting power and office, is going to the ground. The stream of human affairs flows its own way, and is very little affected by the activity of legislators. What great masses of men wish done will be done; and they do not wish it for a freak, but because it is their state and natural end. There are now other energies than force, other than political, which no man in future can allow himself to disregard. There is direct conversation and influence. A man is to make himself felt by his proper force. The tendency of things runs steadily to this point, namely, to put every man on his merits, and to give him so much power as he naturally exerts—no more, no less. Of course, the timid and base persons, all who are conscious of no worth in themselves, and who owe all their place to the opportunities which the old order of things allowed them to deceive and defraud men, shudder at the change, and would fain silence every honest voice, and lock up every house where liberty and innovation can be pleaded for. They would raise mobs, for fear is very cruel. But the strong and healthy yeomen and husbands of the land, the self-sustaining class of inventive and industrious men, fear no competition or superiority. Come what will, their faculty can not be spared.

The First of August marks the entrance of a new element into modern politics, namely, the civilization of the negro. A man is added to the human family. Not the least affecting part of this history of abolition is the annihilation of the old indecent nonsense about the nature of the negro. In the case of the ship *Zong*, in 1781, whose master had thrown one hundred and thirty-two slaves alive into the sea, to cheat the underwriters, the first jury gave a verdict in favor of the master and owners: they had a right to do what they had done. Lord Mansfield is reported to have said on the bench, "The matter left to the jury is, — Was it from necessity? For they had no doubt,—though it shocks one very much—that the case of slaves was the same as if horses had been thrown overboard. It is a very shocking case." But a more enlightened and humane opinion began to prevail. Mr. Clarkson, early in his career, made a collection of African productions and manufactures, as specimens of the arts and culture of the negro; comprising cloths and loom, weapons, polished stones and woods, leather, glass, dyes, ornaments, soap, pipe-bowls, and trinkets. These he showed to Mr. Pitt, who saw and handled them with extreme interest. "On sight of these," says Clarkson, "many sublime thoughts seemed to rush at once into his mind, some of which he expressed;" and hence appeared to arise a project which was always dear to him, of the civilization of Africa,—a dream which forever elevates his fame. In 1791, Mr. Wilberforce announced to the House of Commons, "We have already gained one victory: we have obtained for these poor creatures the recognition of their human nature, which, for a time, was most shamefully denied them." It was the sarcasm of Montesquieu, "It would not do to suppose that negroes were men, lest it should turn out that whites were not;" for, the white has, for ages, done what he could to keep the negro in that hoggish state. His laws have been furies. It now appears that the negro race is, more than any other, susceptible of rapid civilization. The emancipation is observed, in the islands, to have wrought for the negro a benefit as sudden as when a thermometer is brought out of the shade into the sun. It has given him eyes and ears. If, before, he was taxed with such stupidity, or such defective vision, that he could not set a table square to the walls of an apartment, he is now the principal, if not the only mechanic, in the West Indies; and is, besides, an architect, a physician, a lawyer, a magistrate, an editor, and a

valued and increasing political power. The recent testimonies of Sturge, of Thome and Kimball, of Gurney, of Philippo, are very explicit on this point, the capacity and the success of the colored and the black population in employments of skill, of profit, and of trust; and, best of all, is the testimony to their moderation. They receive hints and advances from the whites, that they will be gladly received as subscribers to the Exchange, as members of this or that committee of trust. They hold back, and say to each other, that "social position is not to be gained by pushing."

I have said that this event interests us because it came mainly from the concession of the whites; I add, that in part it is the earning of the blacks. They won the pity and respect which they have received by their powers and native endowments. I think this a circumstance of the highest import. Their whole future is in it. Our planet, before the age of written history, ~~had its races~~ of savages, like the generations of ~~sour~~ paste, or the animalcules that wriggle and bite in a drop of putrid water. Who cares for these or for their wars? We do not wish a world of bugs or of birds; neither afterward of Scythians, Caribs, or Feejees. The grand style of Nature, her great periods, is all we observe in them. Who cares for oppressing whites, or oppressed blacks, twenty centuries ago, more than for bad dreams? Eaters and food are in the harmony of nature; and there too is the germ forever protected unfolding gigantic leaf after leaf, a newer flower, a richer fruit, in every period, yet its next product is never to be guessed. It will only save what is worth saving; and it saves not by compassion, but by power. It appoints no police to guard the lion, but his teeth and claws; no fort or city for the bird, but his wings; no rescue for flies and mites, but their spawning numbers, which no ravages can overcome. It deals with men after the same manner. If they are rude and foolish, down they must go. When at last in a race a new principle appears, an idea, — *that* conserves it; ideas only save races. If the black man is feeble, and not important to the existing races, not on a parity with the best race, the black man must serve, and be exterminated. But if the black man carries in his bosom an indispensable element of a new and coming civilization, for the sake of that element, no wrong, nor strength, nor circumstance, can hurt him: he will survive and play his part. So now, the arrival in the world of such men as Toussaint, and the Haytian heroes, or of the leaders of their race in Barbadoes and

Jamaica, outweighs in good omen all the English and American humanity. The anti-slavery of the whole world is dust in the balance before this—is a poor squeamishness and nervousness: the might and the right are here: here is the anti-slave: here is man: and if you have man, black or white is an insignificance. The intellect—that is miraculous! Who has it, has the talisman: his skin and bones, though they were of the color of night, are transparent, and the everlasting stars shine through with attractive beams. But a compassion for that which is not and can not be useful or lovely, is degrading and futile. All the songs, and newspapers, and money-subscriptions, and vituperation of such as do not think with us, will avail nothing against a fact. I say to you, you must save yourself, black or white, man or woman; other help is none. I esteem the occasion of this jubilee to be the proud discovery, that the black race can contend with the white; that, in the great anthem which we call history, a piece of many parts and vast compass, after playing a long time a very low and subdued accompaniment, they perceive the time arrived when they can strike in with effect, and take a master's part in the music. The civility of the world has reached that pitch, that their more moral genius is becoming indispensable, and the quality of this race is to be honored for itself. For this they have been preserved in sandy deserts, in rice-swamps, in kitchens and shoe-shops, so long: now let them emerge, clothed and in their own form.

There remains the very elevated consideration which the subject opens, but which belongs to more abstract views than we are now taking; this namely, that the civility of no race can be perfect whilst another race is degraded. It is a doctrine alike of the oldest and of the newest philosophy, that man is one, and that you can not injure any member without a sympathetic injury to all the members. America is not civil whilst Africa is barbarous.

These considerations seem to leave no choice for the action of the intellect and the conscience of the country. There have been moments in this, as well as in every piece of moral history, when there seemed room for the infusions of a skeptical philosophy; when it seemed doubtful whether brute force would not triumph in the eternal struggle. I doubt not that sometimes a despairing negro, when jumping over the ship's sides to escape from the white devils who surrounded him, has believed there was no vindication of right; it is horrible to think of, but it seemed so. I

doubt not that sometimes the negro's friend, in the face of scornful and brutal hundreds of traders and drivers, has felt his heart sink. Especially, it seems to me, some degree of despondency is pardonable when he observes the men of conscience and of intellect, his own natural allies and champions—those whose attention should be nailed to the grand objects of this cause, so hotly offended by whatever incidental petulances or infirmities of indiscreet defenders of the negro, as to permit themselves to be ranged with the enemies of the human race; and names which should be the alarms of liberty and the watchwords of truth, are mixed up with all the rotten rabble of selfishness and tyranny. I assure myself that this coldness and blindness will pass away. A single noble wind of sentiment will scatter them forever. I am sure that the good and wise elders, the ardent and generous youth, will not permit what is incidental and exceptional to withdraw their devotion from the essential and permanent characters of the question. There have been moments, I said, when men might be forgiven who doubted. Those moments are past. Seen in masses, it can not be disputed, there is progress in human society. There is a blessed necessity by which the interest of men is always driving them to the right, and again making all crime mean and ugly. The genius of the Saxon race, friendly to liberty; the enterprise, the very muscular vigor of this nation, are inconsistent with slavery. The Intellect, with blazing eye, looking through history from the beginning onward, gazes on this blot, and it disappears. The sentiment of Right, once very low and indistinct, but ever more articulate, because it is the voice of the universe, pronounces Freedom. The Power that built this fabric of things, affirms it in the heart; and in the history of the First of August has made a sign to the ages of his will.

TO THE PRUDENT LOVER.

BECAUSE I slight the common gifts,
Will not touch the finger-tips,
Unless I draw the whole palm too,—
Yes, and after that the lips,—
You think me too intense,
Saying, no heart could commence
There, at once. But I reply,
Love is whole at the first sigh;
And I, a lover, must then give all,
Or nothing, when the Immortals call.

J. A.

SKETCH OF A LEADING ENGLISH ATHEIST.

BY SOPHIA DOBSON COLLET.

[Concluded.]

NUMBER 27 of the *Reasoner* contained an exposition, by Mr. Holyoake, of the principles of the "Society of Theological Utilitarians," whose professed objects were the following :

I. The extirpation of the grosser religions, and the refutation of the refined ones. II. The registering of theological arguments, distinguishing such as remain unanswered, from such as have been refuted. III. The reduction of the authority of the Bible to the level of profane history—Moses to the level of Mahomet—David to Milton—Paul to Cicero. IV. The promulgation of systematic morality, founded on the nature of man and his harmonious relation to external things ; a morality independent of religion, and which, instead of showing men to heaven, shows them to themselves ; and, as Bishop Butler expresses it, 'deduces their course of life and behavior from that which their real natures point out.'

"As those who are without religion are commonly affirmed to be without morality—as those who negative the current affirmations of Theology are held to negative humanity, honor, fraternity, and every other virtue, the following explanation is offered of the principles in which the members of this society do believe, and which are demonstrable primarily and independently of any religion.

"They believe in the inherent tendency of Humanity to goodness, in the invincibility of Truth, the sufficiency of Reason, and the duty of Justice.

"They believe in the poet's creed—that human nature is best elevated by delineations of the beautiful and true—and that portraits of the wrong are only necessary to perfect the distinctness and attractiveness of the right.

"That all human duties properly commence from man, and the wise use of life is the just use of this world."

In the *Reasoner*, No. 57, Mr. Holyoake, in surveying the "Influence of the Pulpit in the Nineteenth Century," attains a still greater distinctness. Speaking of the "untutored because infantile enthusiasm," with which Theology had been chiefly assailed, he said :

"Anti-religious controversy, which was originally, and ever should be, but a means of rescuing morality from the dominion of future-world speculation, became an end—noisy, wordy, vexed, capricious, angry, imputative, recriminative, and interminable.

"To reduce this chaos of aims to some plan, to discriminate objects, to proportion attention to them, to make controversy just as well as earnest, and above all, to rescue morality from the ruins of theological arguments, were the intentions of the *Reasoner*. It began by announcing itself 'Utilitarian in Morals,' and resting upon utility as a basis. In all reforms it took unequivocal interest, and only assailed Theology when Theology assailed Utility. The *Reasoner* aimed not so much to create a party, as to establish a purpose. It threw aside the name of 'Infidel,' because it was chiefly borne by men who were disbelievers in secret, but who had seldom the honor to avow it openly. It threw aside the term 'Skeptic,' as a noun, as the name of a party, because it wished to put an end to a vain and cavilling race, who had made the negation of Theology a profession, and took advantage of their disbelief in the church to disbelieve in honor and truth."

Passing by several articles which are "progressive steps in the same series," we find in Number 106 of the *Reasoner*, the first of several chapters on the "Moral Remains of the Bible;" that Bible of which Mr. Holyoake had said in his reply to Maitland at Cheltenham, in 1842, "I flee the Bible as a viper." But now that he had been training himself to "make controversy just as well as earnest," he regarded the subject differently. The "Moral Remains" are thus prefaced:

"Of late years, numerous books have been written, exposing errors, inconsistencies and immoralities in the Bible. But we can not conceal from ourselves that this practice, by familiarizing the public with vicious incidents, has a tendency to increase the evil it seeks to cure. It has, however, had its use in revealing to the unsuspecting the mixed character of this incongruous compilation, and in checking the indiscriminate eulogy with which policy or ignorance has loaded this book. A more pleasing, but not less effective task remains—that of abstracting and presenting as a whole such moral excellences as it contains, and thereby demonstrating in an unobnoxious way the disparity between the evil and the good. . . .

"The greater part of those who accept the Bible, accept it alto-

gether, and those who reject, reject it altogether. There is, perhaps, less discrimination shown in the judgment of the book than any other (*sic*). But it seems to me not more just than wise to act differently, for he only who yields full admiration of excellences is fairly qualified to enter his protest against defects, and *vice versa*. The inculcation of a discriminating habit needs to be forcibly insisted on. Half, and indeed more than half of the theological discussions of which I have had experience, have not so much been founded on disagreements about essential truths, as on exaggerations and wholesale assertions."

The "Moral Remains" were never completed, and the chapters thereof which were published in the *Reasoner* show that the work would have been too fragmentary to have been of much use. But it is interesting as a theological exercise of Mr. Holyoake's. Here is a specimen of it—his comment on the narratives concerning Abram and Lot, Gen. xiii., xiv.

"It was striking good sense in Abram not to enter into the quarrel of his retainers. There is a patriarchal majesty about Abram's proposal that does him infinite honor. This willingness to oblige Lot, where the pride of an ordinary man would have resolved itself into pernicious obstinacy, makes this a fine example of the fraternal disposition. It is pacific dignity personated [*i. e.*, personified]. . . . A fine old Hebrew gentleman, all of the olden time, was Abram."

A little tract deserves notice here, which, though not published separately until 1850, was mainly composed in 1848. "The Logic of Death"—by which title one must conclude the author to mean the logic for (the hour of) death—is an earnest, and even eloquent expression of Atheistic faith; but there is a sombreness in its tone which does not convey a consolatory impression of that faith, though it excites additional respect for the manliness with which the author has accepted the order of things he found without complaint, and attempted their improvement without despair."

While thus developing in matters pertaining to religion, Mr. Holyoake was also engaged in secular labors, of which a brief notice should here be given. In 1844, he published the first of a series of Educational Hand-Books for the working classes, entitled "Practical Grammar." This lively volume was said by the *Spectator* to be written "in the conjoint style of Punch and an

Ultra-Radical setting the world to rights ;" a judgment not far from the truth. Interjections are not allowed by our practical grammarian to be parts of speech, because they appear to him to display weakness of mind, and he is desirous to correct our morals as well as our language. "*If I were*," sounds to his exclusively English-taught ear like the combination of a singular pronoun with a plural verb ; he, therefore, in the cause of veracity, extinguishes the subjunctive mood forthwith. Yet, notwithstanding these and other crudities, the book is useful and suggestive. It is, moreover, conceived from the right point of view — that of seeking the distinctions of language in the nature of things more directly than had previously been the case.

"Practical Grammar" was followed in 1846 by the "Handbook of Grammar," which, besides many suggestive hints and questions, contained a pleasing selection of extracts for grammatical exercises. This work was soon followed by "Mathematics no Mystery ; or the Beauties and Uses of Euclid," a treatise which was written nine years previous to its publication, and which bears evident marks of the fact in its more juvenile and diffuse style. But even in an essay on lines and angles, the inborn tendency of the author to entertain dreams of moral perfectibility thus manifests itself :

"An important connection is beginning to be established between the principles of science and morality. More than one philosopher is found to acknowledge that 'the axioms of Physics translate those of Ethics.'* The desire of aiding, to some extent, the development of this fact, was not one of the least reasons which has dictated the compilation of the 'Beauties and Uses of Euclid.' "

In 1847 Mr. Holyoake began to contribute literary articles to the *People's Press*, a liberal, but not anti-religious, magazine, edited, in the Isle of Man, by Mr. William Shirrefs. Among these articles, two papers entitled "Hints to the Advocates of the Rights of Women," and two others on "Loyola an Exemplar to Modern Reformers," deserve mention as being remarkable for their manly sense and noble tone.

In 1848, when the brilliant series of events on the Continent renewed in our English artisans all the intensity of previously-drooping political life — for the wise direction of which but few

* Emerson.

were prepared — Mr. Holyoake sympathised warmly in all the thrilling sensations of the time, while he anxiously sought to cultivate among his fellow-artisans those principles of steadfast self-possession and intelligent forethought by which alone the reality of progress can be ensured. On the eve of the celebrated 10th of April, he delivered to a crowded audience of Chartists a lecture on the disadvantages of violence as a means of promoting liberty in a country where free discussion is safe. In the May following, he joined Mr. W. J. Linton in conducting a small newspaper, entitled *The Cause of the People*, which only lasted nine weeks. Soon after this ceased, he accepted a situation on the *Spirit of the Age*, a Socialist newspaper, in which, besides several literary articles, he wrote a series of political letters under the signature of *Ion*. After the cessation of the *Spirit of the Age*, in March, 1849, these letters were continued at intervals in the *Reasoner*, and afterwards in the *Leader*. These *Ion* letters have been the subject of much criticism and controversy, but few objectors seem to have comprehended the stand-point from which they were written. The one idea which they ever, in various directions, enforce and illustrate is this: That impulse is but the raw material of character, and needs the direction of experienced reason and disciplined conscience ere it can attain a ripe development; that, consequently, political life, as a branch of moral life, demands special culture, and severe self-training, and that without these, mere indignation against oppression, or passionate love of freedom, will avail nothing to abate the power of wrong or hasten the advent of right. By many an impulsive politician this doctrine has been bitterly cried down as cold and treacherous, and *Ion* has been denounced, in broadside and epigram, as false to liberty and to his own previous professions. This is not the first time, and will not be the last, that the severe self-restraint of a passionate soul has been mistaken for coldness, and a life of unceasing renunciation set down as traitorously politic. But those who love liberty for her own sake, can afford to meet such misapprehensions as the inevitable reward of serving her effectively among a generation on whom the very idea of political education is but just beginning to dawn.

In the beginning of 1849 he published a brief and well-condensed memoir of Richard Carlile, which, though written with affectionate respect, manifests a very creditable degree of impar-

tiality. "For," as our author remarks, "he who encouraged me to maintain the truth at my own expense, would be quite willing, if need be, that I maintain it at his."

In 1851, Mr. Holyoake published a small essay, the matter of which had evidently been some time in his thoughts—"The Philosophic Type of Religion, as developed by Professor Newman, stated, examined, and answered." Those Christians who are anxious for the conversion of freethinkers, would do well to study in this little treatise the remarkable effect which the faith of Francis Newman has produced on the mind of his Atheist reviewer. He characterises "The Soul" as a work "conceived in the highest genius of proselytism, which must command respect for the religious sentiment wherever it is read." Further on, he adds: "That which strikes me as the secret of its proselytising power is its absolute candor. . . . Knowing that no earnest men are wholly in the wrong in matters of humanity, he [Mr. Newman] does not fear to admit what is right on his opponent's side, which certainly does not indispose an opponent to admit what is right on his. He thus inspires you with confidence and respect, and this is the foundation of all healthy concurrence. This predisposing element to uniformity Mr. Newman's book has eminently. If one does not concur in it, it is because of the presence of intellectual error—no prejudice stands between the reader and the author. Others, besides Christians, who study its ability, may learn of its wisdom of manner in the written and oral advocacy of their views. . . . Religious persons have often remarked to me, 'You will find the same genial utterance of piety in the writings of many other divines [as well as] in Mr. Newman's.' In one sense this is true; there are passages of generous inspiration in the works of many eminent preachers, but expressed with less explicitness, and besides, followed by a certain equivocation which leaves you in doubt whether you may trust them. With Mr. Newman there is an unmistakableness which you feel to be at once reliable. There are no subtle texts of Scripture coming in to dilute his meaning—there are no theories of divinity crushing the vitality out of every generous affirmation. What he says once, he says all through—not in one or two passages, but on every page."

The quick perceptiveness with which Mr. Holyoake, in re-stating Mr. Newman's theistic arguments, seizes upon all its salient points—the kindred intuitiveness and ready sympathy with which

he appreciates the moral elevation, and even the spiritual beauty, which pervade that admirable work, sufficiently indicate to all who have eyes to see, that he is by no means deficient in religious sensibility, and that his Atheism is but an accident of his intellectual development. One sign of this may be seen in the affirmative point from which he comments on his author. Speaking of the section on the Sabbath, he says :

“ These are the parts of the book which the public will suppose most congenial to us, but we have no intention to dwell upon them. . . . We have chosen rather to dwell on those affirmative developments which are additions to our insight into religious phenomena. . . . No review of this book has come under my notice which conveys the full spirit of it, and much I distrust my own power to supply what I feel to be wanting. All accounts of its daringness, of its strong rejection of so much to which the mass of believers cling in indiscriminating adoration, refer only to that which constitutes the framework of the book, without its life—indeed, less than that, for such rejection is merely the clearing of the ground in order to occupy it by a new superstructure. . . . No man, whether believer or Atheist, can read this book without great improvement, unless he be very good indeed, or entirely incapable of moral appreciation. . . . To children of the people, to whom scholastic guidance is never vouchsafed, beguiled by a show of popular learning which seduces them, and abandons them to mediocrity, such a book as this, profound in thought, affectionate in spirit, trusty in report, accurate in speech, is an epoch in personal history, disciplining the understanding, and giving a new tone to character.”

And there can be little doubt that “ The Soul ” has given a new tone to Mr. Holyoake’s character. It has quickened into more distinct form all that was previously working in him towards noble development. In almost everything noteworthy which he has done or said since then, an attentive observer may trace the gracious influence of Francis Newman ; not in the form of a servile imitation, but in that recasting of ideal aspiration, and that clearer perception and fuller development of high principles, which form the manliest tribute that one independent soul can pay to the excellence of another.

When the death of Henry Hetherington occurred, in August, 1849, Mr. Holyoake conducted the funeral service which took

place at his burial, in Kensal Green Cemetery ; a service which I have heard religious persons describe as deeply impressive. The following remarks, affixed to the discourse when published, indicate Mr. Holyoake's feeling on the subject :

"It seems to me that nothing is gained by dispensing with the Church Service, unless something as carefully considered and more personally conscientious is put in its place. It seems to me that, in point of solemnity and decorum, the Church Service is perfect ; and in every substitution of ours, the qualities of propriety and earnestness should be most anxiously and effectually preserved. It has come under my observation, that some burials of our friends have been conducted where the possibility has been left open of irrelevant things being said—and sometimes they have been said. As far as this can be guarded against it should be—and to write what facts and thoughts are proposed to be expressed is the best precaution we can take to prevent it. It must not be left open for any man to think that freedom of thought, which we claim to express, is not quite compatible with good taste. That philosophy which wants sensibility is false. It must be put past all doubt that skepticism of clerical error does not deprive us of the feelings of men or the reverence of humanity."

Passing over nearly two volumes of the *Reasoner*, we find, in No. 252, this declaration :

"What I am anxious to guard against, is the impression that we acknowledge as of our party that numerous class of persons in this country who are simply ignorant of, or indifferent to religion ; who will cavil at a prophecy, or sneer at a humble believer, but who are susceptible of no generous inspiration of moral truth, nor make any sacrifices to enlighten those whom they affect to regard as superstitious. . . . These we do not count, nor even another class, who are simply neutral and negative. We only include those whose Atheism is active and fruitful—those who are Atheists, not from reaction, but from examination and conviction, and whose rejection of Christian tenets is translatable into a clearer moral life, and into systematic and patient endeavors for the benefit of others."

Still later we find, in a funeral discourse on Mrs. Martin, the following acknowledgment :

"If we do but pierce beneath the antagonism from which all development issues, we shall see how, both with the Christian and

the Freethinker, the same intention is ever at the bottom. We perceive a principle from different points, trace it to different roots, explain it in a different language, maintain it for different reasons, and foresee for it different conclusions : but the conflict continued, sometimes darkly, sometimes wildly, is for *one* morality and for *one* truth ; and if there be in the end a Judge who looks with an equal eye on all, he will not fail to discern the motive and pardon the means."

From these passages it will be seen that a change was beginning to come over Mr. Holyoake's speculations. Most of the original minds who commence active life on the side of Negation, come to alter their formal creed after some years' conflict with the realities of life. Many fail for want of personal or intellectual self-reliance, and turn to the affirmations of Orthodoxy for moral support. Others, of less impressible temperament, grow fanatic and impracticable, from the inability to perceive any truths beyond those which are peculiarly constitutional to themselves. But the healthiest and happiest of the band, escaping both the Scylla of submission and the Charybdis of isolation, emerge safely into the *Affirmations which are the true complements of their original Negations*, and which, though long unanalyzed, and but half perceived, have really been the central fountains from which that negative preaching derived all its generous life-blood.

Thus it befel with Mr. Holyoake. The impulse which had hitherto actuated his career, had been an intense antagonism to those religious dogmas which, as he believed, tended to hinder the development of justice and love among men. Rising by degrees to a higher point of view, he began to see "how, both with the Christian and the Freethinker, the same intention is ever at the bottom"—"that the conflict is for *one* morality, and for *one* truth"—that the prevalent forms of religion were but varying statements of the same great facts of Nature, Life, Death and Aspiration, from which his own beliefs arose. Gradually it dawned upon him that Negations, however necessary, are only useful relatively to surrounding circumstances, while Affirmative Truth is permanently valuable for its own sake. And, therefore, although not sheathing the sword while the forces of error remain a-field, he has come to devote his chief efforts to the development of Affirmative Life on a free basis.

At the end of 1853, Mr. Holyoake opened a shop at 147 Fleet

Street, where, having purchased the business of Mr. James Watson (for many years the respected publisher of English artisan Freethought under the shadow of St. Paul's), he now conducts his Secular organization on an increased scale. Since the opening of this shop, he has published a little tract on "Secularism the Affirmative Philosophy of the People;" being a revised collection of some of the best thoughts he has uttered on that subject. He has also held another discussion with the Rev. Brewin Grant, at Glasgow, in October, 1854, the report of which was revised by both speakers previous to publication.

In the latter of these discussions, Mr. Holyoake has made some admissions which deserve notice. In his concluding speech he said :

"There are higher objections brought against Secularism than those we have listened to in this debate. I allude to such as say that that view of thought which looks to Realism, and trusts it, is inadequate to satisfy the longings of nature, and supply exalted emotions to those who have these opinions. We say . . . the field of Realism is mostly untrodden, and the true inspirations of life not merely unnoticed, but denied. . . . There are only two senses in which the word 'Religion' is intelligibly used. First, Its strict sense, which includes the proposition of the existence of God as ascertained, and regards God as an object of conscious worship and trust. In this strict sense, Religion is a separate question from Secularism. Second, In the relative sense of the word 'Religion,' we, perhaps, are not logically excluded from its use. Though we regard human duties as commencing from man, we consider the promotion of human happiness, purity and progress as something which would meet the approval of Deity. If there is not the recognition of God in Secularism, there is, as in all pure Moralism, the contingency of God. If Deity be not with us a dogma, it is reverted to as an ideality. Recognizing Nature as the great Self-existence, we say, if there be a God of personal attributes, Nature is God. And if THE ALL be conscious, intelligent, humane and equitable, our sincerity and our endeavors will be in harmony with the Universal Nature. We regard God, when we realize the idea of his possible existence, as the infinite enlargement of man's purest nature and highest faculties. Our principles, therefore, though not founded upon knowledge of God, as the eternal, independent Cause of all existence, are compatible

with all the trustful attributes of such a Being. Thus, while we found our principles upon the ascertained operations of Nature, and have the advantage of proceeding with the certainty of human experience, we establish the moral right to the Supreme approbation, if in life, or after death, we shall find ourselves in personal relation thereto. In this relative and ethical sense we might claim to be considered religious. For, if Secularism does not proceed upon the knowledge of a God *Actual*, it moves towards a God *Possible*."

Here, then, we close this biographical sketch; having traced Mr. Holyoake's progress from a feverish Evangelical piety, through many phases of inquiry, and so called "infidelity," till at last, after thirteen years of Atheistic activity, we leave him gradually, but unmistakably, "moving towards a God Possible."

In attempting to estimate Mr. Holyoake's character as a public teacher, the chief characteristic thereof which attracts the attention, appears to be this: that in theological criticism, which is usually abandoned to the keenest, coldest exercise of the mere intellect, he is remarkable for the preëminence of his moral development. He is not a systematic thinker. Though endowed with manly good sense, and frequently flashing forth striking and eloquent thoughts, he is remarkably deficient in speculative genius. Whenever he dwells on purely metaphysical subjects (which is not often) he seldom utters anything beyond mere common-places; and the small amount of metaphysical belief to which he does subscribe, appears frequently to escape his memory, if we may judge by the inconsistent canons which he lays down on matters connected therewith. His literary culture is also very imperfect — a circumstance which frequently leads him into awkward blunders. His little treatises, indeed, are carefully compiled, and well written, but his periodical writings perpetually suffer from his want of regular mental training. His name could never take literary rank beside those of a Strauss, a Comte, a Robert Mackay, or a Francis Newman. Still less can he pretend to the poetic genius which garlands the heresies of a Shelley or an Emerson. What, then, is the inspiration that for thirteen tireless years has urged on his steps amid every variety of dislike and discouragement? It is the resolution to *conquer a free field for human conscience*, where, unfettered by harsh creeds and unjust laws, it may develop into its

true proportions and assume its rightful position as the pupil of Nature and the guardian of Life. In this faith, Mr. Holyoake makes the circuit of creeds and customs, pleading for the application of Morality to all that pertains to Religion. In some respects this is no novelty: the immoralities of Dogmatic Theology have been indicated by a long succession of brilliant writers, living and dead. But scarcely any one of these has genuinely endeavored to deal with the practical difficulty as Mr. Holyoake has done. He has clearly understood what very few have even begun to perceive, that these harsh and crude dogmas will never be dethroned till we show their upholders that our sympathy with them as men is greater than our difference from them as theologians; till we behave to them with the respect, the good will, in a word, with the humanity, which we complain of them for not manifesting towards us. To what purpose do we denounce the doctrine of God's vengeance on sinners if we cherish vengeful feelings against those who differ from us? If we deem our arguments to be slightly met, are we quite sure that we, in our turn, have taken care to show full-hearted justice to all the elements of truth in the writings of our opponents? It is in setting a noble example in these rarely-attempted virtues, that Mr. Holyoake has made an important practical contribution to the purification of religious controversy; a contribution the value and grace of which are enhanced by the pressure of civil wrong and social scorn under which it has been made. To endure all the varieties of hostility and hate which inevitably beset such a career as his, without losing the disposition of good will and the habit of gentle speech—to do this with no support from God's love, without even the placidity of natural temperament to aid him,—with no sustenance but the chastened instincts of a generous heart—this indicates no common soul, and is, in itself, sufficient to entitle Mr. Holyoake to no merely tolerant consideration.

NOBILITY.

The question is not: Art thou
In the nobility?
This is the question: Is there
Nobility in thee?

—From *Gleim*, by C. T. B.

FRUITION.

O song-CREATING month of May,
Kindling with expectation,
Budding, unfolding—strife to be,
In throbs of aspiration!
I found companionship with you,
Help, in my restless rising;—
To-day the season's gorgeous pomp
Is cold, unsympathizing.

In this lone field, beside the stream,
I see the Autumn splendors:
The bitter-sweet hangs o'er the wall,
Clusters of glowing embers;
In sombre clumps of evergreens
The twining woodbine flushes,
And, kissed by the coquettish wind,
You trembling maple blushes.

Soft azure floods the crimson vales,
And wreaths the summits hoary,
Picturing in earthly solitudes
The sky's eternal glory.
Dream-anchored cloud-fleets, motionless
Are lulled in hazy slumber,
And mountains watch the floating Earth
Wrapped in adoring wonder.

The river flows through meadow slopes,
In trance of mazy pleasure,
Winding and dreaming past her isles,
Till lost in seas of azure.
The bubbles swim in willowy coves,
The wave in silence gushes,
And sleep the broad pond-lily leaves,
Among the flags and rushes.

O Earth, the sky in love descends,
Brooding with peace Elysian,—
Your boughs are weighed with rosy fruit,
You hold the dear completion!
Nor anxious sigh, nor pleading look,
For heaven a boon to give you,—
No Spring-time birth-throes, painful hope,
But rest, — for heaven is with you.

I feel the hallowed breath of joy,
 Glory and exaltation,—
 Sweet benedictions kiss my cheek,
 A touch of consecration.
 Yearning, I turn from all and wait;
 Unrest, pain, sin, contrition,
 Tears, longing, growth-pangs, fevered strife,
 Before the sweet fruition.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST.

[Final Article.]

THE RELIGIOUS IDEAS OF JESUS.

It is impossible to say in what the religious system of Christ consisted, or whether he had one carefully reasoned out in his mind. His detached thoughts are scattered up and down the Gospels without order and without perfect coherence even, and when occasionally, as in the report of the Sermon on the Mount, a certain arrangement is observed, it is purely artificial, and is but the mechanical and arbitrary collocation of sayings according to the taste of the Evangelist. Nothing indicates that Jesus held what we call a system of philosophy, or a scheme of faith. It is difficult to conceive, however, that the leading ideas of such a person should not have held some vital relation to each other in his thought; he must have combined his main principles in something like a system, harmonious though expansive, and perhaps loose. At least from the few splendid fragments of teaching which we possess, it is an easy task to construct for us a system at once profound, compact and beautiful, such as may well have been his own. Every form of Religion has for its object the union of man with God. This is what religion means; it is the power that "binds fast" the Finite to the Infinite. The tenets (bonds, clamps, holdings, from the Latin *teneo*,) are the best which do this work most effectually.

A scheme of religious faith must be built upon one of three principles. It must be *Sacramental*, *Dogmatical*, or *Spiritual*.

According to the Sacramental system, a man is reconciled with God by the observance of ceremonies, the mechanical performance

of certain actions, reckoned to be holy and sanctifying. Such among the Jews were — the regular offering of sacrifice, frequent attendance at the temple-worship, at the national feasts and fasts; the paying of tithes; careful keeping of the *ritual* Law, touching the Sabbath; abstinence from meats; purifications; cleansing of dwellings, garments, vessels, and the like; punctilious regard for the *moral* Law in its negative injunctions to do no murder, no stealing, lying, violating, blaspheming, traducing; and in its positive injunctions to give a certain portion of the income in alms to the poor. Among the Catholics such sacramental acts, by which man purchases the favor of God, are baptism and communion; penance, including self-abnegation; liberality to the Church; alms-giving, and other similar performances. Protestants also have their sacramental deeds, their religious ordinances for the body. They are — corporal presence at church; corporal presence at communion; office of prayer; reading the Holy Book; baptism, and abstinence from worldly amusements. Such acts are regarded as sacred and sanctifying. The performance thereof is reckoned meritorious before God; sacrifice is good and well-seeming in His sight. Sacramental religion is of the lowest kind. It belongs to the infant condition of man, and prevails most extensively among uncivilized nations, in unenlightened ages; the religion of the Hottentot and the Carib, of the Calmuck and the Camanche, is of this type; and it is no more dignified in the people of Catholic and Protestant Christendom than it is among these savage tribes. The presence of the sacramental element in our modern religions indicates that we are still, to a certain extent, barbarous and childish; and the zeal which Christians manifest in its preservation, their eagerness to perpetuate it, even in spite of the faith of Jesus, which they profess, their persistency in calling those infidels who discard it, even now, only proves how slowly the human race outgrows its infancy; how dull is the intelligence of the best educated communities in the present boasted age of light, and how obstinately men will prostrate themselves before their idols, insisting that they are no idols, because they are not figures of wood or stone. Even in educated New-England, called the “salt” of America, and the “candle” of the Continent, the sacramental part of religion is still deemed the most essential part, and the teaching of a pure Christianity without circumcision, fasts, and ordinances, is flouted as the vain

prattle of transcendental philosophy, or the treacherous talk of a disguised infidelity.

Dogmatical Religion is of a slightly higher grade than sacramental, inasmuch as it implies the action, however mechanical, of intellect. People who have outgrown the idea that they can handle God with their fingers, eat Him in a consecrated wafer, receive His spirit in a few drops of cold water sprinkled upon the forehead, come into His presence by entering a church, or reach His senses by odorous fumes of incense, and the flattering voice of prayer,—still think to bring Him near to them by a formal act of belief. The impression seems to be that God incarnates Himself in certain opinions, and makes His holy habitations in some “body of Divinity;” His grace fills the dogma of Trinity, or Transubstantiation; His spirit nestles among the five points of Calvinism; His glory is revealed in the doctrine of the Deity of Christ, and is plain to the believer in Human Depravity; His comforting soul loves such a temple as Eternal Damnation offers him to dwell in. Would you find God? Men say, you must believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, for that is the volume which contains Him. The Catholic avers that He quickens, with His especial grace, the propositions of his Church. The Protestant contends that He crouches beneath the fundamentals of his Creed. The Calvinist tells us we shall certainly miss Him if we do not receive implicitly the doctrine of Election. The Lutheran assures us that we are out of his range if we do not hold to “Justification by Faith.” The Unitarian is persuaded that the Living Spirit of Deity can not be apprehended except by one who accepts unreservedly the New Testament miracles. These are sacramental opinions. Simply to assent to them in ever so dogged a fashion is enough. You need not understand them; you need not have investigated them; you need not entertain them with any depth and earnestness of conscience. Only receive them; only do not deny and reject them, and they will bridge over the gulf betwixt you and the Infinite. We said that dogmatical religion was superior to sacramental religion, in that it substituted an act of the intellect for an act of the body. Perhaps this is using rather strong language. Dogmatical religion does not, strictly speaking, require an act of intellect, but only an act of will, dispensing with the act of intellect. The sacramental belief is quite as mechanical as the sacramental ceremony; being fully as much a matter of habit and routine. The religion of

doctrines does not ask its disciples to think ; on the contrary, it discourages their thinking, for thought leads to doubting, and doubting leads to unbelief, and unbelief swings one clear away from the influence of God : swings him off into perdition. Belief, therefore, is a sacrament ; something to be had and held as a matter of course ; something to be maintained against knowledge and reason, if need be ; to be maintained at all events. The religion of all the Protestant sects, without one solitary exception, is mainly dogmatical. The Unitarian stands here upon the same ground with the Calvinist, for if he does not avowedly hope to make himself one with God through opinions, he admits no possibility of becoming one with him if certain opinions are discarded.

Spiritual Religion seeks to make perfect the union between man and God through the exercise of moral and spiritual qualities through natural truth and goodness ; not by any conventional acts of the body, not by any conventional acts of the mind, but by the real acts of the conscience and the soul. Man is made at one with God by becoming *like* God — by worshipping the highest ideal he knows, by repeating in himself the attributes he adores ; and by manifesting toward others the disposition which the Great Father exhibits toward him. To be obedient to the soul's best prompting ; to love God with heart, mind and strength, with affection, reason and will ; to love man like oneself, doing unto others as one would have them do unto him ; to do unto others as the Heavenly Father does unto all, — this is spiritual religion, religion without saving ordinances, and without saving creed — simple and undefiled ; its faith a conviction of the pure heart ; its sacraments the endeavors of a loyal will.

Such, if we know it at all, was the religion of Christ ; such was his religious system, if we insist upon his having a religious system. So far as his ideas are presented to us, they shape themselves into a form of doctrine that is strictly moral and spiritual.

Religion, from its nature, supposes two terms — Man and God ; and the character of either one of these terms defines the other. The primary doctrine of all Religion is the doctrine respecting *Man*. This comes first. The idea of God takes its shape from the theory we entertain in regard to Human Nature. The Calvinist, who looks upon human nature as utterly corrupt and depraved, must have a conception of God entirely different from the Socialist, who looks upon human nature as finished and perfect.

human evil, Christ acts as if he considered it the evidence of crudity, not the bitter fruit of corruption ; as springing from *want*, not from *debasement*. His rebuke is treasured up for those who are faithless to their opportunities, and less than they ought to be : it falls upon the well-born, the well-educated, the well-endowed, whose soul is dwarfish compared with their estate. He has no condemnation for the victims of passion, who have had no chance to learn self-restraint — for the wilful, who have never been nurtured nor loved. Christ tries to reach the latent good in the hearts of the erring and wicked. He appeals to their better conscience ; touches the quick of their purer affection ; contrasts them gently or sternly with the ideal that stands revealed to them in their own nature ; and would win or shame them out of their unworthiness by setting before them the destiny of their immortal spirits. He draws no gloomy or hopeless deductions from the fact of human sin, but administers cheer in view of the soul's eternity, and God's loving kindness.

On the other hand, Jesus has commendation for none but those whose virtue surpasses the common expectation. He does not praise the young ruler because from his youth up he has been peaceful, chaste, honest, high-minded, and an example of filial piety, but blames him, rather, because, having done so much, he had done no more. He does not praise the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury of the temple, munificent as they were, for, without suffering from self-denial, they could afford to give their talents and gems ; but he lauds, openly and emphatically, the poor widow, who, for a purpose she deemed holy, gave, in her penury, her little all. However compassionate towards human infirmity, Jesus is never content with human attainment. However anxious that the guilty shall not despond, he is equally resolute that the good shall not be presuming. Satisfied with a little worth in the feeble, and tempted, and misled, he is not satisfied with any in the strong and the privileged. All are to reach forward after an excellence as yet unattained, perhaps as yet unimagined. Guilt the most heinous is but imperfection ; imperfection, however venial, if tolerated, is guilt. Thus the humblest may have hope, and the highest have no fruition : the worst may have some merit, and the best much of demerit : the lowliest may do more than his duty, and the most faithful may come far short of his ; for desert begins when the smallest gain has been made upon the

Past, and duty does not end until achievement is fully commensurate with power in the Future.

Thus Christ's emphatic words, and still more, his emphatic deeds, teach the doctrine of human imperfection and of human perfectibility. Out of this doctrine grows the conception of God. God is the perfect man made infinite. He represents goodness filling the earth and the heavens, filling time and eternity. He is the Father of this infant man-child; a being complete in moral and spiritual attributes, complete in truth and justice, but above all distinguished for the gracious qualities of patience, loving kindness and mercy. He is a Father in heaven, and a Father on earth as well. God is active Beneficence, the substantial virtue, the living benignity of the world. He is no Brahm dwelling in the felicity of severe repose; no Jehovah arbitrary and jealous; no Triune or other mystery; no mechanician sitting above, aloof from his creation, but a spiritual being, spirituality itself in conscious energy. God is not separate from man, but within him, resting in contact with the spiritual side of his nature. "Blessed are the pure in heart," says Jesus, "for they shall see God."

There is, then, according to Jesus, no natural enmity, but a natural harmony between man and God. Man draws nigh to God by goodness and the endeavor after goodness. God draws nigh to man in goodness and the blessed influences which go out therefrom. Spirituality in thought and feeling, cleanliness of heart, rectitude of will, the upward glance of aspiration,—these make man one with his Heavenly Father, by making him like his Father. Nothing, in Christ's view, is any substitute for simple goodness of heart expressing itself in life. No sacrament of ceremony, or of dogma, will take the place of it. He tells the circumcising, Sabbath-keeping, incense-burning Jews that he will have mercy, and not sacrifice. He tells those who boast of "prophesying in his name," that in the judgment when they shall cry unto him "Lord, Lord," they shall be rejected. What availed it the priest that he put on consecrated robes and stood before the smoking altar, and mediated between Jehovah and his people, if he could not help a poor wounded Samaritan in the mountain pass between Jerusalem and Jericho? What availed it the Pharisee that he believed in Moses and the prophets, and all the books of the Law, that he paid his tithes and did no work on the Sabbath, and was

punctual in his devotions, if he omitted the weightier matters of the Law—justice, mercy and faith,—if he was full of hypocrisy and uncleanness, a whited sepulchre, shining with new plaster without, but full of corruption within. No external acts of piety and morality rendered in deference to established usage, as a tribute to social order, are of any sacramental worth. Almsgiving must be done in secret, so that the left hand may not know what the right hand doeth; then it can proceed from no motive but charitableness. Prayers must be offered in secret, for God alone will then know, and can best judge the heart's devoutness. Fasting must be the mortification of evil desires; then it is prompted by nothing but sincere contrition, which the indwelling God makes account of. Jesus is most explicit upon this point: "Ye have heard that it was said to them of old, thou shalt not kill, and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment. But I say unto you that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment." "If thou bring thine offering to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way: first be reconciled to thy brother, then come and offer thy gift." The sacrifice is nothing, the heart which brings the sacrifice is all. Moral judgments like these seem to us extremely severe. Are evil thoughts recorded against us? Is a passing desire entered as guilt in the Book of Doom? Who then shall be saved? Talk of benignity and mercy! why, this law places the saintliest under condemnation. But it follows closely and inevitably upon Christ's leading ideas touching man and God, and the relations subsisting between them. Is the inward spiritual life, life of heart and conscious, the great thing, and is man an imperfect being tending towards perfection? Then virtue for him consists in right feelings, clean desires, humane affections, innocent thoughts and noble purposes. Is God the Infinite Perfection man aspires after, the absolute reality of all his moral and spiritual being dream of? Then can He approve of nothing less than a spirituality which partakes of the same nature with his own. Do God and man meet on the plane of goodness? then is it Love that unites them, the simple, sincere Love of the heart and the soul? It would still seem, however, that on these terms the union of man with God must be impossible. If the pure in heart alone see God, who shall see him? If God loves only the hum-

ble, meek and benignant, who shall be at peace with him ? True, indeed, if we speak of the *perfect* vision, and a *perfect* peace, and a *perfect* and complete union with the Infinite, this can be enjoyed only by the perfect. But if the highest attainment still leaves a gulf between the Finite and the Infinite, the lowest renders that gulf no longer impassable. If the solid virtue of the best does not make God wholly its own, the aspiration towards virtue of the worst draws down the blessing of the Holy Spirit : if righteousness itself does not give one a claim to all God's beatitude because there is something yet to be attained, on the other hand, he who only *hungers and thirsts* after righteousness, if he can do nothing more, is filled up to his capacity. *All* goodness unites man with God according to its degree. Only perfect goodness does it completely ; but imperfect goodness, in every stage of its imperfection, so it be genuine, does it. The infinite God reaches his hand down to the meanest and the most defective of his children, and is at no loss to detect the germ of the celestial nature in each being he has created. To every one that knocks, his door of loving kindness is opened ; to every one that asks, his holy spirit is freely given ; every one that seeks shall find. God is all promise, all patience, all inspiration.

In all this, we find no mystery. It is natural and simple. The humblest mind can fully understand such theology as this of Jesus. The humblest will receive it most gladly.

In every system of Religion there is great parade of definition respecting *duties*, religious and moral — duties of piety and duties of humanity — the duties of each man to his God, to himself and to his neighbor. How plain does this whole matter become upon the principles of Christ ! Man's duty to God — how is it fulfilled ? Not by any perfunctory services of misnamed "Piety" ; not by any keeping of "ordinances" conventionally esteemed holy ; not by any outward sacraments of Baptism and Communion, penance, almsgiving and prayer ; but by loving the Divine with heart and soul and strength, loving Truth, Equity and Mercy with the whole force of the reason, the affections and the will, obeying the perfect Law as revealed in the conscience, yielding to the perfect excellence as it attracts us through the soul.

And man's duty to himself — what is that ? and how is that fulfilled ? Is it not the same with his duty to God, and to be performed in the same mode and spirit ? Is it not summed up in

the command to strive after perfection ? Is it not intimated in the promise that they who hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled ? Man loves himself truly when he loves God ; and when he does love himself truly and nobly he *does* love God.

Man's duty to his fellow man is measured and defined by his duty to himself. He is to love his neighbor as himself. If his duty to himself consists in the endeavor to outgrow ignorance, sensuality and passion, to leave errors behind him, to free his will from the bands of outward circumstance and inward frailty, then in his own place and after his own ability he is to do the same for his brother — dealing with him as he would be dealt by — freely giving as he freely receives. In the highest and most inward sense he must love his brother's welfare, must forward his spiritual development, must give him instruction, must set him free from sensuality and passion, and must give aid and encouragement to his virtue.

There is no sternness in the commanding voice of Jesus when he speaks of duty. In calling on the disciple to love his brother, he simply invites him to a larger education and the love of himself. He tells him that he can not love himself unless he love his brother.

Nothing can be nobler, nothing more inspiring, than Christ's doctrine of humanity. It is only that brother shall do for brother what God does for all. The Christian must give bread to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothing to the naked, not solely that he may remove the physical suffering incident to hunger, thirst and cold, but that his brother's mind may be freed from the frightful pressure of want, that he may be raised above the depressing circumstances of corporeal necessity, and may be enabled to put forth his personal energy, to improve his lot and to improve himself. This is the motive that makes almsgiving a virtue. Christ denies utterly that there is any merit in acts of charity by themselves considered. It is the spirit that sanctifies the gold ; and however great a store of outward benefit the money itself may create, it brings no store of inward benefit, either to giver or receiver, unless it manifests one heart of love and ministers to another. The soul of man, of man as a human being, is the great interest : to make this free and pure is the grand duty ; hence the obligation and privilege to succor the needy and support the feeble.

The Christian is not to love those who love him, and to do good

to those who do good to him, and to salute his brethren only. What merit is there in that? Do not the publicans and sinners even the same thing? Who will not lend to one from whom he expects to receive as much in return? The Christian must aid those who have no claim upon him, and from whom he expects nothing.

But further than this: The Christian is to sustain humane relations toward those who injure him and wish him harm: not losing his love for them because they lose theirs for him; rather caring for their spiritual well-being all the more when it is endangered by hateful passions and malevolent purposes. The wicked need more help and mercy than the good; the blind and misguided are the only subjects for patience and meekness to exercise themselves on. And so the Christian, bearing in mind God's long suffering towards himself, bearing in mind, also, his own prayer for forbearance and forgiveness, is more eager to serve those whose moral exigency is the deepest.

The Christian is forbidden to retaliate upon one who has done him wrong. He must not return evil for evil. He must not make violent resistance to personal injury and affront: but rather than engage in strife with his neighbor, must submit to pain, insult and deprivation. This we take to be the meaning of passages like the following, whose force, taken altogether, it is impossible to escape, whose intent it is vain to question: "I say unto you that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." We believe that Jesus said these things. They follow from his altogether spiritual conception of human nature. And however easy it may seem to convict them of absurdity on the ground of current morality and the established order of society, it will be difficult to question their truth when we try them by the higher sentiments of the heart and reason. That they are above the level of our own conduct is no proof of their falsity. That they are hostile to the apparent well-being, and to the present constitution of modern life, does not argue that they are erroneous. It certainly is possible that the constitution of modern life will bear mending, nay, sorely needs mending and renewing even, after some such fashion as these principles of Jesus might assist.

But the religious doctrine of Jesus requires of its professors yet more than this — something more than patience, meekness and non-resistance. The Christian must not only refrain from retaliat-

ing upon his enemies. He must positively do them good. "I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." That these words mean all they express, is not to be doubted for an instant. That they are among the most earnest and significant words which Jesus uttered, and set forth one of his absolute and essential principles, must be equally conceded. Paul emphasizes the sentiment they embody in almost the same words: "Bless them that persecute you; bless and curse not. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." And if Paul, in the honesty of his human heart, or out of deference to mortal weakness, appends a clause which breaks the force and impairs the dignity of this grand Christian duty, by saying, "If it be possible, *as much as lyeth in you*, live peaceably with all men; avenge not yourselves, for God will avenge you; give food and drink to thine enemy, for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head;" if Paul, we say, by thus allowing a remnant of vindictiveness to infest the motive, while he carefully banishes it from the action, detracts something from the saintliness of Christ's principles, he proves in so doing that he felt obliged to receive the principle itself, else he might have set aside a doctrine so uncongenial to his own temperament, and so unpalatable to the Gentile world.

We all know how these moral and religious principles of Jesus are regarded by mankind. Scarcely any believe in them; they are looked upon as fanatical, by men who dare not call them so. They are tacitly assented to because they are in the Bible; but if any simple-hearted believer propounds them in the street, or urges the duty of applying them in the actual relations of life, he is ridiculed as a knave, a fanatic or a fool. There are men who can believe a flat absurdity like the doctrine of Trinity, or the Deity of Christ, or total depravity, but who can see no truth or reason in the doctrine, "Love your neighbor as yourself." And why? Because the first is a bare sacramental notion, committing them to nothing; and the last is a moral principle, committing them to self-renunciation. That is the reason why they submit their Common Sense to the first and submit the last to their "Common Sense."

Jesus assigns the best of all reasons for his doctrine of meek-

ness and mercy : that God acts upon this rule of benignity and forgiveness towards all his children. Man must imitate God.

Further : He bids men seek their own Perfection. Is not that Perfection reached by patience, meekness, forbearance, self-constraint ? Can anything more advance personal spirituality than the effort to curb passion, to stifle the feeling of private grievance and resentment, to forget and to forgive ? Is there any nobler discipline than this for the moral and religious nature ?

But if it is one's duty to seek perfection for himself — it becomes his duty to promote it in others. And does he promote it by austerity, vindictiveness and the display of an unforgiving temper ? If the experience of social life proves anything, it proves that resentment begets violence, and harshness produces sensuality. It is because men treat each other like brutes, that there are so many brutish men.

Thus we have endeavored to unfold the positive religious system of Christ — showing what his leading ideas were, and how they stood related to each other. This is the Christian " Scheme of Redemption." God a Father : Man the child of God, partaking of the Divine Nature and placed in existence for the purpose of bringing that nature some way towards its perfection : the union of God with man brought about by natural goodness. Of his own nature Jesus gives no account. Of any mysterious or vicarious efficacy proceeding from his death, he says no word. The leading articles of the popular theology have no support from him whatever. If one were to turn from the language of Jesus to the systems that are taught in his name, he would be at a loss to comprehend how they could for a day exist together.

The system of Jesus recommends itself as being *natural*. It is natural religion in the most comprehensive sense, inasmuch as it includes man in nature. It is the natural religion of the spiritual man. It starts from no unwarranted assumption ; it originates in no mystery ; it does no violence to reason or to knowledge. It is only the coherent and bold enunciation of ideas which all men vaguely or intelligently, consciously or unconsciously, entertain.

It is purely a Religious System. It has nothing to do with science, or metaphysics, or philosophy. It neither depends for its truth upon any speculation in these departments of learning and thought, nor is it endangered by any discoveries in them. It fears no criticism, no doubt, no denial. It welcomes knowledge

from whatever quarter it may come. It knows nothing of the odious distinctions of the sects. It has no definition of heresy, no verbal definition of infidelity, save this: "The infidel is one who is faithless to his own spiritual nature." It has no sacramental ordinance, no sacramental creed. It has no inspired history, no inspired philosophy, no inspired book; only an inspired human soul. The system of Jesus, being purely religious, has no transient elements. It can not grow old. Time, which has impaired every other system, has but confirmed, and will continue to confirm this. Science, which has given such frightful shocks to the popular theology, turning its facts into mythology and its dogmas into superstitions, is a strong ally of the spiritual religion of Jesus. Socialism, that dreaded foe to the common credency, testifies to the power and beauty of the religion of Jesus, and says in justification of itself, that it only aims to extend and make it actual. Even Auguste Comte, the prince of modern philosophers, acknowledges that these principles must govern in the ideal state of mankind, to be realized in the distant Future.

The positive ideas of Jesus are powerful. They make men realize eternity in time. This is the faith that comforts and supports, that takes the sting from calamity, robs grief of its despair, and spoils the devouring grave. A system like that of Jesus, clearly comprehended, and fully believed in, freed from traditions and dogmas, would commend itself to society in all stages, and under all stars. It would spread like wildfire from land to land without the aid of missionaries; every ship would bear the glad tidings, every heart would bring a living gospel. Men would love one another—English and Irishman, white man and Negro, would dwell in unity together. The strong would help the weak, the weak would bless the strong. War and slavery would cease; pauperism, with its attendant miseries and crimes, would be at an end. The hateful words, heretic, infidel, atheist, would be forgotten under the cordial efforts of harmonious labor. The earth would yield a more abundant increase. Human intellect, no longer wasted in defending superstitions, and rescuing mouldy dogmas from their doom, would burst the swaddling bands of a mis-called Faith, and would stretch nobly forward in pursuit of Truth. Human conscience would be free to enact its own sentiment of justice. Hope and comfort and peace would come with worship. The kingdom of heaven would be established on earth.

DR. EINBOHRER AND HIS PUPILS.

CHAPTER IX.—THE LAST DAY.

OUR Master had some ideas about churches which were commonly called "eccentric;" he called them centric. Whatever they were, they kept him from being a regular attendant on the church in the neighborhood, which rejoiced in the profundities of the Rev. John Smith, D.D. This divine did, indeed, once visit Dr. Jecovas, and asked him why he did not, having youth about him who might be influenced by his example, attend church? To which the Dr. replied that he never willingly omitted the duty of attending the Sanctuary. On being further pressed as to whose church he attended, he replied — "God's."

Whereupon Parson Smith, very much affected, went home and prepared a titanic discourse on the tendencies of Science to foster Deism. (How fearful is this Deism, — *i. e.*, strictly, the belief in God!) Deacon Spratt going home, "guessed that the wise folk over at the School got it that time; Brother Smith had as good as called Dr. Einbohrer an atheist, and as for an atheist, in his (Spratt's) opinion, he wasn't much better than a man who didn't believe in a God!"

Dr. Einbohrer was not vindictive, but when it was told at the School one morning that this Parson, who presided over the only Protestant church in the village, had so sprained his ankle that he would be unable to stand in the pulpit that Sunday, our teacher showed no signs of melancholy, but said that, as through a dispensation, against which, with due respect to the reverend Smith, he was not disposed to complain, his pupils were prevented from going to church, he would respectfully invite them to accompany him to his church. There was an unusual tenderness about him to-day, we thought, though perhaps our impression might have arisen from the unusualness of the invitation itself.

After walking under an ardent sun for several miles, we arrived at a secluded and beautiful grove. As its cool shade fell on us, I could but exclaim, "O Socrates, this shall be our academy!" "Let us all be pupils, then, to-day," he replied, with friendliness. Presently one of our company discovered a spring, which, after our walk, we greeted with the joy of Hagar. As we were moist-

ening our fervid lips, some letters engraved on the rock which overhung the water attracted our eyes. Although done by no artist, the words were all plain, as follows: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." When we came to the good Doctor, who had sealed himself, and told him what we had seen, the absence of all surprise (and he never affected anything) convinced us that this place had witnessed his silent worship before. His only reply on the inscription was, "Think you that the words would have been better from Parson Smith or the spring?"

"Here, then," said he, half musingly, "is the temple to which the ransomed shall come with thanksgiving in their hearts,—Nature. Nature can not be improved upon, when we remember that the power which improves is Nature. Men have imitated these trunks and radiating tops in their church pillars; the embrace of the branches with one another they have carried into the arches of the roof; they have tried to travesty the wind as it roars in solemn chant through the forest, into their organ. But, alas! in more senses than he intended might Coleridge have called a cathedral a 'petrified religion;' for in proportion as the travesty is a work of true Art, does any sermon we may hear therein petrify that uprising spirit which grows in holy silence under Nature and Art. I desire not their patch-work, nor their Horn-books, but will come into the direct presence of those influences of which all these are poor imitations or perversions.

"But let us see what curious flower that is which grows in the sun."

As we approached with him, he suddenly paused and bade us be still, since that was a mystic flower which God had sent to be Priest in his Temple. It was certainly an unusual flower. In the centre it was a bright scarlet, but around it were little duplicate petals of a bright yellow. None of us had seen such a flower. We could also detect a slight tremulous motion, one could almost say o-motion, in it, although all else was still in a breathless atmosphere. But what was our astonishment to find the little duplicate petals which flowered on the brim of the calyx, suddenly fall off, and instead of being scattered to the ground, assumed fan-like wings and began to fly off, leaving the scarlet and green alone.

"Thus have these little butterflies," said the Doctor, "joined to greet the appearance of this *Passiflora*, which so rarely ventures out of its tropical home. There are but two kinds which come from the tropic to the temperate zone. From its pious associations one might almost fancy this Passion-flower an earnest missionary, which could brave the northern wind to show us the cross graven on its heart. It blooms now before Holy Rood day, however, on this soil. It is the first time I have seen the *granadilla* here. You know, doubtless, that it grows in southern regions, that it bears fruits which are eaten in the West Indies and other places, whilst its roots are poisonous narcotics. So do many hated sins and sad experiences feed a high and fruitful life, full of fragrance and good.

"But let us obey the call of this teacher, and think of one point by which in our usual studies we must link all nature into a circle, which is the sign of Perfection, for it is said truly, that God is a circle whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere.

"To be humanized is the aspiration of all things. The hard rock lives and aspires to pass into vegetable and atmosphere, and somehow at last lodge itself in the brain or bone of man. There are living and dead minerals, live rock and dead, the stone-mason will tell you. These go into vegetable, zoöphyte, and pass on into highest forms. So, we must not only acknowledge our relationship with the animals, but with that Passion-flower, with every fibre of Nature. Depend on it, all that is has its secret thread to ourselves, and may teach us.

'A subtle chain of countless rings
The next unto the farthest brings ;
The eye reads omens where it goes,
And speaks all languages the rose ;
And striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form.'

"Let me now show that we can not tell how far *conscious* life descends from man, as we have seen that we could not define thought in its immense range. We know that animals not only feel, but are individual minds. The various species of animals are as distinctive in their dispositions as in physical differences : one is mild, another fierce, etc. Now an individual is, of course, a unit. Well, then, let us take a zoöphyte, or any, the lowest

form of animal life. The sponge is a common instance: here is an animal, and yet, as far as we can describe it, we must describe it as a vegetable. It is, without doubt, part animal, part vegetable. But as we have seen that an animal is an indivisible unit, we must assert that the vegetable part is also animal: and when we have been compelled to the conclusion that one vegetable has animal life and feeling, by what logic do we deny the same to others which can not so readily manifest their feeling? If it is said that the fact that it can not manifest its conscious life is proof that it has none, let us try this by an analogue. What would we say of a man who has no higher life than he expresses by word and act? Can man always realize his ideal? can he find right words for his best thoughts? I trust not. Then the principle of judging by manifestations fails. We know not what aspirations the worm may have to be the bird that bears it to its nest; nor what strife is in the leaf to become the worm that consumes it."

Here the Doctor paused, but presently continued:

"I would acknowledge the Mystery of Life, nor fail in caution where all is on the verge of speculation. I would, like the knight of old, have written on three sides of our Temple of Philosophy 'Be Bold,' but on the fourth, 'Be not too Bold.' But I believe the tendency of facts now is to give a higher existence to all things than has hitherto been ascribed to them. To this day Science stands before the Mimosa, and when asked 'Why does it shrink?' replies, 'No man knows, but the best theory is that it has some sort of nervous system.' But nerves imply pain and pleasure. So the Mimosa *suffers*. But we can not imagine God as permitting *pain* anywhere in the universe, except for *moral uses*, else it is cruelty. So must we not conclude that this sensitive plant has its grief and hope?

"But when Science is asked, What is the sap of plants? it says only that there is some force in the earth that makes milk healthy for the cocoa, and numberless other plants, as well as for the animal, and that all sap differs from human blood only in some slight things, such as the infusion into the latter of a metallic substance."

"Then," suggested I, "when we call the rose 'Maiden's Blush,' it is truer than we have thought it."

"It is not altogether a fancy; the blood mounts alike in cheek and roseleaf," said the Doctor, "nor do we know what tender

love for the sky that makes the violet forever reflect its pure blue depths. Nor is the Linnæan idea of sexes and love in plants exploded, but confirmed. We have all seen that by a recent paper read before the Royal Society of Venice, all the potato disease in Ireland and Germany has been proved by eminent authority to be *Love-Sickness*, and by reason of the cure since tried, of putting an artichoke, or some plant unlike, but of congenial nature, near it, the inhabitants have had no reason to starve, or even sing, 'Potatoes, they are small, down below.' It is as old as Theophrastus, that the hemp-plant, date-palm or Pistachio, will never thrive except with their 'better halves' planted near. Micheli observed well the *Vallisneria Spiralis*, an Italian water-plant; and he found that there were in this species two kinds, one in which seeds were found, with long stems holding the flowers above the water, the other fixed at the bottom of the water, with short stalk. At a certain time the latter breaks from its stem, and with all the enthusiasm of Leander swimming the Hellespont, comes to the surface, swims to the other, which thus perfects its development.

"Plants, too, are in the wondrous link of mysterious life. We may trace a small arc of the circle in this instance. The hot sand of Zahara starts the heavy winds of their seeding season. These winds may bear death to the caravan, but they also bear to the dates the pollen of their fellows, for scores of miles over to Bile-julderid, and other countries, which alone can give them fruitfulness, sustaining millions. The figs of Smyrna depend on the flight of the gall-fly from the blossom of one to that of the other; and so the lilies of Kamschatka depend on the roguish beetle. We see a field of corn, full of yellow, red, white and other colors in its grain. This is because the air has taken the pollen, and after mingling it in various proportions, lodges it on the germinating ears. And how else are the Malay, Caucasian, Ethiop, Mongolian races mingled in all lands to reproduce stronger and better nations? Also, we expect from plants some maternal instinct and affection. When Prof. Agassiz, years ago, questioned the superiority of polycotilodonous to the dicotilodonous plants, simply because they appeared earlier in the earth's crust, he had no reason. But on investigation he found that the Polycotilodonous did not protect their seed with its little leafy cradle so well as the Dicotilodonous, and all botanists agreed that this was proof of inferiority. But

enough : there is one point where all organized beings are brothers — in the germ-cell.

“ It is because of these facts that the spirit of man has learned to feel the pressure of a conscious universe — to see that each is in all and all in each, and that there is a reason why the bird and flower find their mates fluttering and blooming in the human breast. The instinct of gratitude, which began by worshipping the sun for its light and heat, did not die when its object was found to be unconscious ; but felt after the Essence subtler than Light, infusing it with the warmth of Love — as we look beyond the action of a friend to the spirit in which he has done it. Thus we come to revere, through a most delicate function, the Spirit or Animus of Nature, and name it Good. Looking upon the Auroral Light, confessing our ignorance, we yet know that it is Electric Light because of the agitations of the magnetic needle under it ; looking up to the everlasting stars, burning there in the coronet of Infinitude, is there not, amid all our ignorance, a trembling within which bears witness to the Essence of All ? ”

— This was our last day with Einbohrer. Why, is a long story : one day, perhaps, I shall give it, with several other Lectures.

Peace and Joy attend thee, dear and wise Master !

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THE CITIZEN AND THE DRAMA.

A Lecture delivered before the Phoenix Dramatic Association, October 25, 1860.

BY M. D. CONWAY.

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES :—I greet you early in your career as a Society. It is the fable of that mythic, and, it must be confessed, much picked bird, whose name the circumstances of your origin have made appropriate to you, that at the end of its period it flies to burn itself to ashes in the sun ; a few days after this there appears in the ashes an egg, and soon after from the egg a worm, and from the worm comes, at length, a fledgling, till at last the Phoenix itself has grown and is able to strike the air with free pinion. Your Society has already passed from the embryo ; indeed,

it no longer creeps : it hastens on to the period when, winged with the beautiful Arts, it shall aspire and attain a noble success.

It is a moment to remember the fine saying of Schiller, that to the artist is entrusted the dignity of man. The culture of the Arts is the necessary accompaniment of every human interest ; without it, labor is drudgery, and religion stony ; it is the genial moisture and light, which mingle with the hard rock of life, changing it to the stem, leaf and flower of truth, beauty and worship. To trace the influence of any Art, and acknowledge at every step our indebtedness to it, is a pleasing task ; but the scenery amidst which I stand blend most naturally with that special one which you may be supposed to have most at heart, next to the good-fellowship you would foster. I propose, then, to consider the relations and duties of the citizen to the Drama.

My subject has the greater attraction for me because of my conviction that there is a serious misunderstanding of it in the popular mind. Music, painting and sculpture have won their way into public favor, but the Drama is still under a cloud. How thick this fog is may be estimated by the fact that the genius of Shakspeare, Sheridan, and Schiller, and the many lesser but fair lights shining upon it, have been unable to dissipate the suspicions of Religion, or engage the friendship, or more than the toleration, of the thinking classes. Still does the Drama sit with the mob ; still is the Pegasus yoked with the ox.

In speaking of the citizen, we mean the man in his relations with all other men. Every man is two men ; he is John Doe, or Richard Roe, and he is a man made up by the hatter, tailor, instructor, artist, farmer, and preacher. In one sense his house is his castle ; in another, the upholsterer, the butcher, the carpenter have as free access to it as he. As a citizen he is a public soul ; his interest is identified with every man's interest. And as he is faithful in these related duties, or unfaithful, is he a good or bad citizen. All the evils of Society arise from an infidelity to citizenship ; the preference of private interests over the interests of man. It is Humanity at large robbed for the interests of a separate class, — capitalist, slaveholder, or priesthood. When you can get a man who is a citizen, who feels that before he was a merchant or a mechanic he was a man, you can reason with him ; he needs only a clear sight of the facts in any case to do right. But when you get hold of one who thinks that the end and aim of creation

was to fill his pocket, that the sun rises to light his cigar, that fire exists in nature to cook his dinner, that the American eagle is glorious only on his half-dollar, then you have got hold, not of a man, but of a piece of patent-leather or dry-goods.

It is to the citizen, then, that I wish to show how the Drama is of the legitimate family of humane and beautiful Arts, and how truly it stands related, actually, not ideally, to all the institutions and interests which promote human welfare.

It is to the honor of Human Nature, and sufficiently contradicts the doctrine of its depravity, that every Institution, which would get itself established in good society, must first get of Religion leave to exist at all. The pioneers of every Art have been martyrs. So that, because Religion became artificial, Art has grown artful; and always seeks to get on the blind side of the Church,—not a very hard thing to do, by the way. But the Stage has never made friends with the Church; because the Stage existed to represent that very human nature which the Church existed to denounce. The friends of the Theatre have every reason to be thankful that, since the early divorce of the Stage from the Church, the alliance has not been renewed.

It can never be an Institution worthy of the admiration of the citizen if it sets itself to build up religions, any more than if it sets itself to build up politics or the mercantile interest. The Church is sectarian; Politics are partizan; the Theatre, thank God, is neither; and the citizen, pledged to all that elevates man, and not any section of him, can not be sectarian. But to the Moral Sentiment—any attempt to shut up which in any Church must, as Pascal said, have the same result as if it were attempted to shut up the sunlight—namely, darkness,—the Drama can make a confident appeal, not as its representative, but as its friend.

We are told, in one of the numbers of the *Spectator*, that when Sir Roger de Coverley went to live in his castle, he found that his venerable aunt had closed up a large portion of the building. In one chamber a murder had been committed in old times, and that was barred up; in another room some one had died a sudden death, and all entrance to that was forbidden; here a ghost had been seen, and there strange sounds heard; until, for one thing or another, the superstitious old lady had scarcely left the poor Knight space enough to eat and sleep. Man, entering upon his fair estate of Life and Nature, finds that the Church, a venerable

but superstitious old lady, has done pretty much the same by his castle. Bringing him to a few closets of Life, the Church says, "These are all you are to have. All those other rooms which you desire to enter, where is mirth, music, and dancing, the departments of taste, and fancy, and laughter,—these are all bolted and barred. You must be contented with this closet for this world; you will have room enough to sing and pray, and you shall have your jolly time in the next world, with the additional pleasure of seeing all who have enjoyed themselves in this world consigned to everlasting fires."

Perhaps some poor fellow, thus addressed by the Church, may make bold to ask, "For what were those rooms made by the builder of the house: are rooms and doors made to be nailed up?"

"Well," says the Church, "we don't know exactly why the Architect did leave so much room for fun, and play, and dancing. But we know that some evils have happened there, and so we have shut them up."

"But," replies the objector, "some people have been drowned in the water; shall I therefore eschew water altogether? Shall the bee abandon the flowers because the spider sucks poison from them?"

Then the Church gets irritated, and replies, "Hush, you unregenerate man; it is the Old Adam in you that desires these sinful pleasures; if you don't crush him out of you, then you will go straight to Hell!"

But that Old Adam will yet prove too much for the Young Church.

That Old Adam is God's Law, which was laid deep with the foundations of the Earth. The heart of man has put forth a thousand churches, and shed them again as leaves in Autumn; and it remains fixed and rooted in the eternal Law, to which ages and institutions are obedient. Year after year this Old Adam goes on breaking through one after another of the doors which had been barred, and ever leading man toward a full possession of his many-chambered palace.

Amongst the last doors to yield will be that to the Theatre. And why? Because it is not one delight or Art, but all of them. The Church might wink at a little dancing here, or a frolic there; but to have all the gayeties and Arts concentrated into one rival Insti-

tution, requires a concession that the Church is scarcely up to. But it is quite complimentary to the Theatre : were it not attractive, it would not need to be denounced.

Having thus made our peace with the moral sentiment, if not with the Church, our subject comes fairly before the citizen, and makes its case.

And, first of all, it is to be represented that the Theatre gives substantial, regular, and material encouragement to every variety of trade, mechanic art, and fine art in a community. It is probable that the public little understands the extent of employment furnished by our Theatres. I have found, by personal investigation, that every Theatre gives regular and well-paid occupation to from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five persons ; that is, persons who live almost entirely by the Theatre. In the city of Cincinnati the Theatres furnish an entire livelihood to about four hundred persons, each year.

The Theatres of this city expend among machinists, mechanics, and for glues, paints, ropes, gas, coal, lumber, dry-goods, more money than goes into trade from all the Churches and Schools combined. The Drama in this city, with four Theatres, purchases its right to live with the handsome annual sum of \$150,000.

At this point the manager, or lessee, or owner of the Theatre has a right to inquire of the citizen if there is a response coördinate with this immense outlay ? It does pain me to see men of unwearied industry laboring year in and year out to amuse, instruct and elevate mankind ; perhaps building for us, as one honored man, worthy of the high name of Citizen, has done, a Palace of Art ; employing every species of toil during the day, and blessing it with beauty at night ; making our city attractive to the stranger and sojourner of a night, who otherwise would not stop here, but who does stop here and put money into the pockets which never gave a dollar for the Theatre ; paying the highest rents and the highest insurances, to amuse us ; and after doing all this, never feeling sure of their audiences, always certain that the best citizens will not be in them. I wonder that there is not more recklessness, carelessness, bombast and nonsense on the Stage ; and more spleen against the self-righteous classes which abandon this Institution, that shields them from paupers, and animates every vein and artery of the trade by which they live.

In the next place, it is to be regarded that the Theatre is the

only form in which Poetry and Art become democratic. Shakspeare comes down from the scholar's shelf, and through the interpretation of Booth or Cushman, comes as near to the flatboatman as to Messrs. Knight and Collyer. So do the great composers; I heard a news-boy, the other day, whistling on the street a theme from the overture of *Der Freischutz*. I know that it is supposed by those who do not attend the Theatre, that the Arts represented there are of a very low degree: if this were so, the sufficient answer would be, Help then to make them better,—since, good or bad, the people have no other. But it is decidedly not so. The Music, for example, at our regular theatrical exhibitions, is better than at any seven in ten of the Concerts given in our public halls during the year, where our respectabilities go and pay twice the price paid the Theatre. The constant practice necessary in an Orchestra makes the average instrumentation excellent, and, as for the music selected, we have such overtures as *Der Freischutz*, *Taunhäuser*, *William Tell*, *Semiramide*, and *Caliph of Bagdat*; German waltzes, and Themes of Italian operas. In our Cincinnati Theatres poor music is quite rare. As to the scenery, our experience is equally fair; as the chief beauty of the theatrical scenery is derived from Light, the first of artists, who can make daubs radiant, I need only say that in this city the assistants of Light are usually artists of good repute. We do not fear that any one with an eye in his head will look upon the Drop Curtain in the Opera House, of this city, and not recognize in it a very high order of Art. As to the costumes, there is, perhaps, more popular misapprehension than about anything else connected with the Theatre. It is supposed that the wardrobe of a Theatre abounds in gaudy, flimsy trappings, dependent on the illusions of the place for their elegance. But there is no more illusion here than in real life; the stage-silks and velvets are generally of even a superior quality, and many a costume, supposed to be tinsel, has cost one or two hundred dollars.

Now, our position is that these are so many elevating forms of Beauty *popularized*,—lavished on the masses with a fulness and cheapness akin to the splendors of Nature, herself. And they are but a chorus about that leading Dramatic Art, most excellent of all, which in tragedy and comedy weaves the sombre and bright threads of daily life into the vesture of Beauty, the handmaid of Truth; or in song sends a subtle joy along the worn nerves; or

in the dance rises higher yet, and restores us to the fairy-land which lay so softly about our childhood. One day, my friends, we shall recognize in the outlawed actors, mimists, dancers, the priests and priestesses of a sacred, sensuous civilization. They are doing for the neglected senses and ragged passions of the people what some philanthropists are doing for beggar boys and ragamuffins in the streets,—they dress up those senses and passions in presentable clothes, and teach them that they are something and have something to do. Shall laughter, frolic and fun be vagabonds forever? Shall human follies and weaknesses be clear loss, and not even teach us a lesson nor give us a laugh as they pass? Nay, replies the Drama, our mimic stage shall photograph the round world and all that therein is; never was there absurd fashion but it grew out of man, never a thing so ridiculous but somebody has said it or done it, and each and every hath its orbit; our Art shall translate them, and under her guidance man shall enter into all that man has done, unscathed.

And this brings us to remind our citizen that the stage is an important means of the remedial force (*vis medicatrix*) which exists in the characters of men as in their bodies. Let me not be misunderstood in what I am about to say. I do not believe that the theatre ever can exist for the purposes of moral or religious or reformatory influence; nor do I desire it. The sentimental, moral or anti-slavery or temperance plays fall from grace as soon as they touch the stage. But it is inevitable that some effect must be produced upon the minds of men by holding up in other forms their follies and vices. The Lothario in the pit hisses the Lothario of the stage. There is a relentless impersonality about the play that sifts you like wheat, and you can call nobody to account. In one of his letters, the celebrated Anonym Junius says, 'I will not call your Lordship a liar, but I will prove you one.' The Theatre is equally delicate with the poor wretch it has cornered in the boxes; and who is forced to see his folly, his petty tyranny, his licentiousness dressed up into some effigy called Surface, or Dogberry, without the poor compensation of calling out, "Do you mean me, sir?" If he is in church, and the preacher hits too close, he may revenge himself by slamming the pew-door after him, and marching out on audible boot-heels; but if he does hat in the Theatre, the audience only thinks he is a little dry.

is a good way toward the cure of any deformity when a man

finds a mirror which shows him to himself as he is seen by other people. This suggests to us, also, the reason why, from its very nature, the Drama saves itself from doing any positive harm : it depends for its very existence upon holding the mirror up to what already exists, without adding thereto. It can not create the evils which it is its mission to illustrate, for, as Mr. Unit says, "It wouldn't pay, sir." The Theatre succeeds only so far as it gives a true exposé of what already exists. Only the sophisticated can understand the innuendo on the stage ; and such understanding shows that the harm is already done.

Whilst we are touching on the alleged evils of the stage, let us refer to a problem which has arisen, and which is destined to become quite prominent in the discussion, namely, the Morality of Stage Dances. It will become more and more prominent, because there is an evident tendency of the popular taste to abandon, to some extent, the heavy and formal drama, for the more brilliant Spectacle and Pantomime. These are generally accompanied with a Ballet, and rarely fail to draw full houses. Outcries are already heard against the Ballets, from the "ower guid an' rigidly righteous," whose business it is to protect the morals of other people. The charge is chiefly against the short dresses which the danseuse is compelled to wear, for without it she can not dance. One who has traced in the past the same squeamishness as it denounced the undraped forms created by the sculptor and the painter, and how it gave way before the purer and severer voice of High Art, will see how the objections to the Ballet must share the same fate. I know a gentleman who brought a nude statue from Europe, and took it out to his home in the West. It was a fine copy of the Medicean Venus. When it was taken from its box in the presence of a select company, there was a gentle scream from all the ladies. Many of them left the room : how many fainted I do not know. Next day his wife and sisters made a gown for Venus, fearing, they said, that she would catch cold. All this happened in the neighborhood of Egypt, I believe. And thus a statue, created to lead men on to the age of innocence, stands there in a cambric gown, the constant reminder of shame. Of course, to the gross all things are gross, as to the pure all things are pure. But still, it is the high prerogative of Art to bring, with the rest of the Graces, the restraining grace of Reason. In Art alone Liberty and Moderation unite, and her stimulant is only equalled

by her check. Her high mission, also, it is to lift us out of the very conventionalities and fashions by which men would judge the dancer. For true Art is the twin sister of Nature, and can not be drawn by human impurity into any disrespect toward Nature. Vulgar people think that Nature has disgraced herself in giving women complete sets of limbs, and that Society is lost if such facts are not concealed. But Art knows that Nature, truly interpreted, is everywhere both sacred and beautiful; and ray by ray, just as human eyes can bear it, she discloses and interprets that beauty: and man will not be entitled to his noblest crown until any veil whatever can be withdrawn from Nature without starting a low emotion in his breast. As it is, we have got only a little beyond the barbarous nations with whom an unveiled face is a dishonor. Our Naturalists must yet veil the truths of Nature in Greek and Latin names. It is enough for all argument that the Dance rests on as definite a basis in Nature as the Drama. All nations have their dances, as they have their religion and their literature; and it is remarkable that, instead of being representative of anything low and vile, the national dances begin as religious observance. So did Miriam and David dance. So do the spinning dervishes of the East dance that sacred dance, which is supposed to harmonize in its movements with the motions of the heavenly bodies. A deep truth underlies that creed, for man, in dancing, does keep time with the music and measure of Nature, which is everywhere a sacred dance, from the mote in the sunbeam up to the stupendous cotillon of planets.

Music and Dancing have passed down through the ages of mankind, two beautiful sisters, leaving fragrant flowers to mark their footsteps, and it will be hard to condemn the one without discrediting the other. Indeed, with Philosophy it has always been a question which was the more elevating. The French say, "What can not be said can be sung, and what can not be sung can be danced." It is now quite an old story, but will bear repeating, that Emerson and Margaret Fuller went to see Fanny Ellsler dance in Boston; and when she had paused in a sublime *posè*, Emerson said, "Margaret, it is Poetry!" and Margaret replied, "Ralph, 'tis Religion!" I wish the story was true, but I'm afraid it isn't. It would form a suggestive contrast of Emerson with Thomas Carlyle, who could see nothing in the *dansense* but "a pair of run-mad scissors, stuck on one point, the other stretched

in the air at an angle of 90°, and bidden rest with open blades, and stand there in the Devil's name."

We have long thought of that invisible man, the stage-manager, as the legitimate successor to Prospero ; for is he not Lord of the Enchanted Isle, who receives us from the billows of the day—a wrecked populace—to charm us with visions of Beauty ? But never can he be more truly compared to the glorious old magician, than when, obedient to his wand, the magnificent realms of Færie send their gauze-clad dreams to meet us, and woo us softly back to sweet Arcadian days, when we walked on purer Earth with Cinderilla and Fortunatus for our companions.

And here let me remind the Citizen, as an offset to the charge of impurity, that it is in the Theatre alone that full justice is done to woman, to both her labor and her intellectual dignity. In the State woman has no existence in her own right ; she can not hold property separately, nor vote, nor hold office. In the Church she is a cipher, whilst she is spending her time making ministerial slippers and ottomans. I know of only two places where it is clearly understood that women have souls, to-wit., the Quaker meeting and the Theatre. The most distinguished preachers among the Quakers are women. But it is on the Stage alone that every land may acknowledge a Queen. The most cultivated Englishmen maintain that the most radical blunder that America has made is in following the Salic Law, which excludes women from participation in public affairs, and point to feminine sovereignty as the soul of England's strength. It is rather shabby, that if Americans wish to pray for a Queen, they have to pray for England's Queen. But in the Drama she has no such restriction ; through it lies woman's clearest path into all her rights ; there the Muses and the Graces are weaving her coronet ; in her quiet step on the stage I hear the shaking of nations. It is Ristori who has made the tyrants of Southern Europe close the Theatres, which are ever on the side of the People. And I prophesy that on our city's most magnificent stage, where last Saturday a Southern politician (Mr. Yancey) stood to defend Slavery, an American Ristori will one day stand to announce Slavery's overthrow.

The Theatre not only honors woman, and emancipates her intellect, but it does something more sacred yet by her : it pays her full and solid wages. Our Schools and Colleges, without exception, stint woman in her wages ; in them the stupidest man gets

more than the brightest woman for the same offices ; but in the Theatre, if there is any difference in rates, it is in favor of woman.

Let us take a lesson just here, gentlemen, of the difference between the real and the seeming. The respectabilities and the sternly virtuous accuse the Theatre as the corrupter of feminine purity. So says the pious merchant who gives a woman sixty cents for a shirt which he sells for three dollars ; so says the preacher who denounces all efforts at opening new employments for woman as woman's-rights-ism. The Theatre, oh, shocking ! Just here the Theatre comes in and actually saves woman from her most terrible temptation by paying her enough money to support herself. Such wages can be found nowhere else. Also, a high intellectual employment is given that secures her from that idle mind which is the "devil's work-shop." Thus the Theatre doesn't talk about woman's virtue : it saves woman. Even the ballet-girls, whose business it is to stand on the stage in those short dresses which so distress the sanctified, thereby get four or five dollars a week, and are left the whole daytime in which to get wages for other work.

Let me, in conclusion, gentlemen, warn you as friends of the Dramatic Art, that it requires a severe censorship. The classic adage holds that the corruption of the best is the worst. The power to elevate implies a proportionate power to degrade. So you must,—whilst maintaining that the pure have their rights as well as the impure ; that the standard of taste is not to be levelled for the vulgar more than raised for the refined ; that because a brother has sore eyes and can not bear the light is no reason for the sound-eyed being shut up in a dark room,—at the same time, take care that our light is the true light, and not that *ignis fatuus* which proceeds from corruption. Like your Phoenix, we must devote ourselves only on the altar of the Sun. Ruskin says that we should "go to Nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thought but how best to penetrate her meaning ; rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, scorning nothing." This is a creed which can only be practised without peril by one who knows that Art is the true interpreter of Nature, and the guide into her mysteries. And I do not fear but that such an one will see the following two things concerning the Drama.

First, that it is a power. Whether the water-fall shall turn

spindles and clothe men depends upon them ; in any case it is a power in Nature. So, whatever may be said of the uses and abuses of the Drama, it is an undeniable resident force among men. Every gesture which a man makes in conversation or public speaking recognizes that power. The fireside games of the young, charades, tableaux, and the like, derive their fascination from it. The Religions of the World have an influence and strength wide in proportion to the dramatic and scenic resources they employ. Every one knows how much the Catholic Religion is indebted for its prevalence with the masses, to its pictures, costumes and music, and its *dramatis personæ* of saints. So the Calvinistic world builds on this natural instinct when it brings Father, Son and Holy Ghost to enact the drama of Salvation : its Hell, even, has a certain tragic sublimity about it ; out of it the ancients drew the Prometheus Vincetus and Eumenides. Quakerism, with a higher faith than either of these, is dying out because it has ostracised scenery and theatricals ; Methodism also decays, except where it can have camp-meetings and excitements.

Secondly, he will see in it something elevating. Michael Angelo, himself a creator and prophet of the Beautiful, has said, "Heat can as easily be separated from fire as Beauty from the Eternal." The tendency of Beauty everywhere is to stimulate the immortal part of man. So in all the instances we have observed, where the dramatic element has been united with gross superstitions and religious fanaticisms, the beauty has saved men from the evil. Do we wonder how it was that Romanism in its most corrupt age had still vitality enough to train up in Luther and Melancthon the very hands which should destroy her ? They were fostered by the beauty, the scenery, music, saints, Madonna and Child, which were theatrical accompaniments of the error. In the same way Puritanism, preserving the dramatic element in its creed, yielded us Parker and Channing.

Seeing, then, in the Drama a Power, and an elevating Power, let us marry it with Truth, as it has hitherto been united with Error ; let us take it to embalm freedom, instead of abandoning it to the low work of preserving tyranny. Long enough have the old ruins monopolized these graceful morning-glories ; let us train them to climb on the walls and roofs which protect, not bats and owls, but living men.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Recent Inquiries in Theology. By eminent English Churchmen: being "Essays and Reviews." Reprinted from the second London Edition. Edited, with an Introduction, by Rev. FREDERIC H. HEDGE, D.D. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1860. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

Let no reader mistake the immense significance of this volume. These Essays are in their boldness, their grasp, far beyond even the Unitarianism of Europe and America; the chosen disciples of Free-thought timidly held their peace, and now the stones are crying out! Let the reader mark well that these Anglican Churchmen, who elaborate the views essentially held by Theodore Parker, are not a few rebellious and uneasy minds in the Established Church,—they are not the already "spotted" Kingseleys, Maurices, and Stanleys,—but they are *par excellence* expounders of Theology therein. What they say is *ex cathedra*. There are seven Essays in this volume:—"The Education of the World," by Frederick Temple, D.D., Chaplain to the Queen, and Head Master of Rugby; Bunsen's "Biblical Researches," by Rowland Williams, D.D., Vice-Principal and Professor of Hebrew, St. David's College, Lampeter; "On the Study of the Evidences of Christianity," by Baden Powell, Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford; "The National Church," by H. B. Wilson, B.D.; "On the Mosaic Cosmogony," by C. W. Goodwin; "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688-1750," by Mark Pattison, B.D.; "On the Interpretation of Scripture," by Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford. No men could have been selected whose word would carry more official weight, and few who, apart from position, have a better right as scholars and thinkers to speak on the all-important themes chosen. Let us quote some of the conclusions which we are now to regard as Episcopal Orthodoxy. Dr. Williams says: "We can not encourage a remorseless criticism of Gentile Histories, and escape its contagion when we approach Hebrew Annals." A good enough suggestion to those who wish us to laugh at the idea of Romulus and Remus suckled by a wolf, but believe that a penny was brought up by a fish to furnish Jesus with money to pay a tax. Again he says: "Considerations, religious and moral, no less than scientific and critical, have, where discussion was free, widened the idea of revelation for the Old World, and deepened it for ourselves; not removing the footsteps of the Eternal from Palestine, but tracing them on other shores." Boston stoned Parker for planting religion on that universal basis,—it makes a low bow to Rowland Williams! Nay, we can not fail to remember how angrily Dr. Hedge, who edits this work, resisted the proposition to send a kind word from the Alumni to their dying brother; when we find Baden Powell, ere he too passed away, leaving a kind word for that American heretic, and declaring that none "evinced a more deep-seated and devout belief in the Divine perfections." So also does he, calling them by name, give his right hand to Emerson, Newman, Sterling, and Wegscheider. From this noble Essay here are some golden grains: "Any appeal to argument must imply perfect freedom of conviction;" "The miracles which, in a former age, were among the chief supports of Christianity, are at present among the main difficulties and hindrances to its acceptance;" "In Nature, and from Nature, by Science and by Reason, we neither have nor can possibly have any evidence of a *Deity working miracles*; for that we must go out of Nature and beyond Reason;" "The Gospel miracles are always *objects*, not *evidences* of Faith." From Dr. Wilson's very heretical but somewhat casuistic

Essay on the National Church, we pause to quote this: "The phrase, 'the Word of God,' begs many a question, when applied to the canonical books of the Old and New Testaments, and is a phrase which is never applied to them by any of the Scriptural writers." Mr. Goodwin treats the Mosaic Cosmogony exactly as other people have been in the habit of treating that which made the Earth ultimately rest on a tortoise. Nor will he let its advocates shield their stupidity under the falsehood (for with the present state of criticism it is reduced to nothing better) that "six days" mean something else than six days. Mr. Jowett freely declares that, "the tendency in theology has been to conceal the unsoundness of the foundation under the fairness and loftiness of the superstructure;" also: "There is no foundation for any of the higher or supernatural views of inspiration in the Gospels or Epistles." Of this last Essay, we must say that its very wholeness and freedom withhold us from taking out any specimen stones, raised and glorified in this Parthenon of Truth. Let every thinker and student read it thoroughly for himself, and it alone will confirm the important character we have ascribed to the book. It comes to prove to us that Orthodoxy, long known by earnest men to be withered, has now not even "a name to live." There is not one man now in contact with the vital heart of the age who is orthodox, or who is not impatient of being thought so. We can not but reflect how strange it is that these men will allow the blight of a dishonest position to fall on the rich harvest of thought. Of these, only one (Mr. Goodwin) had any scruples at signing the XXXIX. Articles! Conscience in England seems to cast its burthen on the Government. An English Unitarian, finding that a certain gentleman, a stout supporter of the National Church, ridiculed its articles, asked him why he continued in the Church, instead of coming to the Unitarian. He replied, "I go to the Church because it's the Established Thing, and if you'll get your damned thing established, I'll go to that!" There's no wild-fowl like your British Lion for an establishment.

But a sadder thought comes to us as we peruse this book. To the Unitarian Church was assigned the noble work of striking off these fetters, and ignobly has it failed to do the work. The very men, grey-headed and *passé*, are now in their studies in Boston and England, who declined their task, and they have nothing left for them to do but act as lackeys for these who rise up from a passed organization, to accomplish it. If the Unitarians of Cambridge, Boston, and New York, are not lost to shame, they will blush as they read this work; and God grant that with that blush, which should burn upon them, they may gain bravery enough to resolve that hereafter they will help the generation superseding them to be more devoted than their sires.

The Poets and Poetry of the West. With Biographical and Critical Notices.
By W. T. COGGESHALL. Columbus: Follett, Foster & Co. 1860.

We are sorry that this work halted so long before it reached us, that in stead of the leader which it deserves, we must give it a notice quite inferior to its merits. With patient devotion, and with excellent help, our worthy State Librarian has, out of scattered and unhewn stones, raised a very fair Temple of Western Poetry. Some of the stones do not, indeed, seem to fit; we can not imagine why anybody should play such a practical joke on Gov. Chase as to publish his verses. If it were done outside of this book we should call it a piece of democratic malice. We know that the work is not designed to be a selection, so much as a compendium; but some filtration is necessary for all our Western streams before they are drinkable. About half a dozen of these poets should have been omitted, accidentally. But we do not fear that any man will carefully read this

book without seeing that the West has a Symphony to utter, whose keynote is already struck, and which is to make the world pause and listen. The world has heard the song of Memnon in the Orient; it must now turn to hear the Memnon, carved by the Ages, as it shall respond to the glow of the Occident.

The Vocabulary of Philosophy, Mental, Moral, and Metaphysical. With Quotations and References; for the use of students. By WILLIAM FLEMING, D.D., Prof. of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. From the second revised and enlarged London Edition. With an Introduction, Chronology of the History of Philosophy brought down to 1860, Bibliographical Tables, Synthetical Tables, and other additions, by CHAS. P. KRAUTH, D.D., translator of "*Tholuck on the Gospel of John*." Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co. 1860.

The great difficulty on the appearance of a really good book is to get it into the hands that need it and can work with it. Of all men the real student of philosophy has the liveliest suspicion of your Omniumgatherum books, with a theory of God on one page, and a receipt for making jelly on the next. He knows that it is these great, unassimilated masses of facts which make the Professional Schools little better than *Hôtels des Invalides*. He would rather pay any one who would take away the mass of indigestibles he already has, upon which others felicitate him, as if it were accumulated culture. Now, if this word of ours shall reach any such student, let it say to him with full emphasis: Go to G. S. Blanchard of this city, who manages to look up some inestimable books in the philosophic line, and buy this particular work of Dr. Fleming's. We have known scholars who felt their need of it so much that they have sent to London and procured it at a cost two or three times as large as yours will be. No man can read the substantial Literature of the day, such as the works of Emerson, Martineau, Comte, Lewes, Ruskin, without coming across invaluable ideas which must surround themselves with such expressions as Subjective, Objective, Consciousness, Contingent and Necessary, Immanent and Transcendent. These are not fancy-words, but words which mark the determinations of knowledge—Pillars of Hercules. How few understand them! We frequently hear well-educated men use the word "sensuous" as equivalent to "sensual," or "analogy" as identical with "example." This work collecting with each such term, first, its etymological meaning as a word, then the definitions, in brief, of able thinkers, from Aristotle down to the most modern, is sufficient, of itself, to give those to whom metaphysics, though no specialty, are of interest, all the literature of the matter which they need know.

Miss Gilbert's Career: An American Story. By J. G. HOLLAND. New York: Chas. Scribner. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

The indefatigable Mr. Holland, who, amidst the seemingly sufficient cares of editing one of the best Dailies in America, puts forth some little annual episode in the way of an Ethical Guide-book or an Epic Poem, comes before the public this year with a pleasant New England tale. It is remarkable how the mental habit of a people will stick to them amid all changes. Formerly, in New England, the Catechism was the theme of Poetry, and the imagination soared only to the writing of some such book as *Buttons for Believers' Coats*. Children's stories bear to this day the most convincing argument to the young and depraved heart: James and John go a-boating on the Sabbath; the boat is logically capsized, and James is drowned, according to a distributed middle. The Yankee fancy was harnessed to the Five Points in that age; in this it is to the Moral and

Sanitary Reforms. A story which only pleases, without proving any abstract point, is still accounted profane. We do not mean to say that Mr. Holland is not beyond the Catechism and the "Buttons;" his horror of Calvinism is evident; but in his work the old *method* prevails:—the school children all march in as so many pale-faced minor premises to demonstrate the bad effects of cramming the infant mind; Miss Gilbert, overhurred by ambitious training, enters on her career too soon, and her book is a failure—taught by this, she goes on the "slow and sure" principle, and her "Rhododendron" is syllogistically caressed in 20,000 homes! We close the volume exclaiming, Q. E. D.!

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There is about this little pamphlet (price 15 cts.,) an honesty, a simplicity, a thoroughness and a comprehensiveness that makes it the best thing we know to put into the hands of one exercised on the subject of inspiration and the Bible. Whatever falls under these sturdy blows, every one dealt by the Bible itself against the superstitions which are, under guise of protectors, sapping its real and healthy influence, is that which no man is any better for holding on to. The matrix is broken for the gem it contains: so let the dogma of the "Word of God" be broken, that the glorious truths uttered by Prophets and Seers may shine forth.

Harrington: A Story of True Love. By the author of "What Cheer?" etc. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

Although it is on the real side, we must say that it is a shockingly unreal book. Its personalities make it readable; but it can do little credit to the liberal cause. Its pictures of plantation cruelties are extravaganzas, calculated to make a Southerner feel as if it were a clever attempt to out-herod Mrs. Stowe: the work is really one of the many gaily painted boats which have gone out to toss on the waves left in the wake of her large steamers. When we consider that in all the renditions which have disgraced Boston, not one Bostonian has had a scratch, the death of Harrington seems rather satirical. The book is suggestive of footlights on every page: Harrington attitudinizes, and Fernando is an Iago badly rehearsed. It is ingeniously unoriginal in all but the use of words: we stand aghast before "hellion," "wobbling" etc. Parker's learning is *gigantesque*! Goethe is a *scientifician*! We can imagine that a philologist would spell the name of this book *Harrowington*.

The King of the Mountains: From the French of EDMOND ABOUT, author of the "Roman Question," "Germaine," etc. By MARY L. BOOTH. With introduction by Epes Sargent. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1861. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

As Tolla was the Roman Question dramatized, so is the King of the Mountains the Greek Question dramatized. And it is even more successfully done. Neither of these semi-political novels seem to us so sweet, so far-reaching as Germaine; but the present one in wit, in humor, in admirable character-sketching, is unequalled by any other work of the Author's, unless it be the *nouvelette*, *Trente et Quarante*. If ever there was a mirror held up to English and American humanity it is that now wrought of the mingled glass and quicksilver which enter so largely into this witty Frenchman.

The Conduct of Life. By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. To be found at G. S. Blanchard's, in this city, after the 11th inst.

Having been kindly furnished, in advance, with sheets of this work, we can give our readers promise of a rare delight.

After having the spell cast by this book broken by the only ugly words in it, "THE END,"—we fastened even on these two, and they seemed to be a mystic key, fitting each link that bound us. Emerson's power seems to be in his method; and this lies in his reporting "the end," or flower, in which each thing culminates. However clamorous the festooners are for leaves and buds, he will not touch his growths until the last purpling touch of sun or frost has been garnered in flower or cluster. Not a sip of grapy wine, even, will he give us,—if one sun-beam or dew-drop of its vintage fails to sparkle in the cup, it must wait its century in the cellar. Provoking as this is to our fast age, it is plainly necessary to the "ministry of reconciliation," to Poet, Seer, and Sage. These bringing the "flower of the mind," must deal with flowers of things; under the sod, root strives with root, but all their blossoms harmonize in the vase of poetry. With the Poet, the Seer of Unity, the New Genesis begins, and the Garden of God reappears, where the lion and the lamb strive not, for the new-born child leads them. As thorns are characteristic of stems, not blooms, so are the antagonisms of the world, and of thought, mere indications that the petals, which carry the eye beyond stems, are yet unopened. The antagonism without is counterpart of that within. The mass of men going into the park, and seeing the waters of a fountain, now leaping high into the air, now precipitated into the basin below, conclude that there are two Laws at work; at length they find that one Law uplifts and casts down the jet. But it must be long ere the hint gets translated into the world of vital antagonisms; long, ere from the realms of God and Evil, Actual and Ideal, Sin and Virtue, the kneeling worshippers shall cry, "The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee!"

This, then, is Emerson's Method: seeing that statements pressed very far seem to exclude others, logicians hurry back, and "hide behind a tomb;" but our Sage has read too far for that,—he presses them still farther, and finds that they include all the other sides, *when they too are pressed to their largest results*. Like a trained naturalist, who, plucking a grass, should read what stratum, and fossils, and metals were beneath his feet, and what beasts around, and where the isothermal line lay,—Emerson performs miracles of simplicity; shows Luther and the Pope twining the same thread, each at his end, and he does not care to conceal how, as an idealist, he must sketch on a back-ground of materialism. He is an Antimonian in "Fate," an Arminian in "Power;" in "Wealth" we see the head whose range

"Has Olympus for one pole, for t'other the Exchange;"

in "Culture," the great value of quantity,—in "Behavior," of quality. And then in the Chapters on "Worship," "Considerations by the Way," and "Beauty," the eternal Sea, toward which we had been drifting on all the streams, breaks on our vision, and the thunder-roll of its waves is in our ears: then toil no more at the oars, mariners! *Qua curremus ventus.*

Why labor at the dull, mechanic oar,
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
And the strong current flowing,
Right onward to the Eternal Shore?

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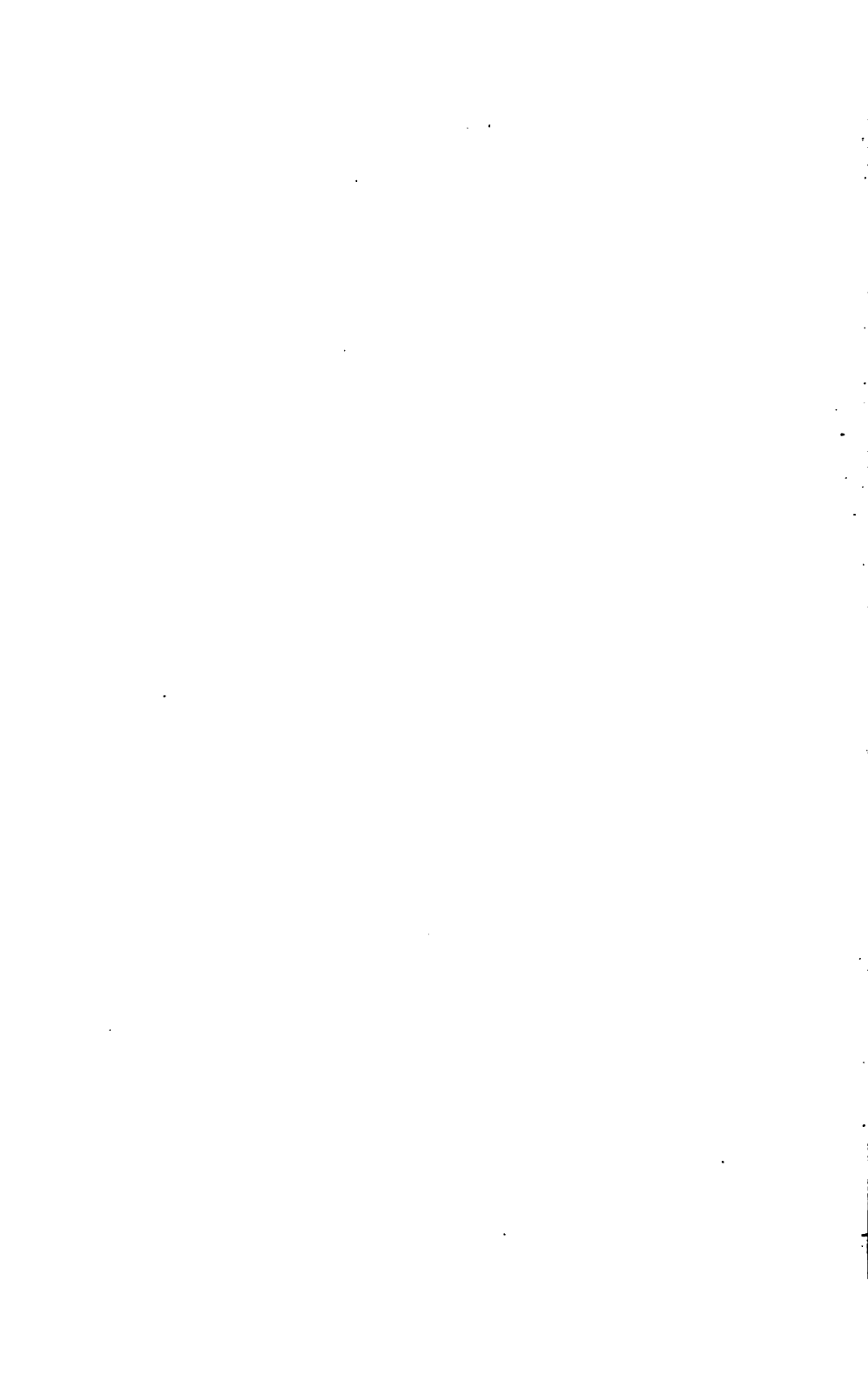
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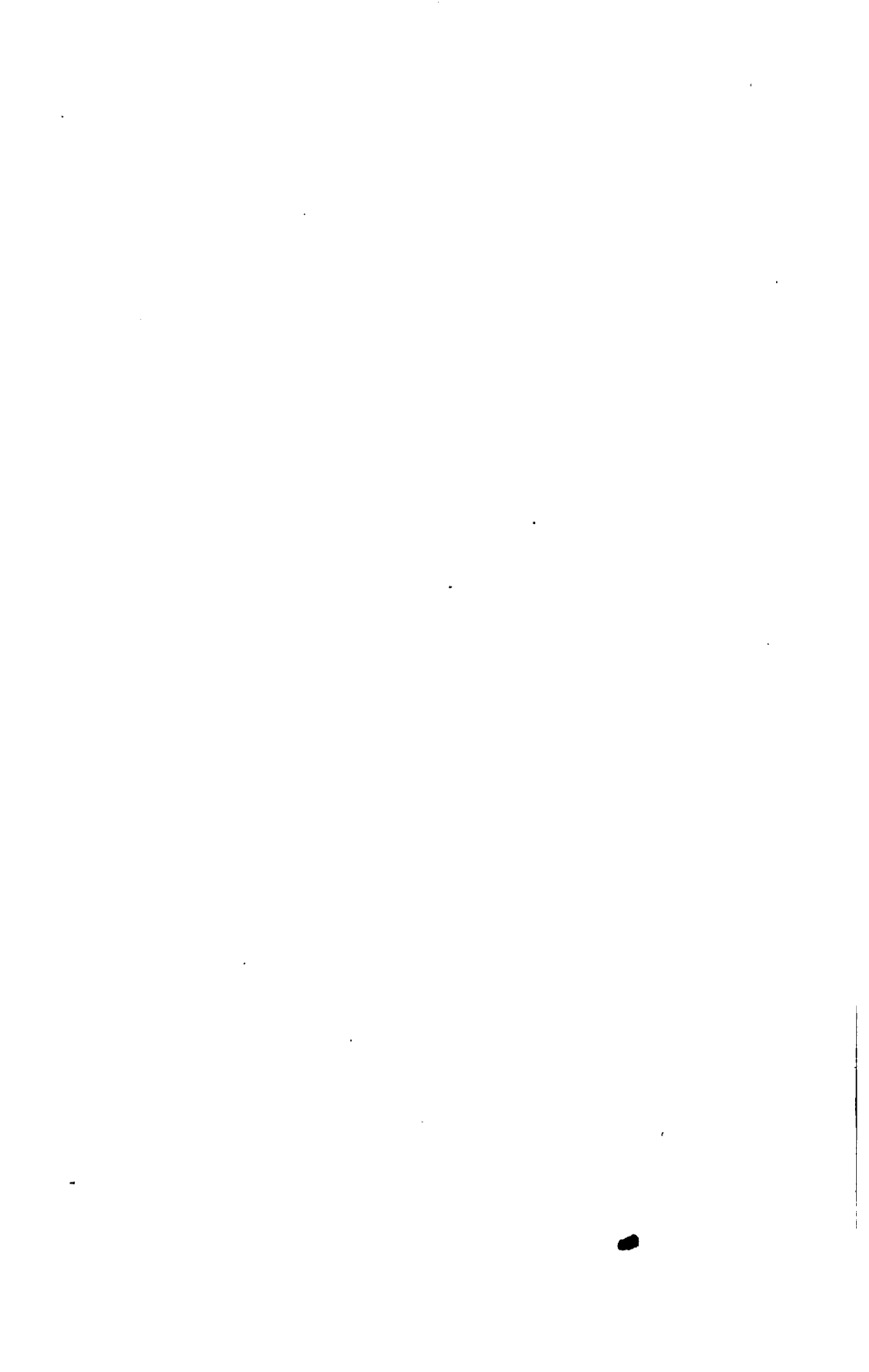
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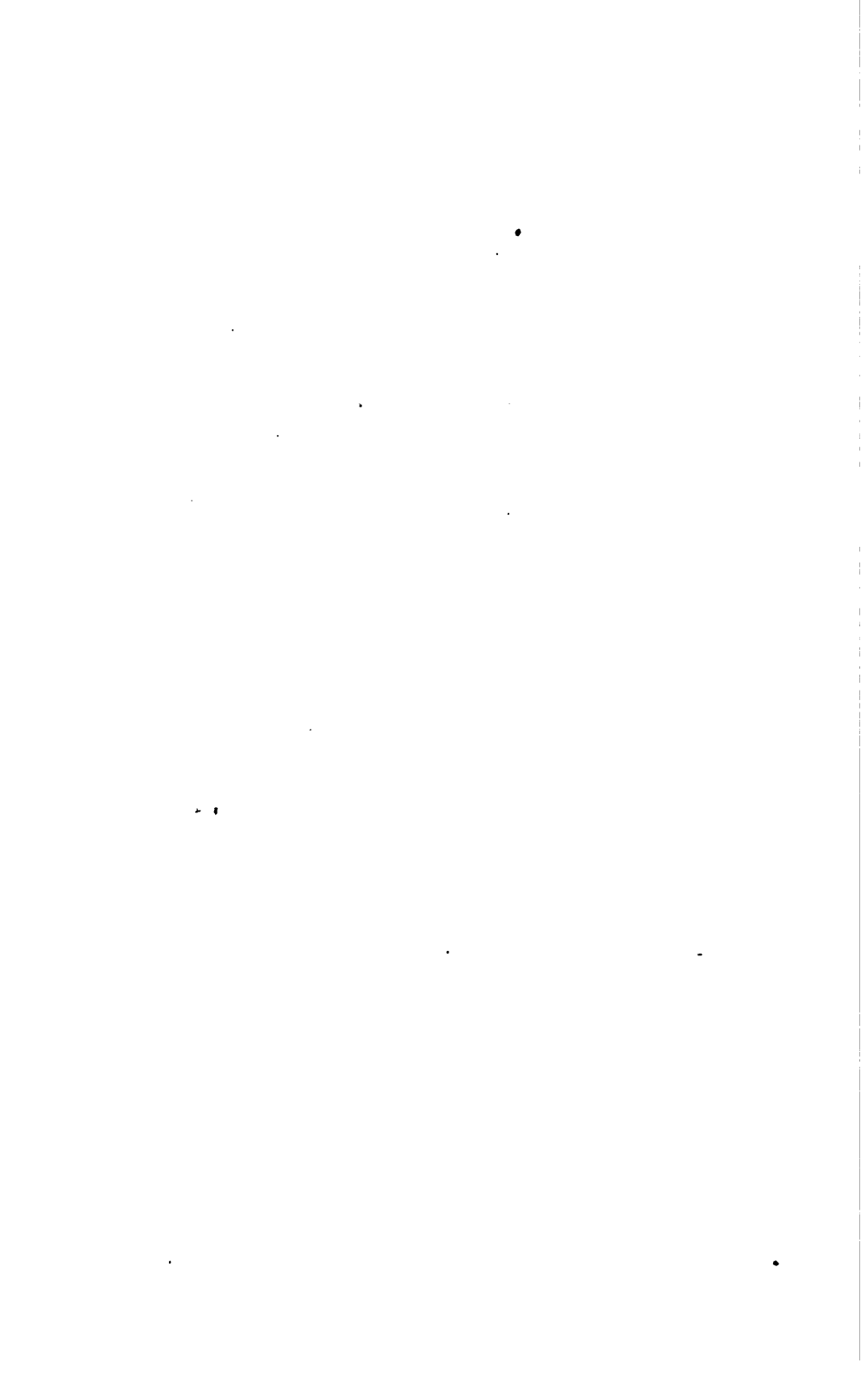
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